VOGUE

DEC.
$1
SPECIAL ISSUE

WONDERS FOR THE CHRISTMAS EYE



the world is yours . . . the new Paris coat looks in the most exciting new coat fabric, finest wool ottoman woven in Paris only for LILLI ANN . . . new resort-into-spring colors, bluebell, mint, azalea, apricot, daffodil, white . . . about *550 francs (110 dollars)

San Francisco Paris London

• also in petite sizes

*slightly higher in London and Rome



E. ANTHES

Checking Onto The Future $475

...the suit with a look as new as the New Year.
This forecast of shapes-to-come indicates a
leather-sashed waistline, a deepening neckline, a skirt that flares into a box-pleated glide. In crisp Italian wool, it might make a refreshingly early appearance en route to the Tropics. Costumed with its own sleeveless overblouse, it comes in black-and-brown checks on white. By Monte Sano & Pruzan, in misses' sizes.
Third Floor

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Why do Italian movie stars marry Wragge girls?

FOR THE ANSWER, SEE B. H. WRAGGE'S RESORT COLLECTION AT BONWIT TELLER, ALL STORES; HAROLD'S, MINNEAPOLIS; NEIMAN-MARCUS, TEXAS.

DECEMBER, 1964

INCORPORATING VANITY FAIR

VOGUE

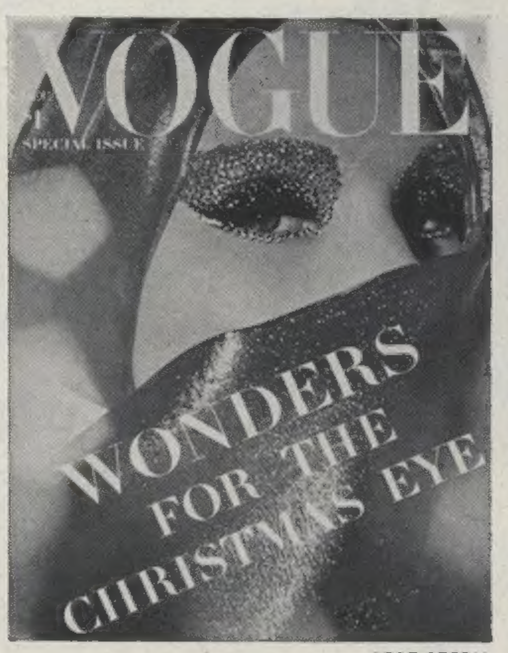
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BERT STERN

COVER: The eye that not only sees, but is seen—that beholds Christmas wonders, and is one itself—this is the jewelled eye that gazes from this month's cover: part of the growing rage for ornamental eyes, fantastic, imaginative. . . . Done, with a jeweller's skill and patience, by Elizabeth Arden's young make-up wizard, Pablo. More of his fantasies—eyes like birds, butterflies, lace—later on in this issue.

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Vol. 144, No. 10, Whole No. 2130

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Postmaster: Send Form 3579 to Vogue, Boulder, Colorado.



The day after Christmas, this will be a Collector's Item



Created for this Christmas only (in limited quantity) this jewel of a crystal-cut bottle holds a half ounce of precious Intimate perfume. It *sprays*—and it costs a mere six dollars. Incredible!

'INTIMATE' BY REVLON

CHERISHED AS ONE OF THE WORLD'S SEVEN GREAT FRAGRANCES

MADE IN U.S.A. PRICE PLUS TAX

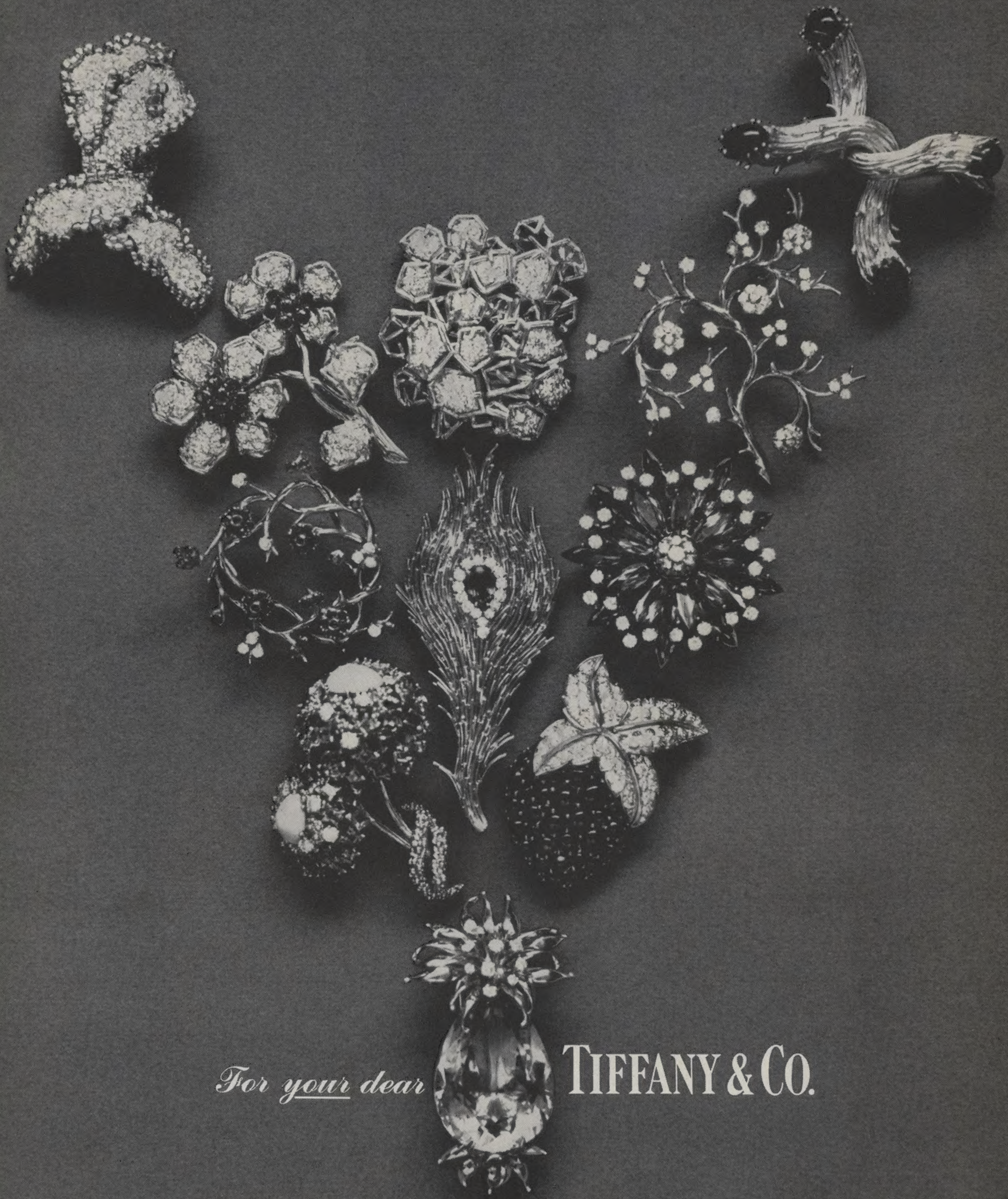


Branell—star of the evening. And never more so than in the new blanc de blanc bubble pique from Galey and Lord. 1407 Broadway, New York 18. A Division of Burlington Industries.

Burlington QUALITY

Galey & Lord

PHOTOGRAPH BY BOB RITTA



For your dear

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Bill Blass interprets Santa Claus



for MAURICE RENTNER

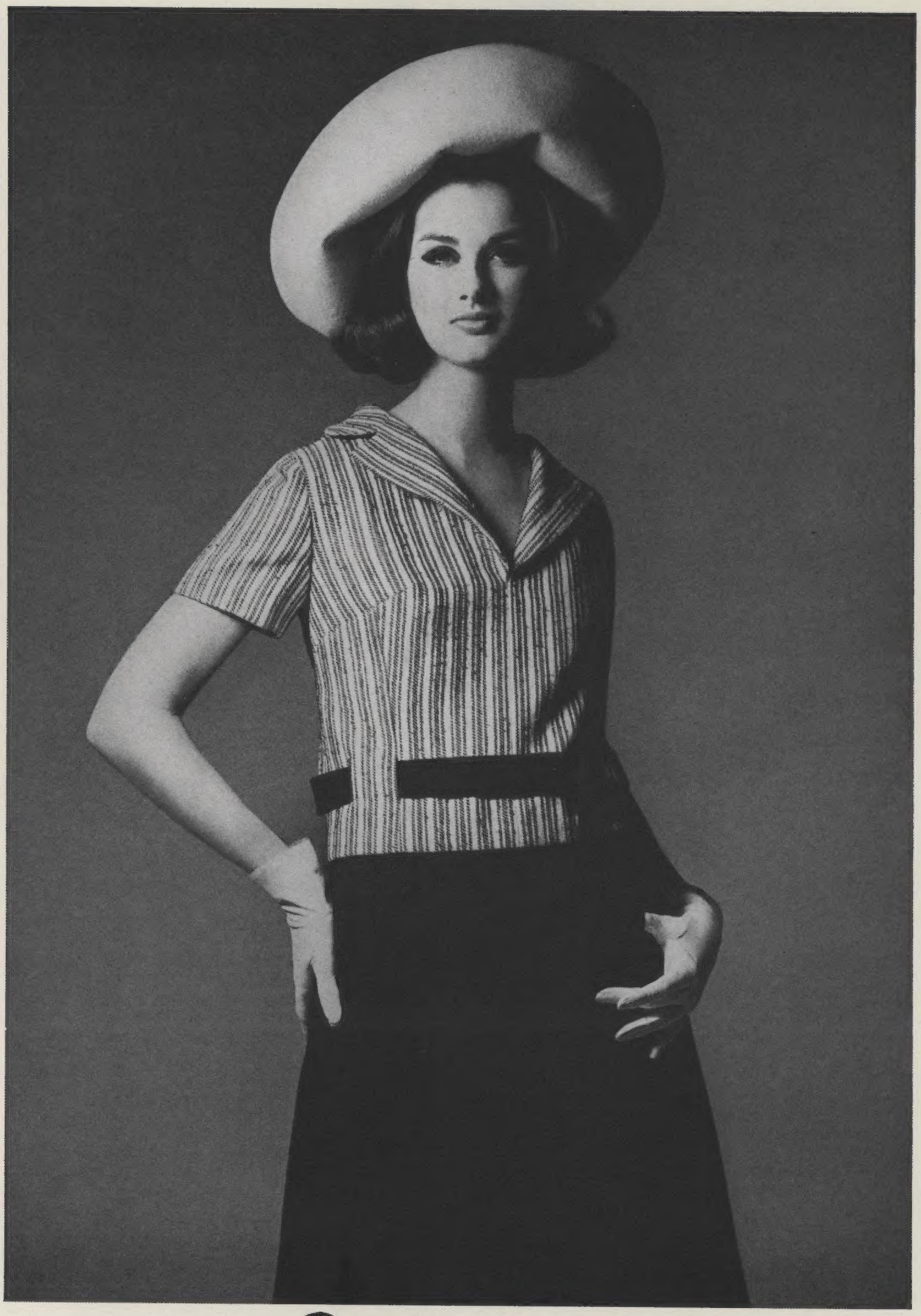


TUNIC FOR ALL TIMES FROM BONWIT'S DESIGNER SALON Accomplished traveler Adele Simpson designs a dress for all places, all times...in fluid rayon crepe, buttoned and sashed in the same soft fabric with nothing to detract from its elegant tunic shaping. Beautiful, beautiful colors: surf blue, white foam, lime or poppy. Misses' sizes, 110.00 No mail or phone orders, please. Found now in our Designer Salon, it has . . . **THE BONWIT TELLER TOUCH**

BONWIT TELLER

New York Manhasset Short Hills Philadelphia Chicago Oakbrook Cleveland Boston Palm Beach

Shannon Rodgers



for Jerry Silverman

For fine stores and details see page 276

The first tiny line should tell you your skin may be drying of thirst!

(With 'Moon Drops,' there need never be another dry spell for your skin.)

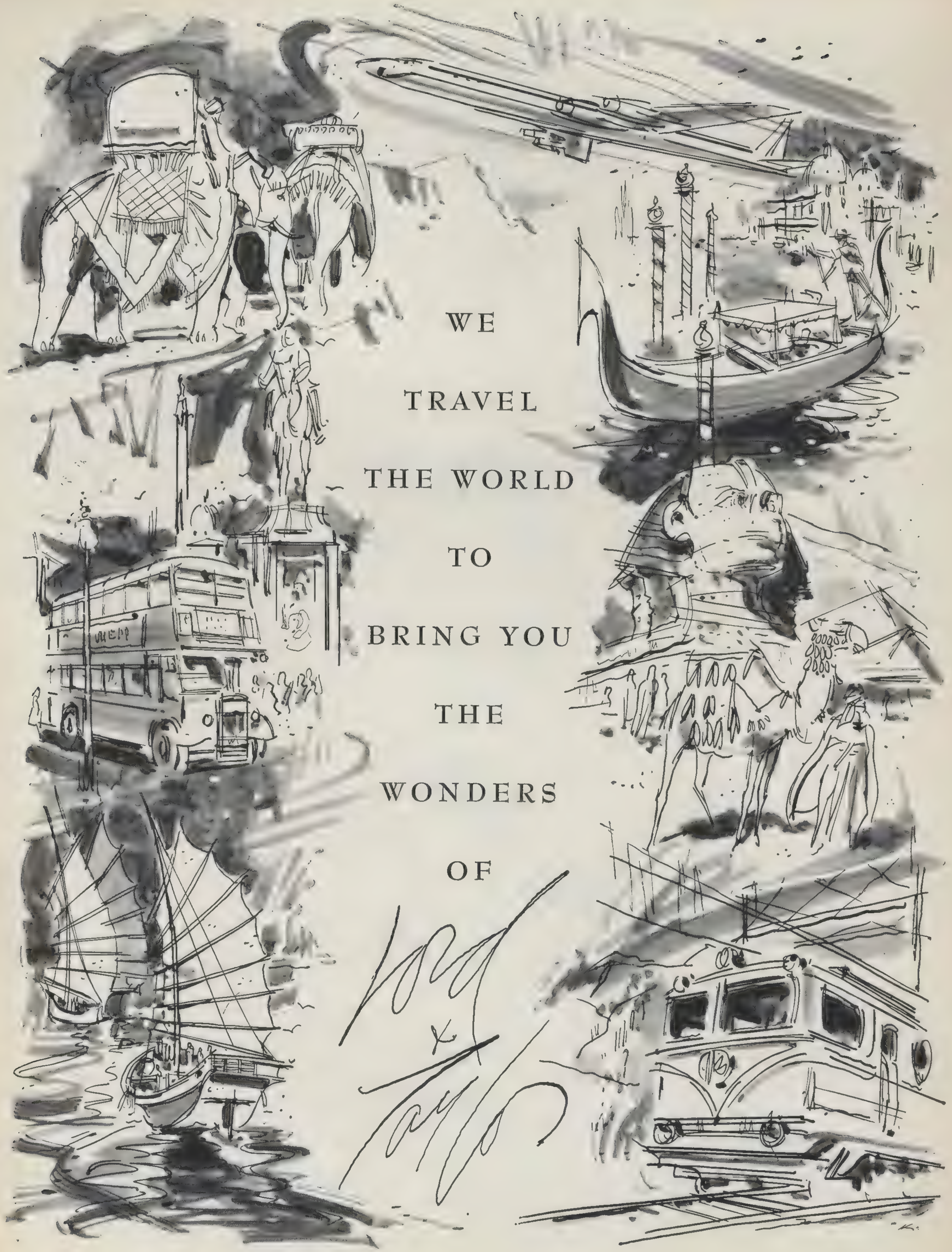


Think of dry lines as the first warning signs of a *moisture shortage within your skin.* Then you can see that dryness (which can make skin look old beyond its years!) needs to be treated *within.* Many creams simply sit on the surface. But 'Moon Drops' Moisture Balm helps *store up and hold moisture inside.* And, like plumping up a pillow, this inner moisture helps fill out dry lines. Used nightly, this unique concentrate of oils-in-moisture lets your skin wake up looking rested and replenished...feeling deliciously young and springy to the touch!



'Moon Drops' Moisture Balm by Revlon

The complete 'Moon Drops' series includes: Cleanser, Foundation, Skin Freshener, and Bath Oil.


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TO
BRING YOU
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OF

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costume pairing a
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dress, a cardigan
trimmed with the same
patterned silk, 145.00

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wool, angora and nylon sweater.
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It also has Rich's.

And Rich's has Umpa®, the world's finest mink in coats and jackets created by Leo Ritter.
Rich's, Atlanta.



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creates a cutaway jacket
of horizontally worked
Empress chinchilla,
the precious fur for
a precious few.

Revillon Fur Salon.



ben Zuckerman

designed by harry shacter

LESLIE FAY®

FOR THE TYPICAL AMERICAN SIZE®

To jet away or winter in town...a gem of a suit in rayon and flax, its open neckline showing off an abstract print overblouse. Black or navy with Arnel crepe blouse. Petite sizes 10 to 20. About $30. For store nearest you, write Leslie Fay, 1400 Broadway, New York 18, N. Y.



HAT: MR. JOHN CLASSIC/PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST



A dramatic effect in an uncomplicated shift dress with an easy tie belt. Made of printed Deuvicette®, a double knit fabric of imported acetate yarn textured by Chatillon—Milan, Italy. Black and white or navy and white. Sizes 12½ to 22½. About $30. At B. Altman & Co., New York; Bon Marché, all stores; Marshall Field & Co., Chicago; J. W. Robinson Co., Los Angeles; Strawbridge & Clothier, Phila; Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D. C. Or for store nearest you, write to Leslie Pomer, 1400 Broadway, N.Y. 18

Leslie Pomer

"Elegance at a Price"

Division of Leslie Fay, Inc.

MR. JOHN JR. HAT PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST

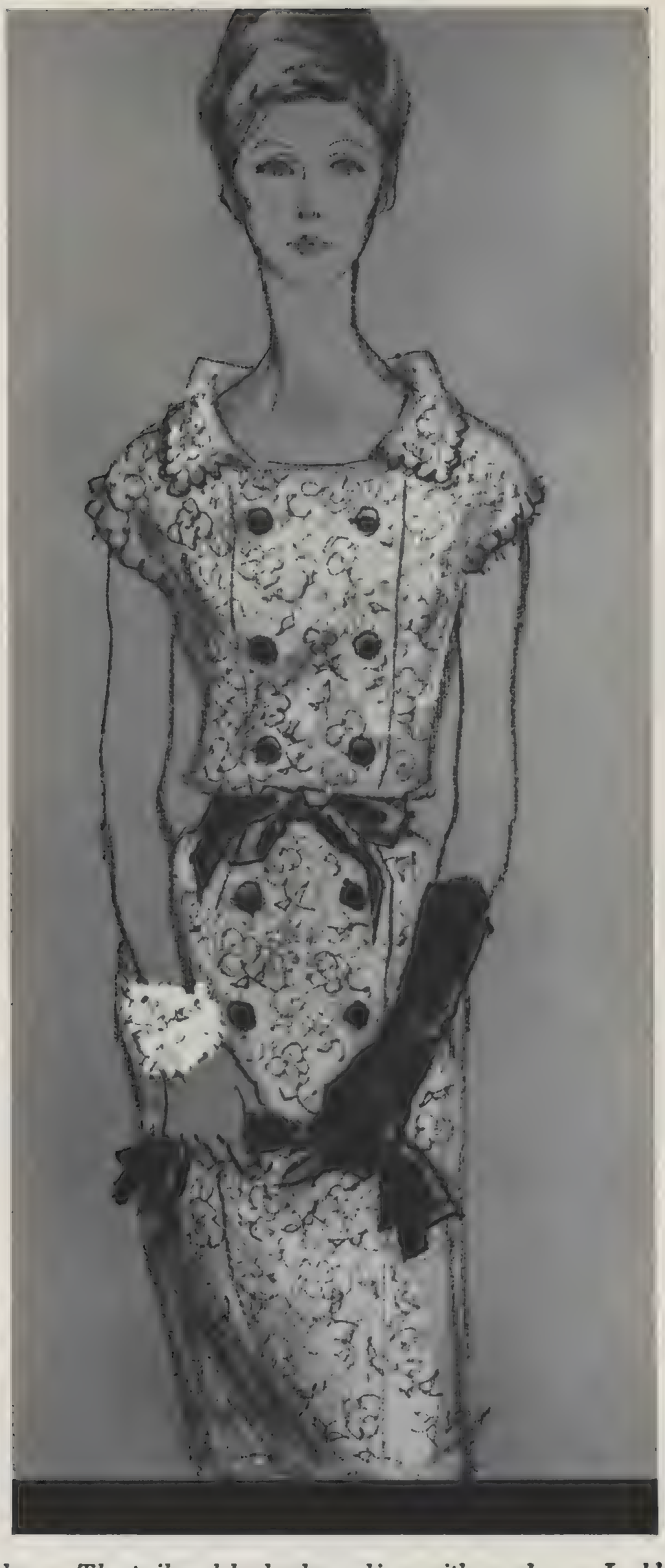


Fragile without frills...a light and lacy knit, the jacket edged all around with crocheting. It's made of Orlon®, the fiber that's changed into fashion's prettiest image. Two tones of bluebell, mocha or geranium. Sizes 6 to 16. About $40. At Lord & Taylor; Bramson's, Chicago; F. & R. Lazarus Co., Columbus; Meier & Frank Co., Portland; J. W. Robinson Co., Los Angeles; Roos/Atkins, San Francisco; Strawbridge & Clothier, Phila. Or for store nearest you, write Ricano, 1407 Broadway, New York 18, N.Y.

Ricano

Division of Leslie Fay, Inc.

PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST



Paradox at sundown. The tailored look abounding with opulence. In black Chantilly lace, imported from France, over pink crepe. Designed by Marie McCarthy.
Lord & Taylor, New York. Stix, Baer & Fuller, St. Louis. J. L. Hudson, Detroit.

LARRY ALDRICH

jr. Sophisticates
AT FINE STORES.





Sail through Spring in this prophetic coat shape. New sea-breeze tones of Anglo's luxury-woven Shetland wool. Blue stone, Porcelain chip, Skipper blue, Pink ice. About $125.

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Face powder.
Flatterer, finisher, the final touch to your entire make-up.
Made-to-order face powder.
The ideal. The shade created by our Consultant for you alone.
$2.50 plus tax, at the best department and specialty stores.

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rare jewels of the world

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CADILLAC MOTOR CAR DIVISION • GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

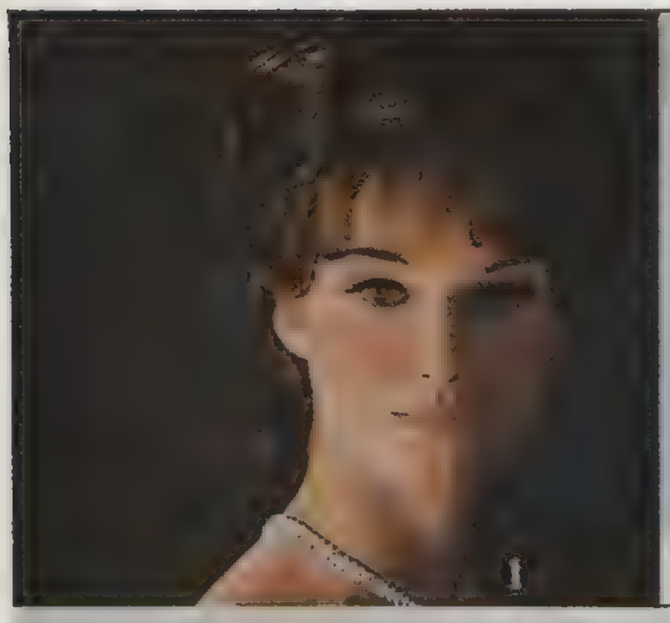
MORE THAN A NEW CAR...A NEW CADILLAC!

Of all the new cars recently introduced, one stands out as truly newsworthy . . . Cadillac for 1965! For this great car is totally new—from chassis to rooftop and from start to stop. When you sit at the wheel, you are surrounded by a whole new measure of luxury and comfort. And when you take the wheel, you enjoy the extraordinary smoothness of Cadillac's Turbo Hydra-Matic—now standard on all models; the remarkable steadiness of ride provided by an all-new suspension; and a marvelous quiet that delights even experienced Cadillac owners. See and drive the 1965 Cadillac soon. You'll agree that it is, without question, the Standard of the World!

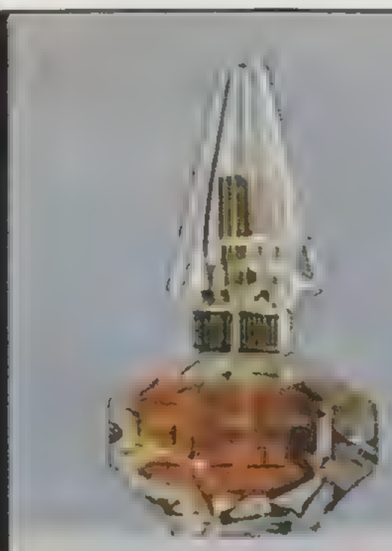
So new! So right! So obviously Cadillac

Revlon's guide to girl-giving..

Look! Revlon has her number...and hers...and his!



1



2

'Intimate' Perfume Spray in an extravagantly beautiful new bottle...at a price to make you believe in Santa Claus!



3



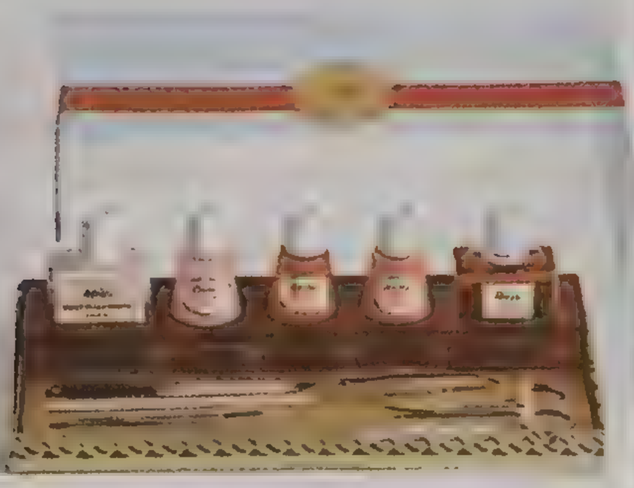
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13



14



15



16

1 She may own sables with Paris labels; swimming pools and Van Cleef jewels. But no girl has everything—until she has everything Revlon!

2 New! 'Intimate' Perfume—in a metered spray crystal-cut bottle. A half ounce of 'Intimate' Perfume, cherished as one of the world's seven great fragrances. You'd expect the perfume alone to cost much, much more (it usually does). But for this Christmas only . . . it's just 6.00

3 Brocade Evening Caché (three gifts in one!) Sumptuous imported brocade case holds a tiny Demi-Tasse 'Love-Pat' Compact and Lipstick, both with the look of woven gold. Refillable. 6.00

4 Watch-Face Demi-Tasse 'Love-Pat' Compact on a necklace of gold-tone metal—so chic, she'll wear it like a treasured antique. Refillable. 5.00

5 Demi-Tasse Compacts with the look of turquoise, tortoise and jade (filled with 'Love-Pat' makeup). Each tiny 2-inch compact is rimmed with textured gold-tone metal. Refillable. Each 3.85

6 Imported Brocade Case—filled with two favorites: 'Love-Pat' compact and Lustrous lipstick. In a shimmery blue, pink, green or gold case. 3.50

7 'Intimate' Soaps with a gilded metal tray. (Who but Revlon could dream up such an elegant soap-dish!) A dozen little guest soaps, provocatively scented with 'Intimate', plus tray. 3.50

8 'Intimate' Sprays in fabulous filigree flacons with the look of gold—designed by Van Cleef & Arpels. Spray Mist for her dressing table, 3.50. Perfume Spray for her purse (spill-proof), 5.00

9 'Intimate' Bath Powder. Extravagant gesture! In a velvety red and white box, with a 'bubble

COMPACTS AND LIPSTICKS DESIGNED BY VAN CLEEF & ARPELS.

..Christmas edition 1964.

Everything from fun to fabulous–for the girls (and even the boys!)



4



5



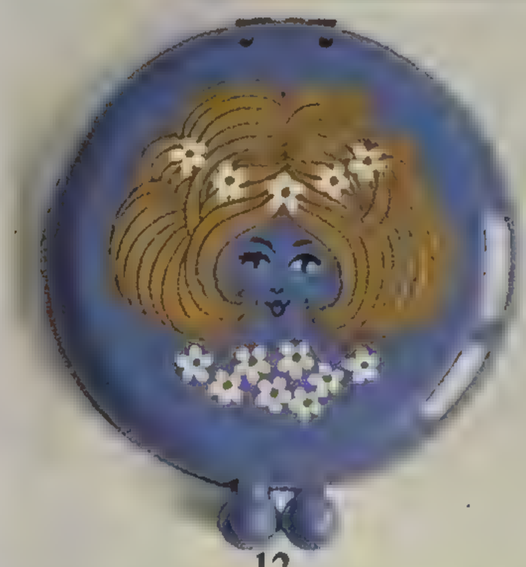
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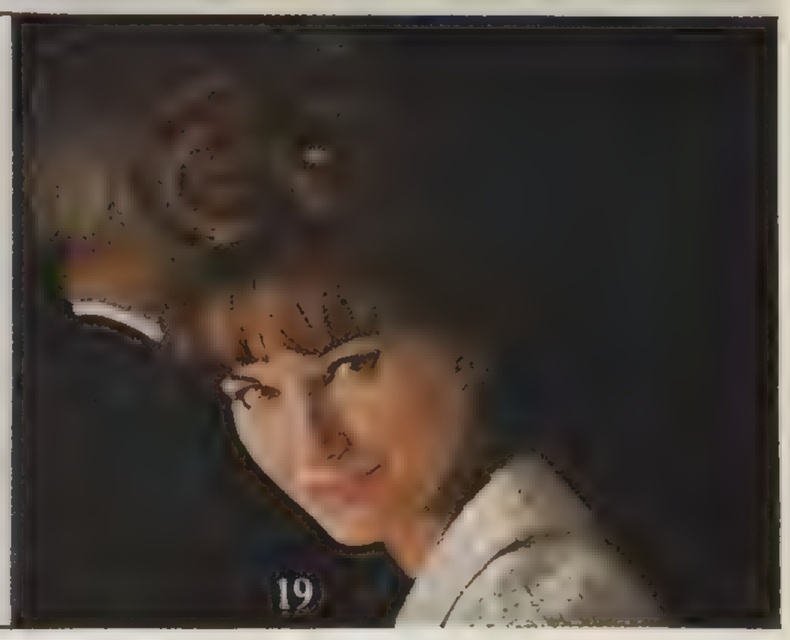


17

Best man-euver a girl can make: give him a gentleman's gift by Revlon. What he likes about you is ...you know what he likes!



18



19

top' to show off the lush lamb's wool puff. 3.75

10 'Intimate' Spray Mist—a lavish supply of her favorite fragrance in a slim white fluted bottle. Won't break. Won't spill. Travels light. 4.75

11 'Intimate' Bath Set—to make her bath a really 'Intimate' affair. Three bottles of luxurious bath oil and three cakes of scented soap, 3.75. And like all Revlon Christmas gifts for her—it's already wrapped in rich, velvety textured paper!

12 'Honey-Buns'—the BIG BIG compact news. A full 4 inches across, so the mirror is huge!

In red, white or blue, filled with 'Love-Pat'. 3.00

13 Millionairess Manicure Tray—looks like real tortoise and gold, really has everything. The newest fashion colors in Revlon nail enamels, plus all the manicure tools a girl needs. 10.50

14 'Aquamarine' Carolers—disarming little charmers with silky hair, each topping a bottle of 'Aquamarine' Eau de Toilette. Each 2.00

15 'Intimate' Fragrance Candle—in a gold-tone filigree holder. Light the candle and fill the air with that cherished fragrance. M-m-m-m! 5.00

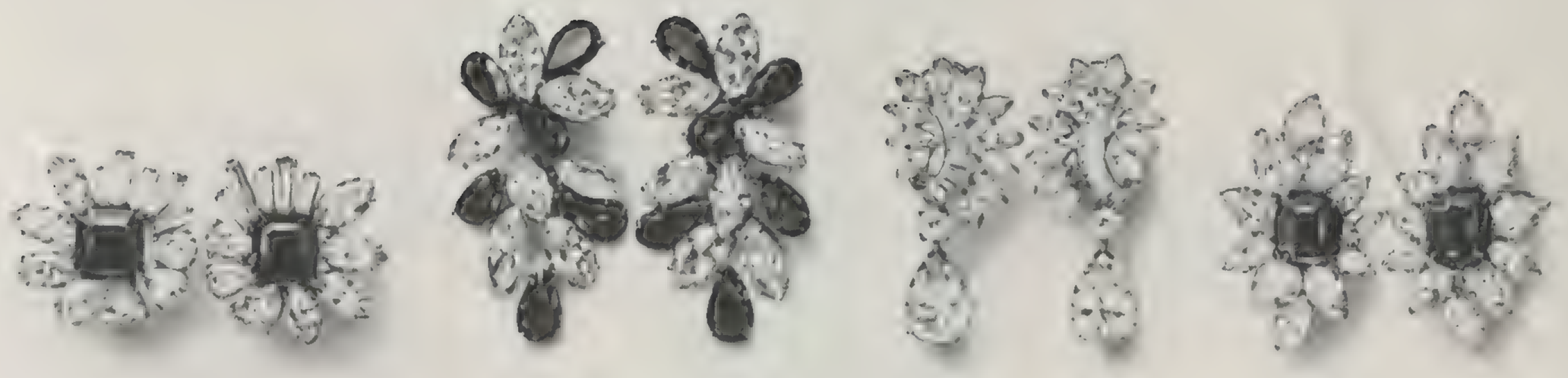
16 Executive 'Travel Plan'—to bring him back well-groomed! Rich imported leather case, fitted with Revlon's precision-crafted implements. 8.95

17 'That Man' After Shave and Cologne—the gift that crackles with masculinity. Bold black and gold box, pinch-bottle decanters, lemon-and-sandalwood scent that's all man. 6.50

18 'That Man' in Tails—After Shave and Talc in plastic travel flasks, dressed up for the holidays as a handsome, dashing man-about-town. 4.50

19 Girls who get what they want... get Revlon!

PRICES PLUS TAX.



A BLAZE OF JEWELS TO LIGHT THE NIGHT



EARRINGS, LEFT TO RIGHT: EMERALDS AND DIAMONDS, $15,000. SAPPHIRES AND DIAMONDS, $30,000. DIAMONDS WITH PEAR-SHAPED DROPS, $17,000. RUBIES AND DIAMONDS, $23,800. BROOCHES, LEFT TO RIGHT: EMERALDS AND DIAMONDS, $16,500. SAPPHIRES AND DIAMONDS, $7,500. PAVE DIAMONDS, $18,500. RUBIES AND DIAMONDS, $12,500. ALL MOUNTED IN PLATINUM. ACTUAL SIZE. FEDERAL TAX INCLUDED.
CARTIER, INC. | FIFTH AVENUE AT FIFTY-SECOND STREET, N.Y. 22, N.Y. | PLAZA 3-0111 | CARTIER, S.A., PARIS | CARTIER, LTD., LONDON | CARTIER, INC., PALM BEACH

Cartier

SLIGHTLY HIGHER WEST OF THE ROCKIES.



Kimberly presents the most beautiful gift wrapping of the season in pure wool knit. About $70.
Bergdorf Goodman, Neiman Marcus, Marshall Field, I. Magnin.

Kimberly



New vistas call for the new South-Spring feeling of Branell's tunic traveler. Lovely costuming in Ducharne's "Cascadine," a beautifully textured rayon and silk... especially effective in charcoal brown with creamy blouse and ascot. Misses' sizes, $190

Bloomingdale's Green Room *3rd Floor*

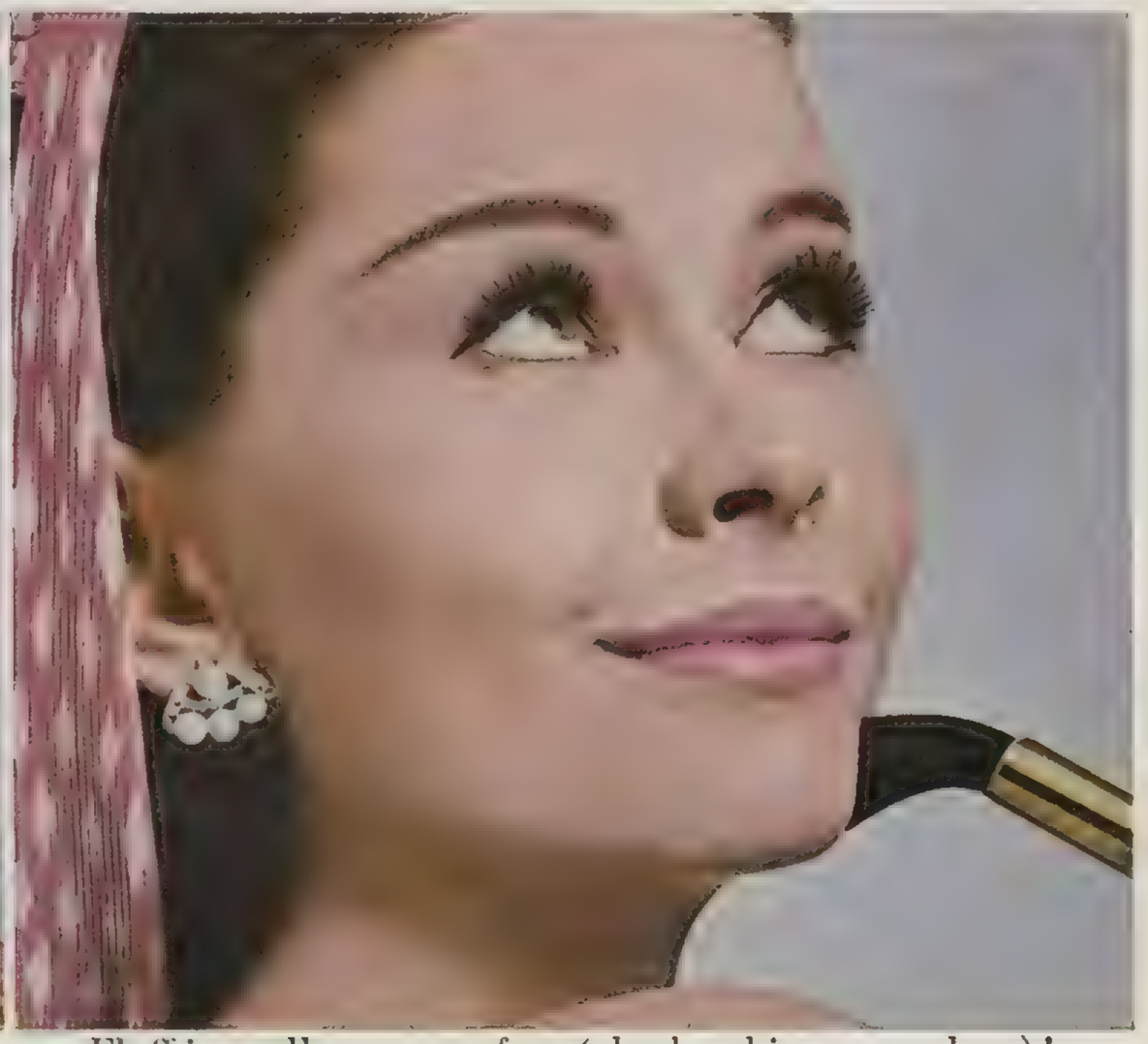
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Once in a lifetime a cosmetic changes the whole idea of make-up!



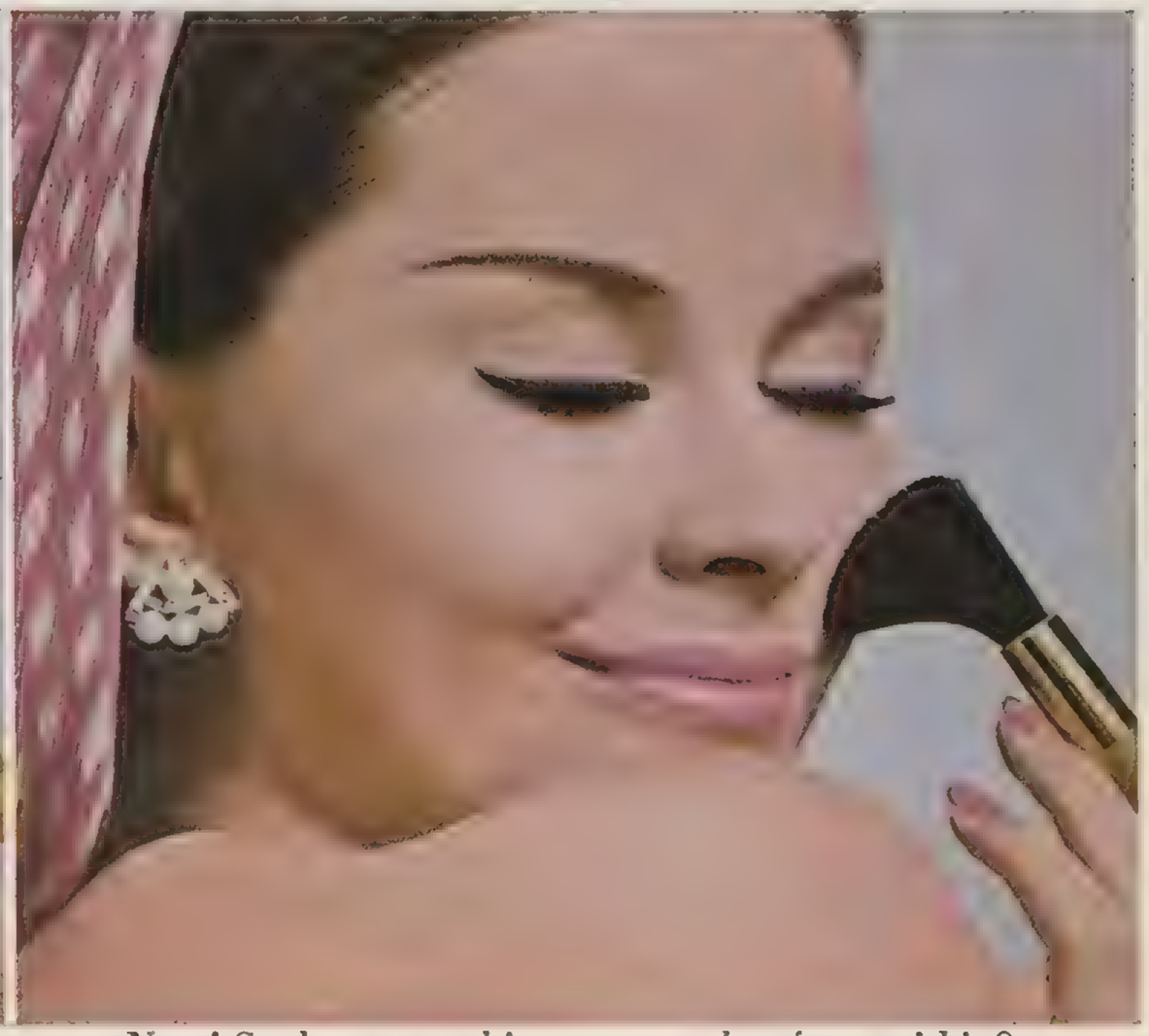
Want to see a sweet surprise (right before your very *eyes*)?



Fluff it on all over your face (cheeks, chin, *every* place)!



Mmmm! The soft little brush feels almost *too* lush!



Now! *See* how your skin seems to *glow from within?*

new 'BLUSH-ON' by Revlon

It's a breath of fresh young color you fluff on—*all over* your face—with its own soft-as-sable brush. (Use it over or *instead* of makeup!) Suddenly—but subtly—your complexion comes alive (seems to glow with *'instant health!'*) You look untired, untense, untwined—*terrific!*



Purse-size plastic case and brush, 4.00. Gold-tone case and brush, 5.00.
PRICES PLUS TAX



photographed by Peter Fink

YOU AND I. MAGNIN

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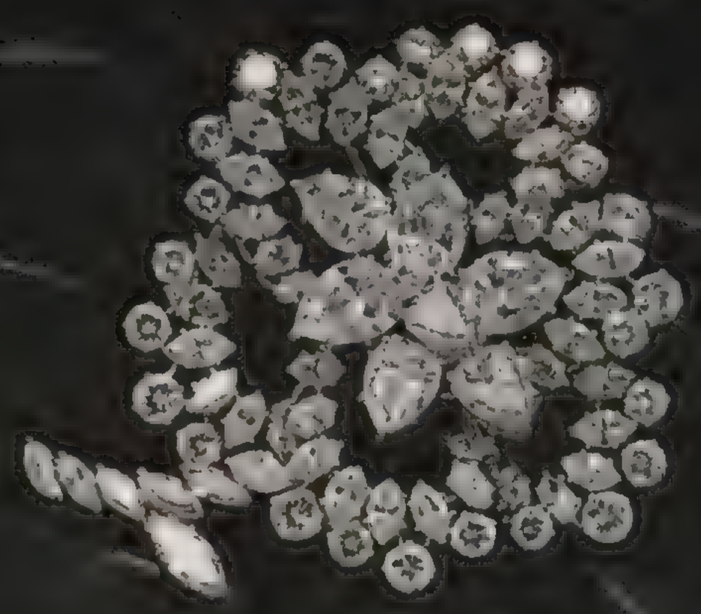
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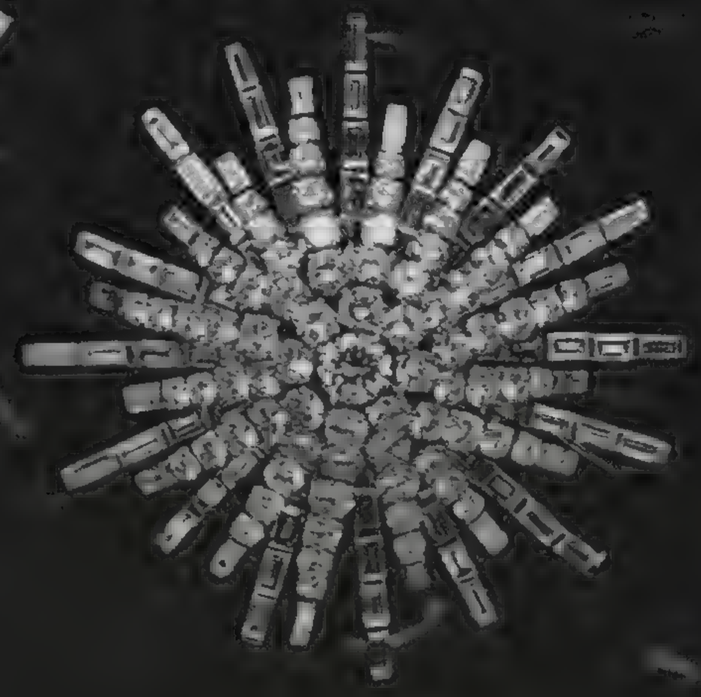












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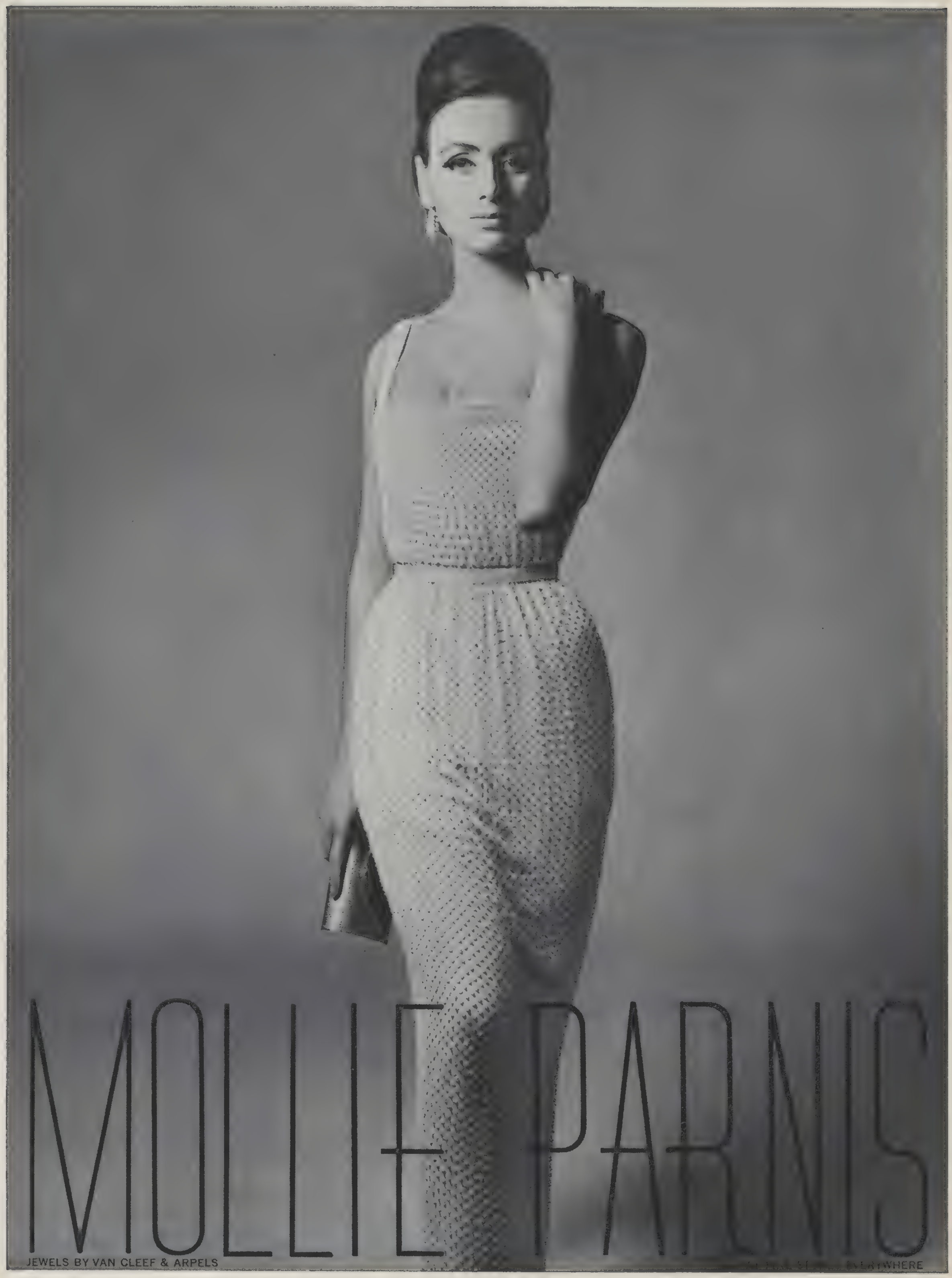
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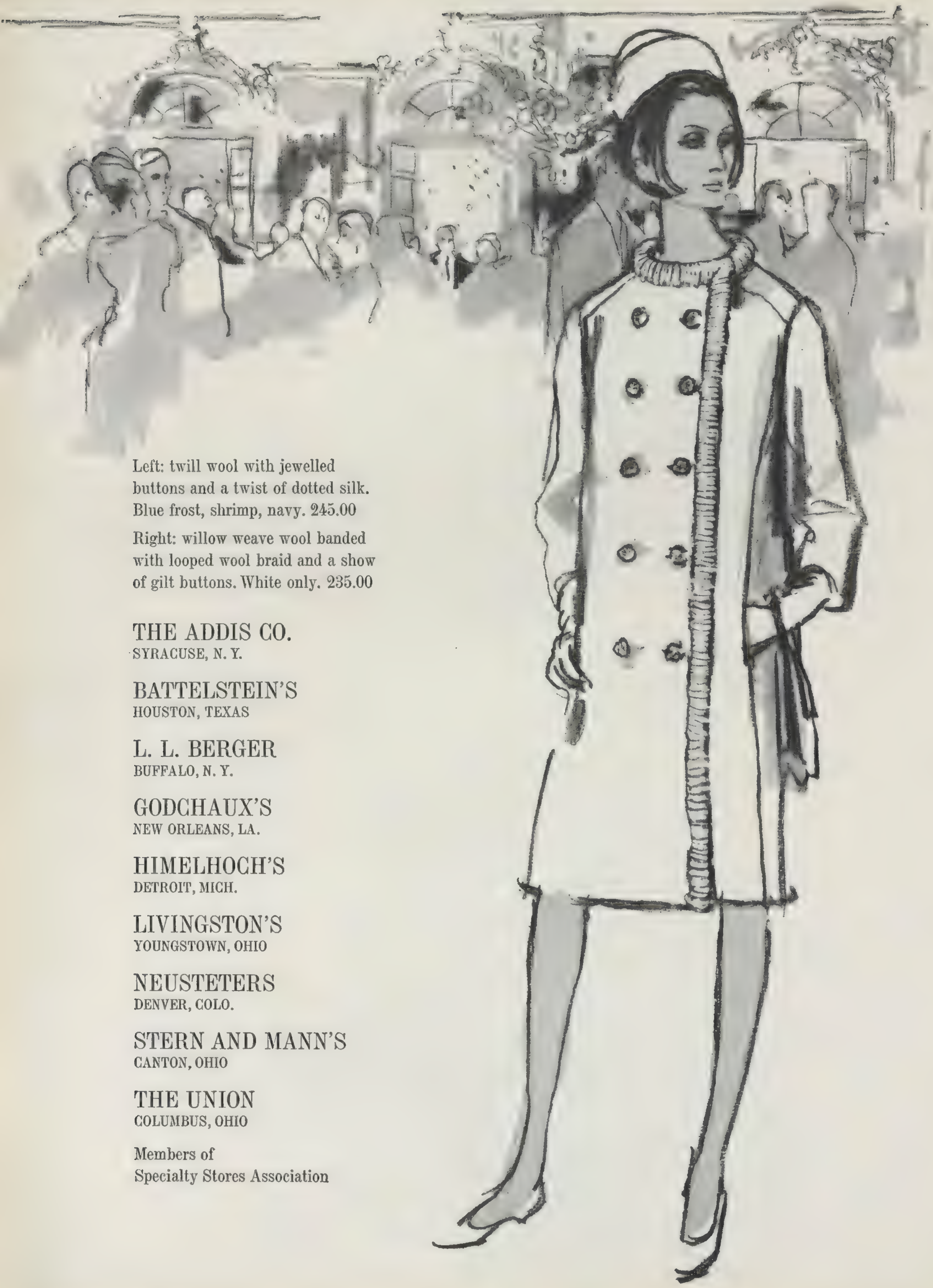
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CHARLES COOPER






CHARLES COOPER



TRAVEL

By Alan Pryce-Jones

Bartlesville, Oklahoma:
a house like a "golden upturned boat"

"It has altered my life," said the nice young man, as we drove into Bartlesville (Pop. 28,476).

I looked blank. Between Tulsa and the confines of Washington County I had learned that his life had already been altered once. By a schooner. When things got too much for him elsewhere, he just picked up his camera and took refuge in the South Seas.

Schooners sound rich. I thought, however, that he did not look rich at all: an impression often conveyed by those who are very rich indeed. By now we were in the heart of Bartlesville and the friend who had asked him to fetch me from the airport was waiting to take me to the Burlingame Hotel. I had a pistachio-and-maroon room. The hotel was a nice place: the kind in which you can, if you have a nickel and a quarter, extract an American cheese sandwich from a small chromium altar by the stairs.

Bartlesville is a nice place, too. It makes pipelines and oil-well machinery. The U. S. Bureau of Mines conducts experiments in Bartlesville, and the people of the city look—well, nice, in an unadorned way. I had hoped to find something like the chorus of *Oklahoma!*, but the hope was vain.

This is a dusty country with as few trees as, say, Nantucket. There is absolutely nowhere to hide. It occurred to me that the nice young man did not altogether appreciate either Bartlesville or the world of pipelines. I detected a craving for yams, for breadfruit, for all kinds of things which even money can not procure in northeastern Oklahoma.

We went for a stroll. Bartlesville houses are solid. They have to be, on account of the wind. They are reddish and squarish and tightly buttoned. In the middle of the city is its one feature: a great glass and concrete tower built by Frank Lloyd Wright not long before he died. When I was in Bartlesville, another architect of genius was nesting there, although the tower is primarily commercial. Bruce Goff is his name, and he lived surrounded by plans for houses of unusual design. There was a house built as a logarithmic spiral of sandstone coiling around a steel pole, and another made of aluminum in the form of a morning glory covered with chicken wire and sprayed with transparent plastic.

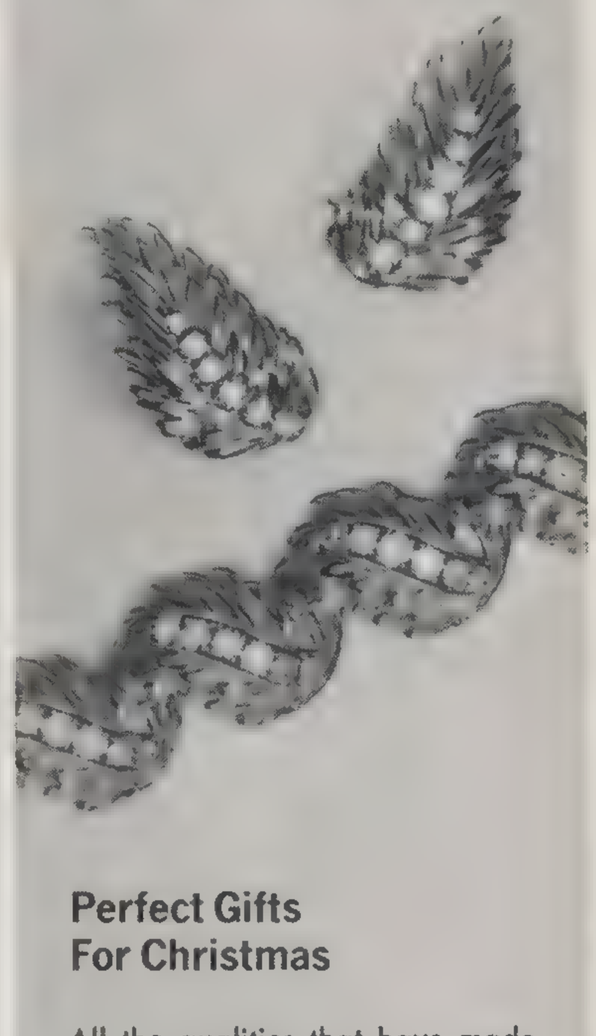
"Now," said the nice young man, "we will drive out to *my* house." Bruce Goff had built it, and it had altered the young man's life. We drove—he and I and Mr. Goff—out of the jagged shadow of the tower, down a no-nonsense avenue leading out of town.

We came to a ranch—by now it was dark—and bumped down a lane. Suddenly a kind of golden upturned boat, with a Siamese inverted keel for a roof, lay ahead. One advanced over stepping-stones into a triangular room lined, apparently, in white fur. Since the walls sloped outwards like airplane seats there was no need of furniture; you lay where you fell.

To the music of Mahler's *First Symphony* I had a multiple vision: family pipelines so admirable that they bring the world to Bartlesville; the American cheese sandwich, yes, and a glass of Dr. Pepper's; patient animals staring through the dust as the invading Siamese roofline.

Mahler, Mr. Goff, the beautiful, improbable house faded. I was bumping away towards my pistachio-and-maroon room. I have not revisited Bartlesville, and the nice young man has been in the South Seas, I think, for a long time now.

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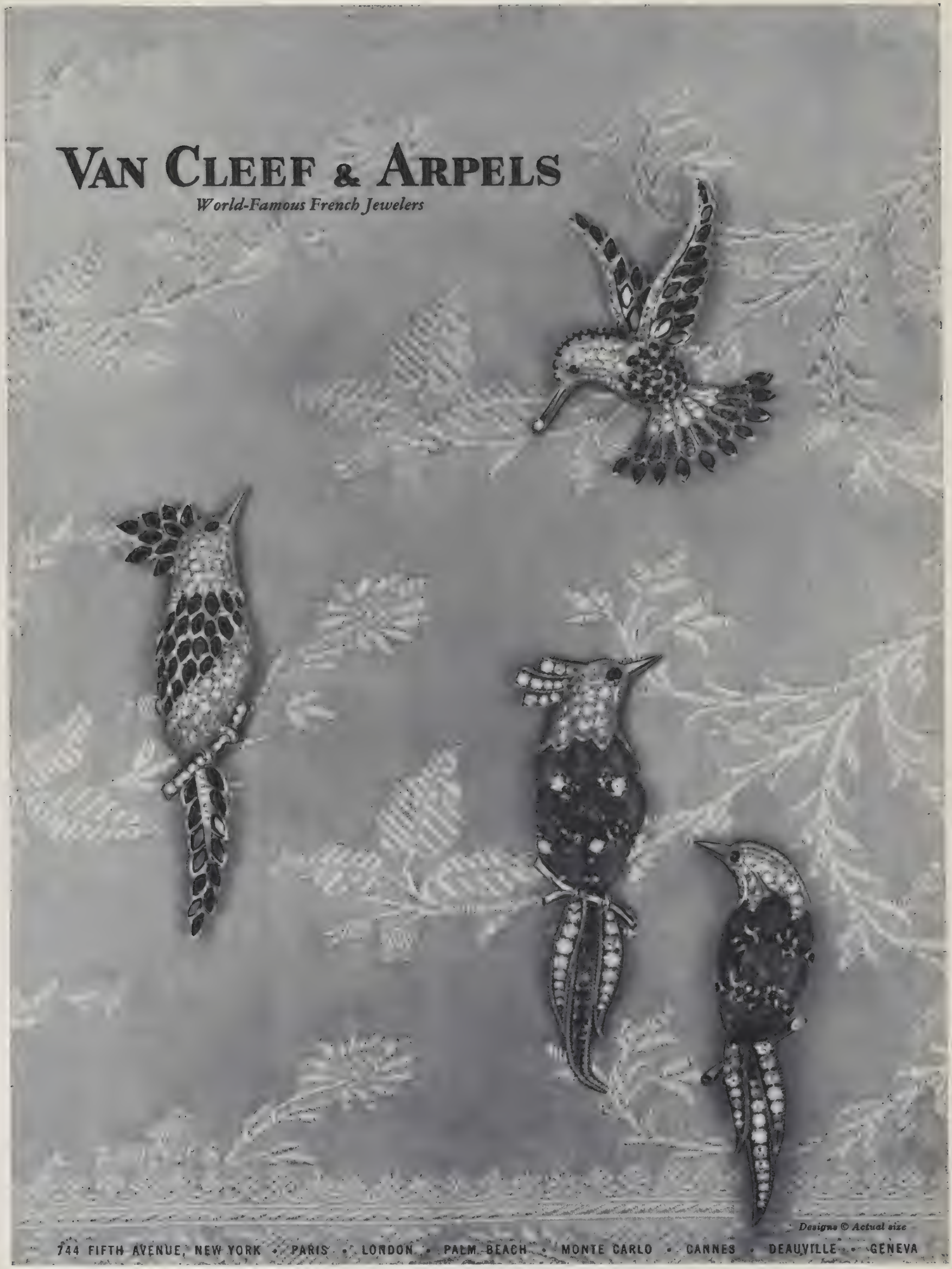


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The night they raided the snake-juice still . . .

By Victor H. Perera

Despite increasing rumblings of discontent, and the appointment of a parliamentary commission to study the problem, prohibition retains its hold in most of India today.

In bone-dry Bombay, which many consider the last outpost of prohibition, liquor can not be purchased legally except by foreigners and, paradoxically, by medically-certified alcoholics. Black-market prices for a fifth of Haig & Haig run as high as a hundred rupees ($21), which means that unless you're a tourist, a rupee millionaire, or a confirmed teetotaler, you will sooner or later be forced to rely on one of several thousand local bootleggers for your supply of "snake juice"—as domestic brews are known here.

A cousin of my wife's, who can claim none of these exemptions, was describing his hardships to me one evening last summer as we strolled along the embankment at Worli—a small, rocky beach beyond Bombay's Marine Drive. Although it was monsoon season, there had been no rain for several days, and the air was clear and comfortably light. The tide was out, and we could see the shadows of crab-fishermen as they scrambled from rock to rock, poking their torches into likely crevasses.

Beyond them, in the least accessible corner of the beach, a colony of moonshiners had set up a still. We could make out some of them by the flicker of kerosene lamps, sedulously brewing vatfuls of some crude distillate that may ultimately taste like kerosene, although its market value will be considerably higher.

"That really is vile stuff, no doubt about it," cousin Gopi said, ruefully. "But it certainly beats going dry . . . especially on some days." Gopi is a senior officer in the Indian Navy, now more or less permanently on land duty. During his twenties he sailed around the world for two years with the Merchant Marine and is still regarded as something of a maverick by conservative members of the family.

I made him promise right then and there to take me to a real speakeasy, and the opportunity came sooner than I could have hoped—the following evening, in fact, after a bleak musical soirée where the only refreshment served had been fruit cocktail, liberally spiked with cloves. We dropped our wives home well before midnight and hailed a taxi. The driver took one look at Gopi and me and winked knowingly: "Girlie girlie tonight, chief?"

"Hootch," Gopi said. "And make it quick. We can't last much longer."

"O.K., chief," he yelled, and we were off like a paddy wagon, skidding around corners, rattling pell mell through crowded bazaars, up and down dark alleyways, and then bumpety bump along a deserted country road until we came to a small fishing encampment by the sea, identical to the one at Worli.

"Yes, this is the place," Gopi said, stepping out and sniffing the air while I paid the grinning taxi driver. "The chappie must have remembered my face. I used to come more often when I was single." We walked to the nearest hut, and Gopi called out "Krishna—O—Krishnaaa," in a low but carrying voice. (Krishna, Gopi explained, was the code name of the village headman.)

"Coming, man, coming," a distant voice replied, and was joined moments after by its owner—a stout, wheezing, elderly man with a white *lungi* around his middle. He lifted a

(Continued on page 75)

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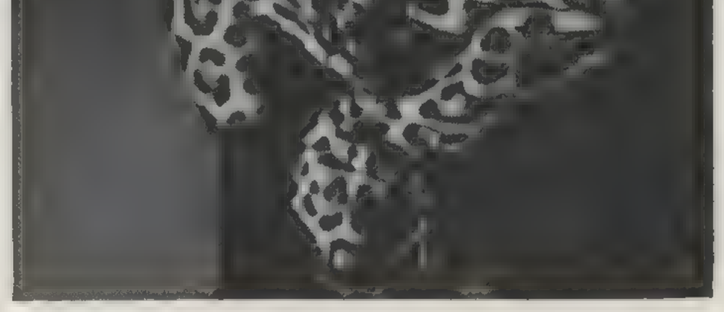
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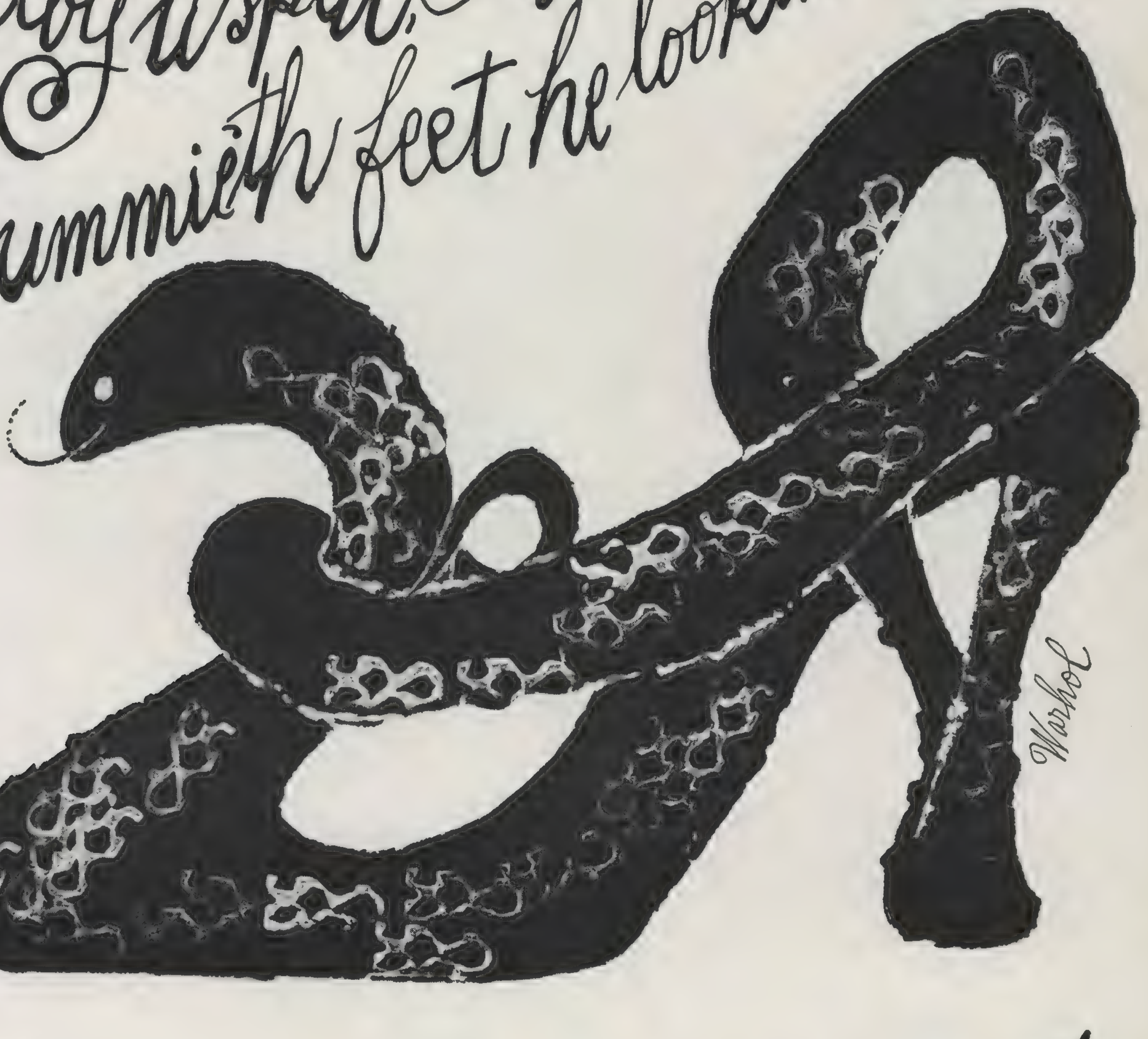
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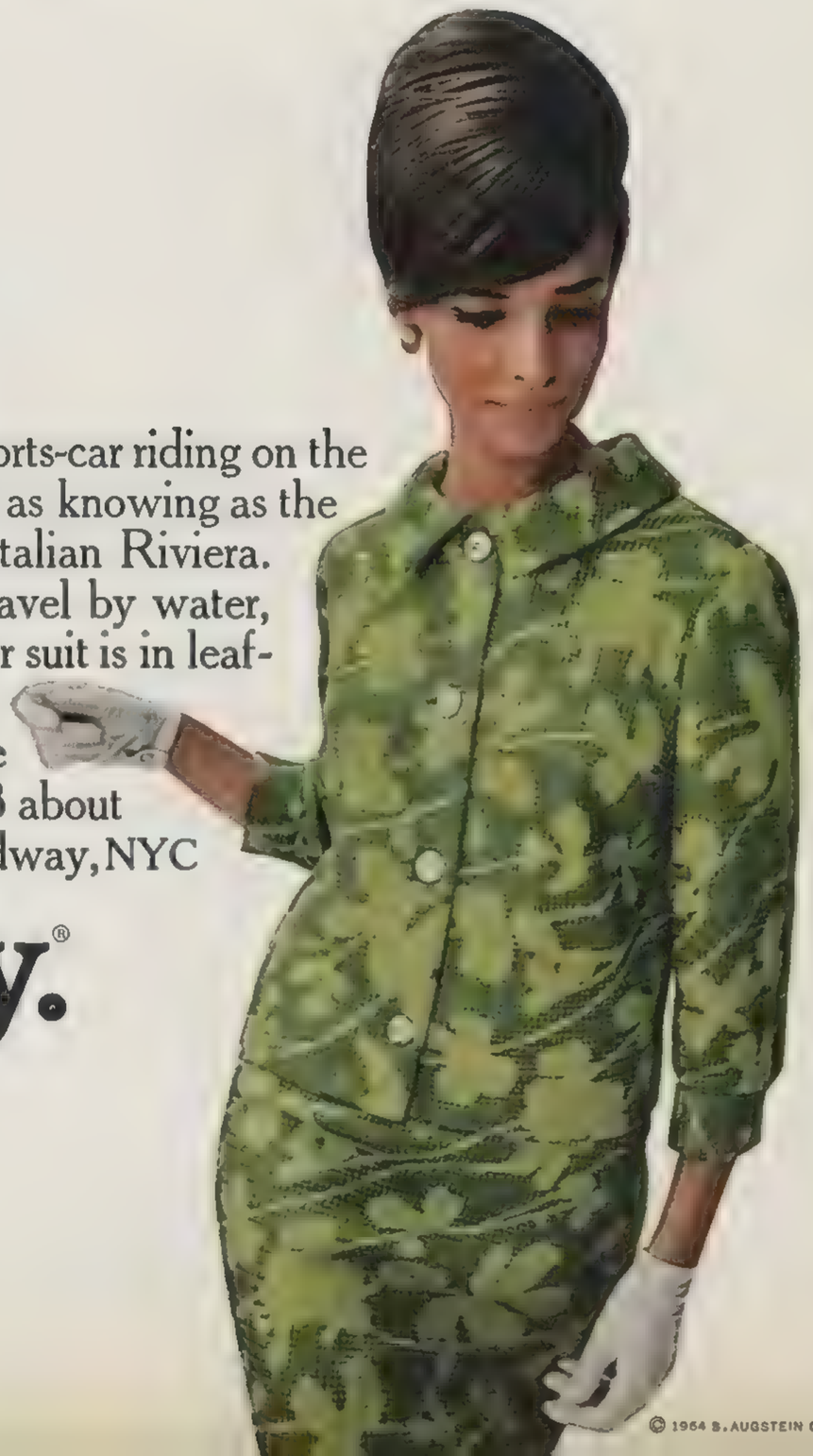
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MADEMOISELLE RICCI BY NINA RICCI



The night they raided the snake-juice still . . .

(Continued from page 58)

kerosene lamp in Gopi's face. "Welcome, sahib!" he smiled, on recognizing a former customer. He ushered us into his tiny shack, apologizing beforehand for its lack of "gentlemanly comforts," and bade us sit on two empty kerosene drums. After reproaching Gopi good-humouredly for having kept away so many weeks, he asked if we would prefer our "Mozambique juice" with soda or ice.

"With ice, please," I said, and sneaked an apprehensive glance over my shoulder. Krishna apparently interpreted this as a veiled qualm about the quality of his liquor.

"Don't worry, sahib. I have the choicest mosambi juice always tucked away in a safe place for Gopal sahib and his friends. His friends are my friends." He promptly produced two tall glasses with false bottoms from a hidden drawer and placed them on the table. "And as for the authorities," he added, almost as an afterthought, "please be assured that we have the best of understandings with them. In fact, we are expecting a visit from them tonight."

Gopi gave no indication of alarm at this announcement, but I did, and would probably have bolted for the door had not Krishna's wife shuffled in just then with a bowl of ice and two freshly baked pomfrets.

"Ah, here comes the real specialty of the house," Gopi exclaimed, smacking his lips with pleasure as Mrs. Krishna set the steaming fish before us. She was a lean, wiry woman, inches taller than her husband, and wore her saffron sari tucked up between her legs—fisher style. Krishna, meantime, had been scuttling about under some burlap covers and popped up suddenly with two quart bottles of amber liquid. "This comes from my special mosambi cellar," he said, proudly, "for two very special guests."

The curried pomfret was

(Continued on page 88)

White crêpe dinner dress

Following is a list of shops in other cities where the Charles Cooper dress on page 198 may be found.

Albany, N. Y.....Honigsbaum
Albuquerque, N. Mex.....Towne House
Alexandria, La.....Wellan's
Amarillo, Tex.....White & Kirk
Ardmore, Okla.....Jean Lee
Atlanta, Ga.....Leon Frohsin
Austin, Tex.....Goodfriend's
Baltimore, Md.....Hutzler's
Bartlesville, Okla.....Barbara's
Big Springs, Tex.....Swartz
Borger, Tex.....Cartwright
Bryan, Tex.....Lester's
Cincinnati, Ohio.....Carriage Trade
Columbia, S. C.....Lisbeth Wolfe
Cushing, Okla.....Vicki's
Dallas, Tex.....Marie Leavell
Des Moines, Iowa.....Julia Lenobel
El Paso, Tex.....Frances Bound's
Evansville, Ind.....Kaiser's
Farmington, N. Mex.....The Klothes Horse
Ft. Wayne, Ind.....D. B. Fishman
Ft. Worth, Tex.....Meacham's
Greenville, Miss.....Betty of Greenville
Hot Springs, Ark.....Vera King
Indianapolis, Ind.....Wm. H. Block
Jackson, Miss.....Frances Pepper
Kansas City, Mo.....Woolf Bros.
Laredo, Tex.....Hachars
Lawton, Okla.....Sherry's
Lincoln, Neb.....Hovland-Swanson
Little Rock, Ark.....Feinstein's
Louisville, Ky.....Stewart Dry Goods
Lubbock, Tex.....Annette's
Madison, Wisc.....Woldenberg's
McAllen, Tex.....Ladies Supply
Memphis, Tenn.....John Gerber
Midland, Tex.....Lucille's
Milwaukee, Wisc.....Coplin's
Minneapolis, Minn.....Jackson-Graves
Montgomery, Ala.....Flacks
Muskogee, Okla.....Lu's of Muskogee
New Orleans, La.....Lamonte
Odessa, Tex.....Model Shop
Omaha, Neb.....Kilpatrick's
Pampa, Tex.....Behrman's
Pikesville, Md.....Cross Country Clothes
Ponca City, Okla.....French's
Portland, Ore.....Nicholas Ungar
Reno, Nev.....Menard's
Salina, Kan.....Warden's
Salt Lake City, Utah.....Auerbach's
San Antonio, Tex.....Frost Bros.
Sante Fe, N. Mex.....Godey
Shreveport, La.....Bettye Valcaro
Spokane, Wash.....Spokane Dry Goods
Springfield, Mo.....Billie's Feminine Fashions
Tacoma, Wash.....Lou Johnson
Topeka, Kan.....Jerry
Tucson, Ariz.....Cele Peterson
Tulsa, Okla.....Leisure Manor
Wichita, Kan.....Fossie Shields
Wichita Falls, Tex.....Reed's Parisian
Worcester, Mass.....Ulian's
Yakima, Wash.....Lou Johnson
Youngstown, Ohio.....Betty Goodman



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stupendous dress made of silk crepe from America. And, in the coat, silk chiffon,
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2. Paste head on model.
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4. Merry Christmas.



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2. **Paste head on model.**
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Fitted coachman's coat, left, in aqua, sapphire, ruby, gold, pink, blue, opaline. Straight and gentle coat, above, edged with embroidered lace and ribbon, in pink, blue, opaline. Each is about $32*. Straight coat in dress-length, about $26*. Both

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Now look at Lady Hathaway's patrician tailoring. Note the classic overshirt styling. The casual smoothness of the collar. And that creamy, silk-surah scarf. *Look closely.* The scarf is an exact replica of the shirt—an outrageous touch of elegance.

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Justin McCarty



The important imported Silk Suit with its own winter-white blouse, side swept and twin buttoned, puts its fashion accent on gracious quality. Textured Douppioni silk in navy, cherry, or black contrasts with the peplum overblouse. Misses Sizes. $90.

L.S.Ayres & co.
of Indiana
Indianapolis, Indiana

The night they raided the snake-juice still . . .

(Continued from page 75)

delicious, which could hardly be said for the liquor—it smelled faintly of anaesthetic and had a raw rotgut taste—but at least the supply was plentiful. We had finished half of the first bottle and all of the fish when a scruffy face peered in at the door.

"They have come," it said, hoarsely, and vanished.

Krishna excused himself and started for the door, but I grabbed his arm. "You mustn't tell them we're here," I whispered. "I'm sure they'll arrest us." I had never bothered to pick up my foreigner's liquor permit, and wasn't at all certain about diplomatic immunity.

"Calm yourself, sahib, please," Krishna said, placing a clammy hand on my shoulder. "This will be only a momentary inconvenience."

"Sit down, Vic," Gopi called, cheerfully. "It isn't you they're after." He was chuckling, and sipping unconcernedly from his glass.

"If you want to see for yourself, sahib, I will be most happy to show you," Krishna added.

Before any of us could make a move, the door was pushed open and a police inspector walked in. He looked us over slowly and snapped his heels in salute. "Carry on, please. I regret I can not join you. As you see, I am on an official raid." He bowed his head, unsmiling, and turned to Krishna. "Well, old man, have you made all the preparations?" Krishna nodded. "Very well, then, I shall be waiting outside."

The execution of the raid turned out to be, as the old bootlegger promised, a fairly routine affair. After sending his wife into the kitchen for more fish, and hitching up his sagging loincloth, Krishna met the inspector and two of his constables outside the shack. At a signal from them he cupped his hands to his mouth and cried: "Nathoo-oo-Nathoooo. . . . The inspector sahib is here. . . . Hur-ryyyy." He repeated the call several times until a half-naked young man came trotting up with a large kerosene drum in each hand.

"You mustn't keep the inspector sahib waiting," Krishna admonished Nathoo, and relieved him of the two tins. He unscrewed their caps and peered inside. "I hope you have ten gallons in both of these."

"Yes, Krishna," Nathoo replied, with a good-natured grin. "I weighed them on the scales this morning."

"That's a good fellow. Now go and put these in the inspector sahib's Jeep and wait for him there."

"Yes, Krishna." Nathoo salaamed, and trotted off docilely with his load.

"Nathoo is my younger brother's second son," Krishna explained to the inspector, as we accompanied them to the Jeep. "He's a strong, hard-working boy, and very obedient, but not so quick to understand as his brothers. . . . The truth is, he's a little dull. Not very bright." He shrugged. "What can be done? His horoscope was inauspicious from birth. He is a Taurus, you see, sahib, and was conceived during the dark phase of the moon. To make things worse, the tide was at its lowest ebb in five years, the poor fellow."

"We'll take good care of him," the inspector said, snapping a rattan stick against his side.

The Jeep was parked outside the village boundary, its searchlight beam pointed straight into the sea. One of the constables made a perfunctory check of the kerosene drums, placed them in the rear seat, and ordered Nathoo to climb in beside them.

"It's a pity you won't stop to have a small glass with us," Krishna said, hovering close behind the inspector's elbow. "This week I have prepared a batch of specially matured mosambi that is just the way you like it."

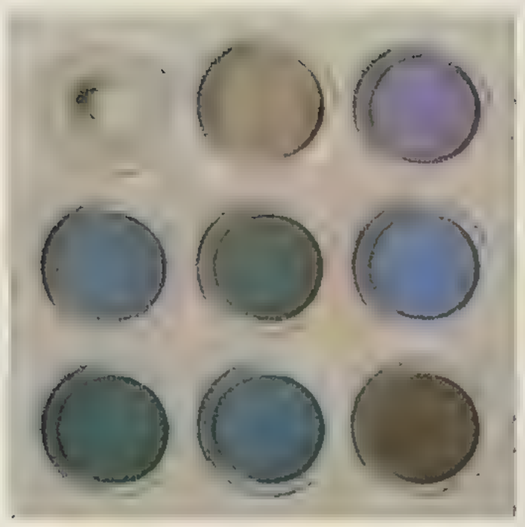
"Some other time," the inspector said, disengaging his arm from Krishna's grasp. "At one o'clock I have to be at Dharbagi Creek, ten miles from here, to arrest Bhola, and I'm having another appointment or two. I mustn't keep them waiting." He

(Continued on page 104)

The entire collection of Givenchy Cosmetics is available at America's leading fashion stores, some of which are listed below:

Beverly Hills, Calif.....I. Magnin & Co.
Boston, Mass.....Bonwit Teller
Boston, Mass. .....Filene's
Chicago, Ill.....Bonwit Teller
Chicago, Ill.....Chas. A. Stevens & Co.
Cincinnati, Ohio.....Gidding-Jenny
Cleveland, Ohio .....Bonwit Teller
Detroit, Mich. .....Himelhoch's
Hartford, Conn.....G. Fox & Co.
LasVegas, Nev.....D. I. Distinctive Apparel
Los Angeles, Calif.....I. Magnin & Co.
Manhasset, N.Y.....Bonwit Teller
Minneapolis, Minn.
Young-Quinlan Rothschild
Muncie, Ind.....Ball Stores
New York, N.Y.....Bonwit Teller
New York, N.Y.....Lord & Taylor
Oakbrook, Ill.....Bonwit Teller
Philadelphia, Pa.....Bonwit Teller
Portland, Oregon.....I. Magnin & Co.
Providence, R.I.....The Shepard Company
Rochester, N.Y.....B. Forman Co.
San Diego, Calif.. .. . ..Hafters Haggarty
San Francisco, Calif.....I. Magnin & Co.
Seattle, Wash.....I. Magnin & Co.
Sherman Oaks, Calif.....Bullock's
Short Hills, N.J.....Bonwit Teller
Tulsa, Okla. .....Field's
Washington, D.C.
Julius Garfinckel & Co.
White Plains, N.Y.....Bonwit Teller

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your finger tip. This water-color shadow
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when you flutter your lids.
Givenchy eye shadows cost $4. There are also
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and a most curious Lash-Moist
to wet the cakes... all from
the Givenchy Collection of Cosmetics.



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EVERFAST® uses Kodel for the lasting smoothness and delightful flow of this fine fabric. The colors? Guaranteed by Everfast. Another bright note: Everglaze® Easy Care. Cruise/resort dress in 65% Kodel polyester, 35% cotton. Blue-green, pink, yellow. Made to sell for about $30. Sizes 8-20. Available at fine stores throughout the country. By Dorothy Cox for TANNER OF NORTH CAROLINA.

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[Tonight Could Be The Night!]

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14K GOLD COVER-LID BRACELET, 17 DIAMONDS, $1000, FEDERAL TAX INCLUDED

A precious bracelet...or a precise watch?

A bracelet of singular beauty... purposely designed to lead a double life.
Concealed under the diamond-set 14K gold cover-lid is one of the world's most accurate watches

To a woman there is no tribute more magnificent than an Omega diamond-set bracelet watch. Typical of many exclusive designs in the new Omega collection is the model illustrated. Gracing the 14K gold bracelet is the fiery splendor of flawless full-cut diamonds, carefully selected, to measure up to the high Omega standards of clarity, cut, color and brilliance.

The heart of this unique jewelry masterpiece is the peerlessly accurate Omega movement. From blueprint to final assembly it is checked at 1497 separate manufacturing stages. Even the oil used to lubricate it is the world's costliest ($2000 a gallon), assuring minimum friction of moving parts which means longer life, greater dependability. The sale of Omega watches is entrusted only to fine jewelers and better watch departments, appointed for their integrity and professional facilities for service. Consult your Authorized Omega dealer for expert advice when choosing a watch for yourself or for an important gift. Other models $65 to $12,500.

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ABE SCHRADER

Abe Schrader's sleek, slender, open-necked afternoon dress in luxurious, ribbed Stardom. Sizes 8 to 16. About $70.00 in fine stores everywhere. Designed by Belle Saunders for Abe Schrader, 530 Seventh Avenue, New York 18, N.Y.

AZIZA

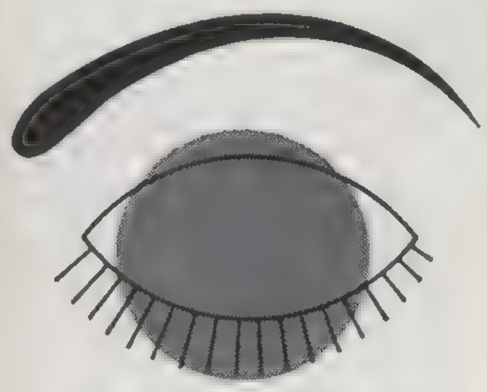
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How wide should your brows be?

The Aziza booklet* that comes with your Aziza Eye Pencil tells you how wide brows should be for each basic eye type. For example, "closely set eyes appear wider when the brow line begins slightly beyond the inner corner of the eye." Important note: for a natural look, your Aziza Eye Pencil goes on easily with short, feathery strokes to prevent harsh, unnatural looking lines.





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***Only Aziza gives you a 24-page "Guide to Eye Beauty" in every eye make-up package.**

Aziza EYE COSMETICS BY PRINCE MATCHABELLI

The night they raided the snake-juice still . . .

(Continued from page 88)

stepped briskly aboard the Jeep, nearly dragging the old bootlegger in with him.

"Nathoo, you must remember always to do just as the inspector sahib tells you," Krishna said to his nephew.

"Yes, Krishna."

"You mustn't protest about the prison food like you did last time and feed it to the bandicoots and the cockroaches. Will you remember that, Nathoo?"

"I'll remember, Krishna."

"That's a good fellow," Krishna said, patting him on the knee and clinging with all his bulk to the side of the Jeep until, with a tinkling of anklets and a long, graceful stride, Mrs. Krishna appeared on the scene, balancing a stack of pomfrets and a single banana leaf on top of her head.

"Ah, just in time," Krishna smiled at the inspector, urging her on behind his back. "She has brought a little something for you sahibs, since you won't stop with us this evening."

With lightning fingers Mrs. K. wrapped the fish into four separate bundles, and her husband distributed them among the officers. He was careful, however, to save the fattest packet for the inspector, as befitted his rank. "Please forgive my wife's delay in grinding the cocoanut chutney," he said, bowing and scraping the ground.

"I cooked them with fine red chilis, just as the inspector's memsahib likes it," chimed in Mrs. K., but the old man signalled her to keep silent.

The inspector opened his parcel at one end, sniffed it, and nodded his head in approval. "That's fine, Krishna."

"I know the memsahib is a good cook, and very fond of this preparation, but she does not cook fish at home. . . . After all," Krishna added delicately, "she is a Brahmin."

"That is true, old man," the inspector said. "I'm quite sure she will be pleased." He motioned the driver to start the engine, but Krishna hadn't finished with him yet.

"Actually, sahib," he spoke into the inspector's ear, in a clearly audible whisper—"When the inspector sahib brings the fish home, it puts the memsahib's mind at ease that he has really been out on his raids and is not sitting in the police station playing cards and drinking hootch. . . . Isn't it, sahib?"

The inspector laughed out loud this time—as we all did—and waved his rattan switch cheerfully behind him as the Jeep backed up sharply, lurched, and wobbled out of sight.

The happy outcome of the raid restored our high spirits, and we returned to the shack to polish off the second bottle and have another of Mrs. K.'s delectable pomfrets. On the way, Krishna cleared up for my benefit the mystery of Nathoo and the kerosene drums.

"You see, sahib, this month it is Nathoo's time to get arrested. We all take it by turns, one each month. And, since we are all related by blood as well as profession, the wife and children of the convict are looked after by the rest of us until he is out of jail."

"And what of the inspector?"

"Of course, with the inspector, as you have seen, we have reached a very mutual and satisfactory understanding. He is flesh and blood, after all, and is fond of having a glass of mosambi now and then, along with the usual bribe. The memsahib, his wife, has a weakness for the fish curry which our women know how to prepare in a very special way."

He stopped at the entrance to the shack and pondered a moment, stroking the grey stubble on his chin. "Of course, even one month in jail is not exactly a holiday, and it means the loss of a pair of hands at the still. . . . Perhaps even this difficulty can be smoothed out to a mutual satisfaction if we really apply our minds to it."

A toothless, disreputable grin transfigured his face. "Of course, the inspector sahib will be due for a promotion by and by, and when he becomes superintendent—" he shrugged—"then this problem will just cease to exist."

Kimberly

The Kimberly Knit shown on opposite page is available at these fine stores:

Richs
Atlanta, Georgia

Hutzler's
Baltimore, Maryland

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Boston,
Massachusetts

Abraham & Straus
Brooklyn, New York

Carson, Pirie, Scott
Chicago, Illinois

F. & R. Lazarus
Columbus, Ohio

J. L. Hudson Co.
Detroit, Michigan

Liberty House
Honolulu, Hawaii

Foleys
Houston, Texas

Bullock's Wilshire
Los Angeles,
California

Burdines
Miami, Florida

Bloomingdale's
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Rochester, New York

Woodward & Lothrop
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Easy living, in a two part gossamer knit. Hand crocheted and hand loomed in a blend of **Herdmans® imported Irish linen.**
About $60. Slightly higher west of the Rockies.

Kimberly

The Originals live with Écusson



... a houseboat on the Thames



... a talent for collecting idea people



...the place...racy-romantic Monaco



... way-away weekends, Scottish style



... a discerning eye for the new in Montmartre





... one Original discovers another

Jean D'ALBRET
ÉCUSSON

ECUSSON PARFUM IS BOTTLED, SEALED AND PACKAGED IN FRANCE. IMPORTER JEAN D'ALBRET © DIV., 680 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 19, N.Y.



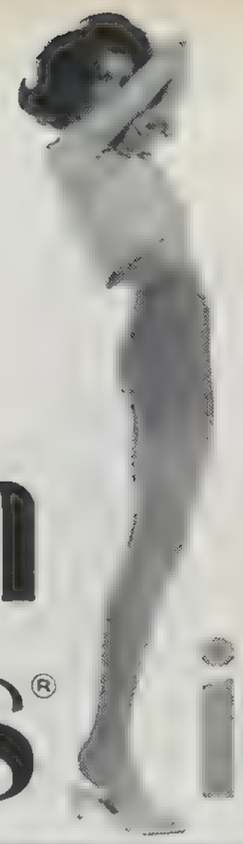
For fine stores and details see page 283



MOYGASHEL®

Is oatmeal tasty? Very, when it's Moygashel, the linen of touch, texture, color sublime, of this charming lace-trimmed dress by CARLYE. Very tasty, too, in celery, pink ice or blue ice. Hamilton Adams Imports, Ltd., 24 West 40th Street, New York, N.Y.

Now, there's Glen Raven Panti-Legs® in texture!





Christmas Note: It's simple to give Glen Raven Panti-Legs® to every girl on your list—you don't have to know her stocking size, just her approximate height. And what could be easier than that? The same smooth stretch of nylon you're familiar with now available plain or textured at these fine stores: Rich's, Atlanta; Rike Kumler, Dayton; Carson, Pirie, Scott, Chicago; J. L. Hudson, Detroit; The White House, San Francisco; John Wanamaker, Philadelphia or write Glen Raven Mills, Inc., 1430 Broadway, New York 10018.

Glen Raven



From our Incomer(TM) Collection: The Puritans arrive in 65% Kodel® polyester and 35% cotton broadcloth, with cotton lace collars and cuffs. White only, in sizes 28 to 38, about $6.

Macshore Classics® are in store for you at these Incomer havens:

Fresno, California, Rodders Mademoiselle; *Los Angeles, California,* Broadway Dept. Store*; *Mission Beach, California,* Jean Kremer; *San Francisco & Oakland, California,* The White House; *Denver, Colorado,* Denver Dry Goods*; *Washington, District of Columbia,* Hecht Co.; *Miami, Florida,* Burdinés; *Atlanta, Georgia,* Margot Shops, Inc.; *Chicago, Illinois,* Carson, Pirie, Scott & Co.*;

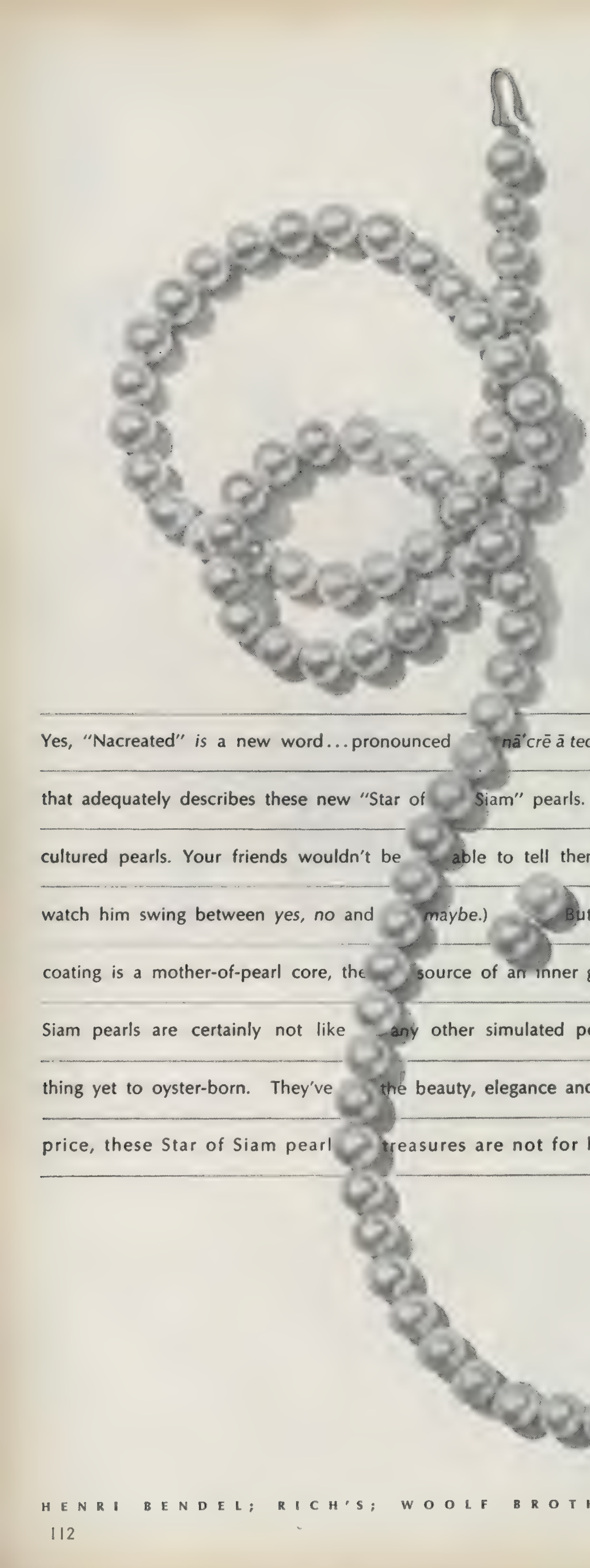
Today, on her lunch hour, she's got to dash
to the Pet Store to get food for the hamster.
Bird seed for the canary.
A bone for Rover.
With luck, the cat
won't have kittens
until she gets home from the office
tonight.

Oh those wonderful women who work!

Slightly higher West of the Rockies.

Chicago, Illinois, Chas. A. Stevens*; *Indianapolis, Indiana,* L. S. Ayres*; *Baltimore, Maryland,* Hutzler's; *Boston, Massachusetts,* Jordan Marsh*; *Kansas City, Missouri,* Casual Aire Stores; *Buffalo, New York,* Hengerer's; *Rochester, New York,* McCurdy's; *Philadelphia, Pennsylvania,* Gimbel's*; *Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania,* Joseph Horne & Co.*; *Austin, Texas,* Twin Oaks Fashion Shops, Inc.; *Seattle, Washington,* Bon Marche*; *Milwaukee, Wisconsin,* Gimbels-Schusters* *At all branches

a certified fabric with
KODEL
Kodak



THESE
ARE
NACREATED
PEARLS

Yes, "Nacreated" *is* a new word... pronounced *nā'crē ā ted.* We fashioned it because there simply is no other word that adequately describes these new "Star of Siam" pearls. They have the same lustre and satin-sensual feel as cultured pearls. Your friends wouldn't be able to tell them apart... and perhaps not even your jeweler. (It's fun to watch him swing between *yes, no* and *maybe.*) But Star of Siam pearls are not cultured. Beneath the nacreous coating is a mother-of-pearl core, the source of an inner glow no imitation could even approach. But Star of Siam pearls are certainly not like any other simulated pearls. No... they're simply Nacreated... the nearest thing yet to oyster-born. They've the beauty, elegance and life-time guaranty of the very finest pearls. At the price, these Star of Siam pearl treasures are not for burying. They're for buying at America's finest stores.

PEARLS BY
STAR OF
SIAM

HENRI BENDEL; RICH'S; WOOLF BROTHERS; I. MAGNIN & CO., ALL STORES



Flown from France, Christian Dior ski pants, parkas, après-ski outfits and ski gloves. In fine stores and ski shops everywhere. Christian Dior-Sport, 498 Seventh Avenue, New York.

*«Suvretta» jacket and «Miss Dior» pants, both in Elastiss****

Parnes-Feinstein

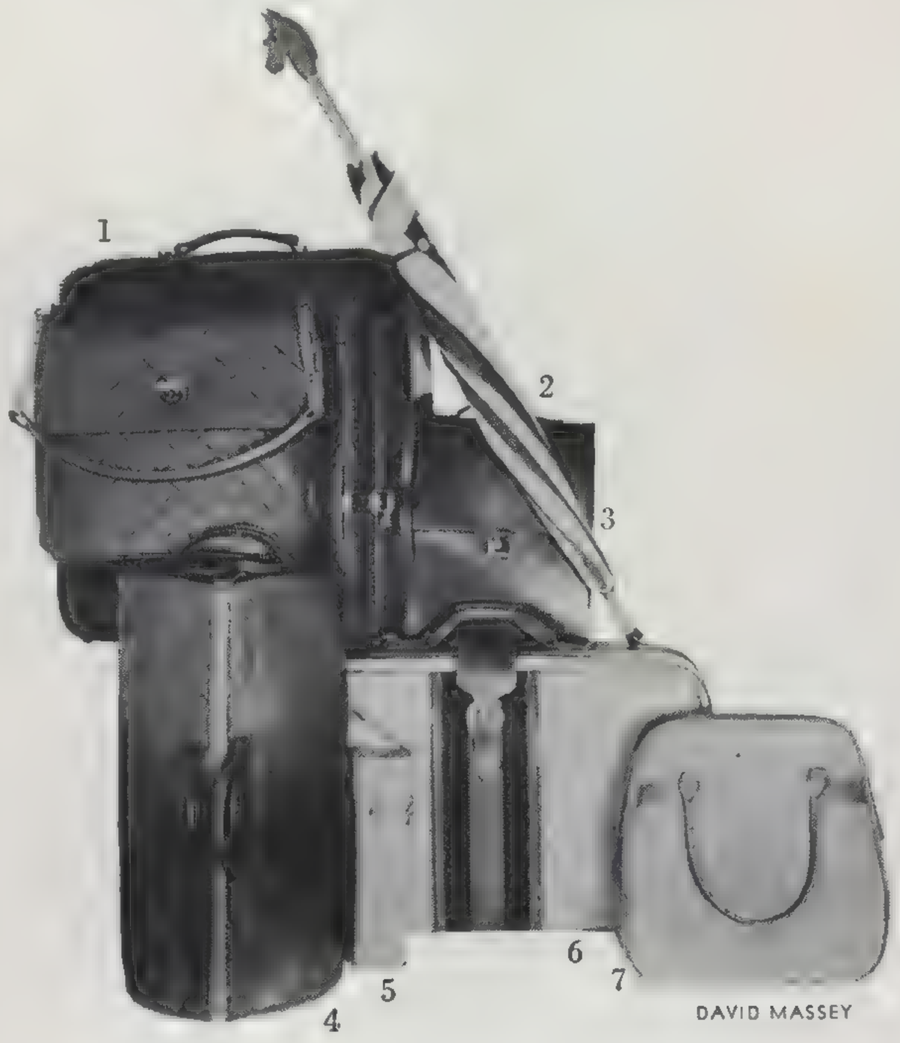


For holiday partying, a dress of pure Irish Linen by Irish Looms Associates. The short sleeved overblouse as well as the velvet belted, slightly A-lined skirt are decorated with spring flowers of Schiffli embroidery. In lime. Sizes 8-18. About $65. At B. Altman & Co., N.Y.; Marshall Field; Burdines, Fla.; Bullock's, Wilshire; Joseph Horne, Pittsburgh. Parnes-Feinstein, Inc., 530 7th Ave., N.Y.18.

Parnes-Feinstein

Great Ways to Go

Vogue's choice of luggage for December travellers



Starting upper left: 1. Quilted Burgundy vinyl in two pieces—folding dress bag and a strapped and chained shoulder bag with a gilt dial-lock. Both with gabardine linings, pockets to spare. By Seward. Dress bag about $43*; shoulder bag about $23*. At Lord & Taylor. 2. Country umbrella striped in citrus and blue, with a hand-carved horse's head handle. By Rigaud Boutique. About $75. At Matthews. 3. Black calfskin briefcase with various compartments, one zippered for a passport. $150*. From Hammacher Schlemmer. 4. Carry-all duffel of olive-brown cowhide with handles top and side. $140*. From Hammacher Schlemmer. 5. Case for a gun scope in top grain brown cowhide, strapped for shoulder or hand. About 12" long. About $13. From Abercrombie & Fitch. 6. Red and green stripes on beige—canvas bag bound and strapped in brown calfskin. About $85*. From Gucci. 7. Tote of grainy Koroseal bound in brown vinyl—compartments in and out, zippered and not. By Skyway. About $18*. At Altman's.

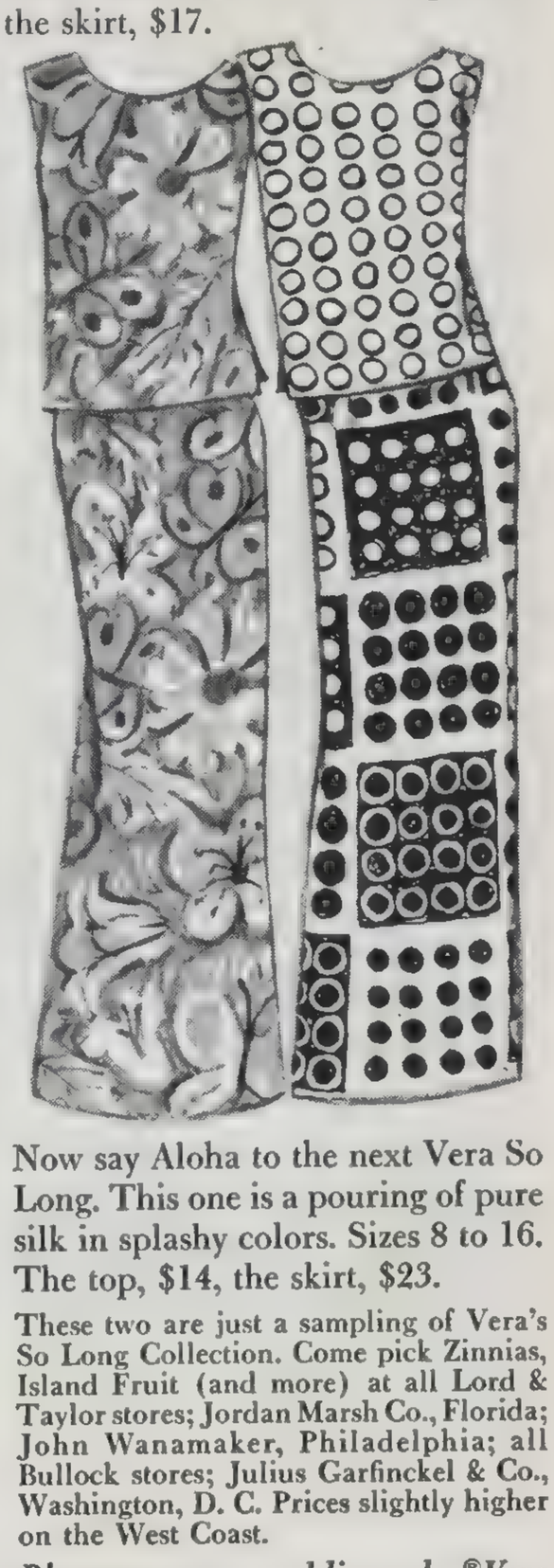
*PLUS TAX



THIS IS VERA

Yes, the one you've heard so much about. She designs. She paints. She starts with a brush and a paint pot and a more understanding eye than anybody else. Vera knows when a dot is tired of being a polka.

Vera dots her new So Long and you stop them short at dinner. The top is a shell with a shallow neckline and absolutely no sleeves. The skirt is a long sliver with a slash at the side to flick open every step of the way. Imagine cotton acting so polished. Sizes 8 to 16. The top, $10, the skirt, $17.

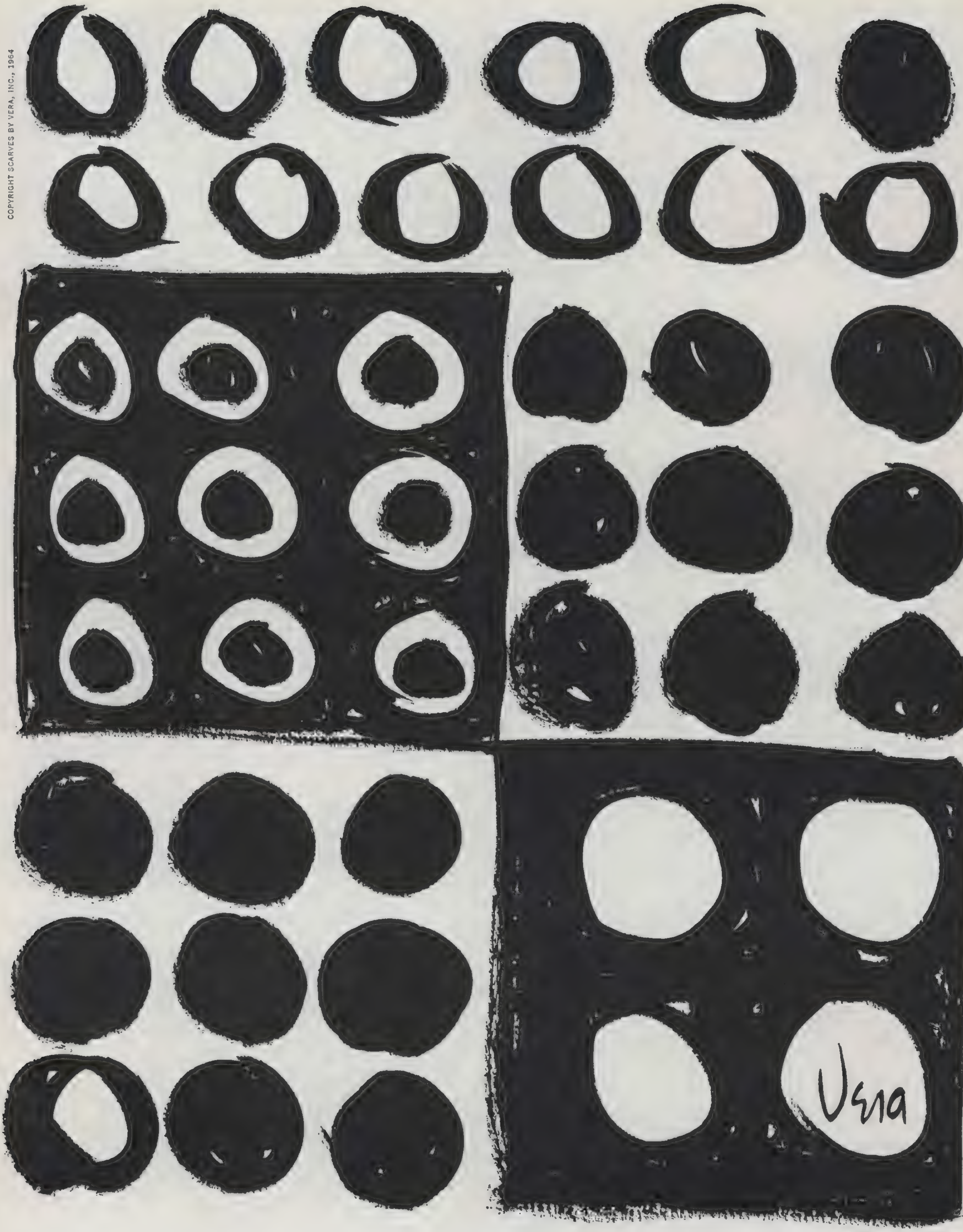


Now say Aloha to the next Vera So Long. This one is a pouring of pure silk in splashy colors. Sizes 8 to 16. The top, $14, the skirt, $23.

These two are just a sampling of Vera's So Long Collection. Come pick Zinnias, Island Fruit (and more) at all Lord & Taylor stores; Jordan Marsh Co., Florida; John Wanamaker, Philadelphia; all Bullock stores; Julius Garfinckel & Co., Washington, D. C. Prices slightly higher on the West Coast.

Blouses, scarves and linens by ®Vera
The Vera Gallery
417 Fifth Ave., New York City 10016

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VERA PAINTS DOT ART


THE FASHION TEMPO U.S.A.
The textured look by Mister Pants:
navy, tourquoise, bone,
pink. Sweater of cotton
and linen—$9.99.
Pants of acetate and viscose
blend, dyed to match—$14.95.
WOODWARD & LOTHROP
WASHINGTON

ROUX offers you this exciting new approach to your hair color: a magnificent range of colors, and the same colors available to you in all three types of hair coloring—

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FANCI-FULL Rinse

- Color that rinses in, colors instantly, shampoos out when you wish.

SEMIPERMANENT—

NICE CHANGE Hair Color Lotion

- Color that lasts through several shampoos. Needs no peroxide, colors in 10 minutes, won't rub off.

LASTING—

FANCI-TONE Creme Hair Tint

- Rich, lustrous color that won't shampoo out. Provides fabulous total coverage of gray hair. Creme conditioning leaves your hair softer, lovelier.

Whether you want to cover gray hair with natural looking color, or give it a shining new gray...or add gossamer color tone to your lightened hair...or give lustrous new color to dull, faded hair...ask your hairdresser to show you these thrilling Roux colors. Whatever your purpose, enjoy the color you want —in the type coloring you want!



ROUX THE HAIR COLOR YOU WANT IN ALL 3 TYPES OF COLORING!

JEWELRY FROM HARRY WINSTON, INC.



We made this sterling silver tankard circa 1802.

(It's not for sale.)



El Grandee, 4-piece place setting, $39.25

This sterling silver fork was made at Towle yesterday.

(No extra charge for the 162 years of craftsmanship.)

WILLIAM MOULTON IV made this tankard in almost the exact spot where Towle silversmiths work today in Newburyport, Massachusetts. He also introduced a talented young apprentice, Anthony F. Towle, who was to carry on his tradition into the next century.

You can see the Towle tradition of quality and beauty in every Towle piece. You can feel it. You can sense it. For, like its ancestors, every Towle piece is made to be admired—and used. In the dining room. In the breakfast room. You can even put Towle in your dishwasher; it's *solid* silver.

Take a good look at Towle before you buy. Study its elegance. Pick up a piece. Balance it. Examine its perfect design, its grace, its grandeur that could come only from the oldest silvermaking tradition in America—it dates from 1690.

But hurry. You've already missed 274 years of great silver.

Legato	Candlelight	Old Master	King Richard	French Provincial	Fontana	Charlemagne	Craftsman	Debussy
$35.75	$35.00	$35.00	$39.25	$35.00	$35.00	$39.25	$35.00	$39.25



Prices for 4-piece place setting (teaspoon, fork, knife, salad fork) including federal tax. ©Towle 1964



Place settings priced from $15.95 to $75.00. For full color literature, send 25¢ to Lenox, Inc., Dept. P-64, Trenton, N.J.

The Azure Riviera: moon-drenched setting for the elegance of Lenox. Look. The Mediterranean below you is incredibly blue. Listen. The little boats in the harbor knock gently against the seawall. Under a gay canopy your charming hostess introduces you to a sumptuous Côte d'Azur dinner. Could there be a more fabulous background for it? What a perfect setting for beautiful Lenox China. No wonder you then and there secretly resolve to share in such a gracious tradition by selecting this internationally renowned china for your own table.

LENOX CHINA



Don't envy the girl with a figure for clothes

Be one!

with Formfit Rogers Dress-Shaper for new ultra-feminine clothes

Notice this pantie girdle? It's a Dress-Shaper, Formfit/Rogers exclusive way of designing to make whatever you wear come alive for you. The Princess line smooths and tapers you. The natural back shapes you the way the new shapier, ultra-feminine clothes demand. Notice the color? It's Powder Buff, custom-blended for us alone by Charles of the Ritz. It's like walking around in your skin. Nylon and light, light Lycra® spandex, appliqued and edged with nylon lace. Dress-Shaper style 0881. Also in White. Dress-Sized 9 to 17 and 10 to 18. $12.50

Formfit Rogers • 530 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10036 • A fashion division of GENESCO



COTY 'AIRSPUN' CREAM POWDER



This teeny little thing is loaded

(The Duette by Coty)

COTY '24' LIPSTICK



Here's all you'll ever need when you want to sneak on a face... anytime, anyplace. You get 'Airspun' Cream Powder Compact Make-up for a perfect complexion. There's a shade that's made for you. And look again! There's a full-sized Coty '24' lipstick—longlasting, luscious, alarmingly flattering. Choose from a range of 42 delicious colors. Refillable in both compact make-up and lipstick. Pretty little thing, isn't it? And so organized.

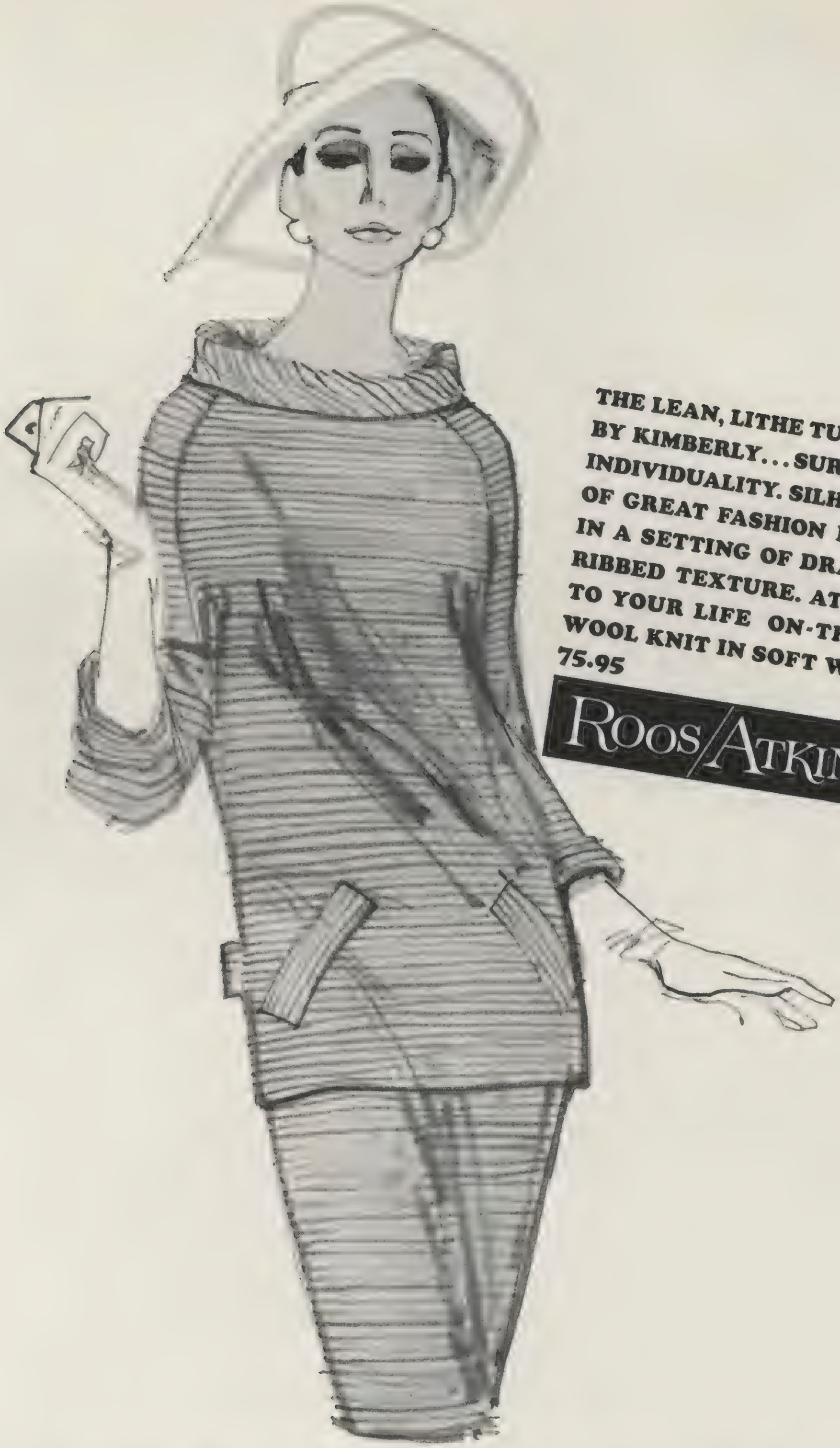
DUETTE BY COTY

DUETTE COMPACT AVAILABLE IN BLACK, PEARLIZED WHITE, OR GOLD-TONE METAL. © COTY, 1964



A woman loves the sweet scent of green leaves,
wood crackling in the fire,
the fragrance of talcum-powdered babies,
spicy things,
incense
and salty air.
While enchantment to him is a woman in Shalimar.
Men are more romantic.

SHALIMAR DE GUERLAIN



THE LEAN, LITHE TUNIC KNIT BY KIMBERLY... SURE OF ITS INDIVIDUALITY. SILHOUETTE OF GREAT FASHION IMPACT, IN A SETTING OF DRAMATIC RIBBED TEXTURE. ATTUNED TO YOUR LIFE ON-THE-GO. WOOL KNIT IN SOFT WHEAT. 75.95

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The world's most fascinating brunette: GLMA mink



GREAT LAKES MINK ASSOCIATION, producers of premium natural dark ranch mink

hat by Mr. John

Mr. John

"Designs for the world's best dressed"

CHAMBERS SHERWIN
FUR MANUFACTURERS
350 7TH AVENUE

J. L. HUDSON, DETROIT—STRAWBRIDGE & CLOTHIER, PHILADELPHIA—
KAUFMANN'S, PITTSBURGH—THE HALLE BROS. CO., CLEVELAND.



There's a Lady in the house!

And enchantingly ornamental she is, too! Especially now that the voice of the party-giver is heard in the land! She entertains brilliantly and looks beautiful in this abstract print in-or-outer shirt of 100% silk. Only in the medley of dazzle-colors shown here. Memo to husbands: the lady in your house would love it for Christmas! Sizes 8 to 18. About $15.00. Priced slightly higher in the West. Lady Manhattan,® 1407 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10018. A division of The Manhattan Shirt Company.

At these and other fine stores: BONWIT TELLER, New York, STRAWBRIDGE & CLOTHIER, Philadelphia, RICH'S, Atlanta; BURDINE'S, Miami; MAISON BLANCHE, New Orleans; BULLOCK'S, Los Angeles, BON MARCHE, Seattle. Also available in Canada.

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A Wonderful Way to Stay Lovely-Looking...Every Day!

Every time she steps out of her car . . . Pamela's a picture of poise and good grooming. General Motors four-season climate control keeps her snug inside in winter . . . cool in summer . . . so comfortable in spring and fall, too. And in conditioned air there's no dirt or excess humidity. Windows stay up—so insects, wind and traffic noise stay outside. Her nerves relax. Pamela drives *and* arrives refreshed, confident. Four-season climate control's a charm preserver all itself—all year long. Try it *yourself* at your Chevrolet, Pontiac, Oldsmobile or Buick dealer's. Or try Comfort Control at your Cadillac dealer's.

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YOU CAN ENJOY FOUR-SEASON CLIMATE CONTROL IN MOST SMALLER-SIZE GENERAL MOTORS CARS, TOO.

FOUR-SEASON
CAR CLIMATE CONTROL

GM HARRISON
Radiator Division, General Motors Corporation, Lockport, N. Y.



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INVER HOUSE

IMPORTED RARE SCOTCH



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with incabloc®, the shock absorber for fine watches.

make incabloc your watchword.

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LE GALION
FRANCE
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LE GALION

Parfumeur à Paris

Photo Claude Anger

Costume: 100% "Orlon"* acrylic.

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Explore the new excitement in texture "Orlon"®

STEPHAN LTD. *composes the costume no woman should cross the continent (or street) without. Easy, effortless and touchable-textured. Because it's a never-before homespun woven of "Orlon". Shape-keeping and rich as can be. Put this two-piece excitement of "Orlon" in your life. You'll love it in orange/white, beige/white, blue/white, green/white. 6-16. About $50. At J. P. Allen, Atlanta; Marshall Field & Company, Chicago; Battelstein's, Houston; Lord & Taylor, New York; Julius Garfinckel & Co., Washington, D.C.; I. Magnin & Co., West Coast.*

**Du Pont's registered trademark. Du Pont makes fibers, not fabrics or fashions. Hat by Sally Victor. Gloves of Du Pont nylon by Hansen.*



*12K GOLD FILLED PRICES PLUS FEDERAL TAX

"Tonight, every woman I meet will secretly hate me."

Wells fine jewelry

PRECIOUS METAL* JEWELRY FROM A LOOK-OF-THE-MOMENT COLLECTION, STARTING AT $25.00. AT FINER STORES. WRITE: WELLS, INC. 385 FIFTH AVE., N.Y.

Are there London Fogs in Geneva?



Ask the ferryman, the innkeeper, the burgher who lifts his hat to the pretty American.
Or quiz the tall tanned Swiss who sips Kirsch with her until curfew.
Links arms with her in the rain.
And leaves her alone in her London Fog when she's feeling a bit misty.
Wherever a girl goes, so does her Maincoat—the right coat, come rain or come shine.
Live in a London Fog too.
Up in the Alps, down under in Australia, wherever the four winds blow.

LADY ACTON: PLAID-LINED CHESTERFIELD IN EXCLUSIVE CALIBRE CLOTH® (65% DACRON® POLYESTER, 35% COTTON). NATURAL, OLIVE, BURGUNDY, NAVY AND BLACK $37.50.

London Fog®
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Shadows belong over the eyes. Not under!

Circles can begin running around under the eyes early in life. And even if they're not a sign of age, they're a *look* of age. Here's how to bring your beauty out of the shadows...*how to make eyes that look old look young in seconds.* Squeeze a tube —a particular tube—a tube of John Robert Powers Crème de la Crème. Squeeze it gently so that only a smidgin crowns your finger tip. Stroke this softly, caressingly under your eyes and in seconds the murky shadows can no longer be seen. Know what *can* be seen? The smooth, translucent beauty of alabaster. Know what else? Youth! **JOHN ROBERT POWERS**

SOLD ONLY AT FINE DEPARTMENT AND SPECIALTY STORES

FOR WOMEN WHOSE EYES ARE OLDER THAN THEY ARE



Comment dit-on femme en Anglais? Femme.



PARFUMS MARCEL ROCHAS PARIS / NEW YORK

the quiet elegance for quiet hours is Van Raalte



the fiber is American Bemberg®

For the hush of any special evening, now and around the year: Van Raalte's elegant two-for-the-boudoir. A filmy waltz length gown of Brocatelle sheltered in the extravagant simplicity of the cape-collared peignoir. Both barely opaqued with a shadow of palest pink nylon tricot. The pattern? Not a brocade. Not a print. Just the magic of shadow and substance tracing a gossamer design across the special blend of American Bemberg rayon and nylon. A gift to treasure. P-S-M-L. The set, about $50. Gown only, about $18. At fine stores everywhere. (Sorry, peignoir not available separately.) Beaunit Fibers, Division of Beaunit Corp., 261 Fifth Ave., N.Y.

AMERICAN BEMBERG IS A Beaunit FIBER



I want my own conservatory



and a whole set of Royal Danish

Even if my front yard is made of cement, I must have a glass conservatory in back —to fill the house with flowers. And Royal Danish, the rich young sterling. To give small dinners around a marble pool. (We can't supply a conservatory. But we can offer Royal Danish—pierced shafts carved in massive silver of modern baronial splendor.) 3-piece setting, 29.50. Bride's Set, 44-piece service for 8 with chest, 386.00. (Open stock is 451.00. You save 65.00.) Matching sterling tea set shown.

International Sterling

Made in U.S.A. The International Silver Company, Meriden, Conn. Prices incl. Fed. Tax.

Go for broke (you can afford it)

Go for Riekes-Crisa. Every day. It's the hand blown crystal too gently priced to throw you when it breaks. Too beautiful to sigh unseen on a shelf. Too spirited to play it safe in a whatnot. The wittiest shapes. Sherbets and champagnes. Aperitifs and wines. Cordials and goblets. Even orange-juice-for-breakfasts. The most civilized stemware ever to go for broke. At a dollar (or less) a throw. Write for the Riekes-Crisa booklet "A Revolution in Hand Blown Stemware" of available styles and patterns (it's gratis). Go for Riekes-Crisa at the goingest stores. Riekes-Crisa 2902 Cuming St., Omaha 31, Nebr.

RIEKES-CRISA CORPORATION

The promotion of grace: new swerve in exercise

Ten exercises designed to improve the total you

To replenish not only the body but the spirit. To increase energy and awareness of self as she-woman. To provide a release from tension. That is what the subject matter here directs itself to—and what the latest moves in the exercise world veer toward, as discussed in Vogue, October 1. . . . The exercises below are the invention of Molly Bacal, and they were planned especially for Vogue readers to offer a taste of what happens in her Montreal classes. A teacher of dance and physical education, Mrs. Bacal started cogitating on the system she calls Choreorhythmics when she encountered the exhilaration of amateur women-exercisers working out to music in a Stockholm stadium. . . . The play's the thing in Mrs. Bacal's program—fun and imagination. She tells of how her students gain more over-all efficiency in all aspects of perception. The skier picks up new coordination, the painter new means of expression. "More distance is covered with greater ease and vitality. Almost always the lines of the body become more youthful, most noticeably through the diaphragm and abdomen." . . . These exercises insist you have a ball. A real bouncing ball, rubber or plastic. Better than a dime-store rubber ball, however, a sporting goods shop's seven-inch-round one. Better than one rubber ball, two rubber balls. . . . *Procedure:* Turn on the music—anything with a nice even beat. Summon an agreeable friend. Or a daughter. In the absence of either, a husband might do. The point is that although these ball-istics may be done alone, companionship encourages disciplined rhythm.

For flexibility:

1. Stand with the feet together, planted firmly on the ground. Bounce the ball with one hand, bending the knees with each bounce, always pushing down from the shoulder. (It is important to remember that this is not a wrist movement.) When the ball rises, you rise on the toes, stretching the knees.

For coordination:

2. Keep the bouncing going but this time bounce two balls simultaneously with left and right hands. Follow the same shoulder, knee, and toe action as in the previous exercise.

For coordination plus strength:

3. Continue bouncing two balls as above, gradually going into a squat position as you bounce, keeping the hips tucked under. Bounce eight times in the squat position. Then return gradually to the original standing position, bouncing the balls all the while in beat with radio or phonograph music.

For the abdomen:

4. Standing, bounce ball, swinging one straight leg upwards and outwards over the ball on every second bounce. Try eight for each side.

5. Lie on back, arms stretched behind head, ball in hands, legs fully extended. Sit up, bending knees towards chest, thus making lower legs parallel to ground. Place the ball on the insteps of pointed feet.

For the legs and back:

6. Standing feet astride and bending from the waist, rotate the ball between legs on the floor around the back of one heel and then the other, making a figure eight. All the while, keep the legs straight and the head down.

7. Lie on floor on stomach, arms stretched ahead, holding ball in hands. Raise pointed feet, ball, and head off the ground simultaneously. Hold, and return to floor.

8. Sit with legs stretched out straight in front. Roll the ball in front of the feet and around the back of the body. Keep the knees straight.

For the waist:

9. Stand with ball in hands, arms stretched overhead. Bend slowly to each side, keeping head framed between straight arms. Do not twist body.

For flexibility and coordination:

10. (A short routine for two people.) Stand with feet together, facing your partner—two to three yards apart. Each holds one ball. In fast waltz rhythm and maintaining a right-hand traffic, keep repeating the following series of three:

a) Toss the ball underhand to each other, bending the knees, and catch the ball with the same "give" in the knees.

b) Never forgetting to continue the knee action, roll the balls to each other.

c) Lastly bounce the balls to each other. Never lose the springy feeling in your legs or your sense of rhythm.



"Aria Aperta"
No. 56
designed by
FRANCESCA for DAMON,
the house that made knits couturière.

"THE OPEN AIR" KNIT NOW ARRIVING FROM ITALY AT FASHIONABLE STORES IN AMERICA, ABOUT 85.00 FOR THE ENSEMBLE.

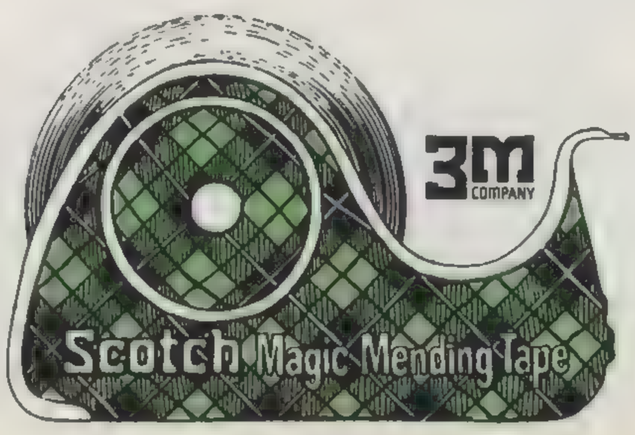


Bangs: Dampen, comb into place, hold them to dry with a strip of "Scotch" Magic Mending Tape . . . the only tape that won't crumple or wrinkle. Where tape touches forehead, just press it on lightly.

Guiches: Curl them up damp, tape down with "Scotch" Magic Mending Tape. Remember it's hair you're holding—just touch the tape lightly to your cheek. No fuss, muss, clips or curlers. Comes off easily.

Taping today's smooth look...

Today's soft, gentle hair styles need gentle treatment—the fast, light touch of "Scotch" Brand Magic Mending Tape. Bangs, guiches or soft swirls, this new tape holds them in place while they're setting. And when the hair is dry, the job is done (no need to sleep in tape). To tape in today's smooth look easily, get the tape in the *green* plaid dispenser at stores everywhere.



"SCOTCH" AND THE PLAID DESIGN ARE REG. TRADEMARKS OF 3M CO., ST. PAUL, MINN. 55119. © 1964, 3M CO.

Moonflowers
and Midnight

New moon-struck print from
Vanity Fair in orchidaceous
pinks, golds and greens on
Midnight black. The fabric—
chiffon-sheer nylon jersey—
is [illegible]

all is vanity . . . all is VANITY FAIR *lingerie, pleasure, fact*

Have you heard...



...there's a special new issue of VOGUE CHILDREN!

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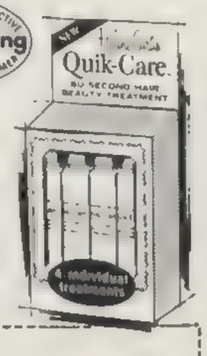
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BEAUTY CHECKOUT

December

Beauty survival kit: twenty ingredients

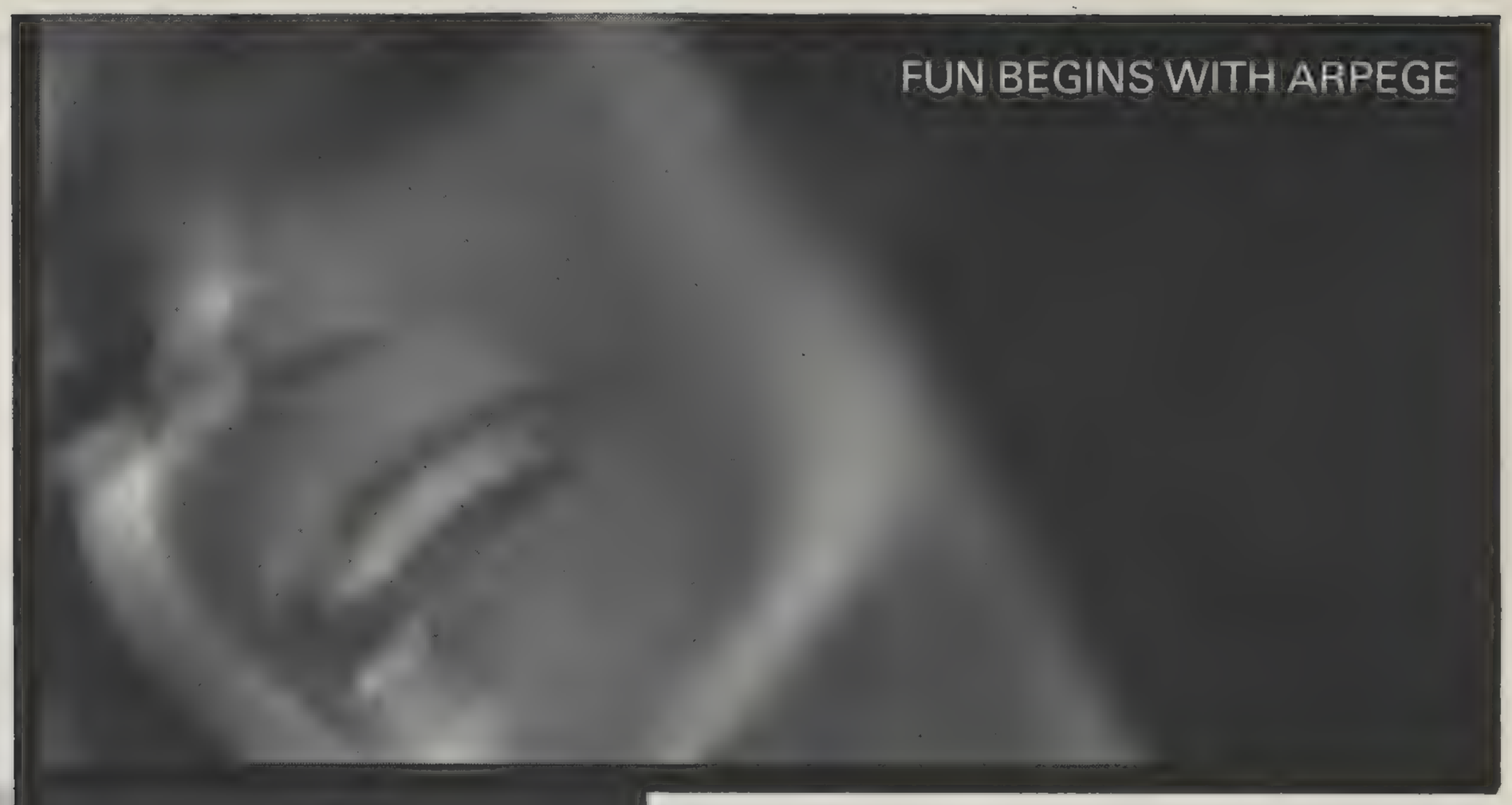
No giant brain has yet assembled the machine that turns a woman from tired to radiant in the time it takes to spell the word "gala." Nor has Hertz thus far come up with a handy emergency Rent-A-Face. . . . Nonetheless, most women have hit upon their own systems of self-restoration—some one speedy formula for installing freshness where all was fatigue an hour ago. Our own special beauty survival kit would contain the following. Checklist, anyone? 1. *Cleansing cream* and lint-free cleansing tissue. 2. A *rinse* designed to remove the cleanser and leave the face tingling. 3. *Moisturizing soap* to scrub the eyebrows clean of any residue of oil (reason: we believe in brush-on eyebrow make-up; this powder goes on more evenly when the eyebrows are clean and bone-dry). 4. Quick *masque* to wear during a fast, reviving bath (the latter, scented and reasonably warm to get the pulse stirred up again). 5. *Moisturizing cream or lotion* to put under make-up. 6. One little bottle of *eyedrops*. . . . Then the rapid make-up works, as follows: 7. A spreading *foundation base* in the beige-to-white *famille*. (Watch the whiter face at night. It looks new.) 8. A glowy *cream rouge* to fit glow tautly to the forehead, temples, cheekbones, chin, or, if preferred, one of the *brush-on rouges*, sparkled up or not. 9. A skin-coloured *undereye stick* to erase shadows. 10. A *soft blue eyelining pencil* to do two things: strengthen the impact of the eye itself; cover the reddish rim just above the lower eyelashes. 11. An anthracite or grey *eyeliner* for the upper lashes. 12. A pair of *fake eyelashes* in fighting trim. 13. One or more *eye shadows*, on the theory that the more make-up over the eye, the less rivetting the appearance of weariness below the eye. 14. *Brush-on eyebrow stuff*. 15. A good, juicy *mascara* with a big brush. 16. *Powder* for the centre panel of the face. 17. A tube or stick or pot of *iridescent white* to put the electricity of highlights wherever they're wanted—and this could be the bone of the eyebrow, the edges of the face. 18. A dazzled-up *lipstick*. 19. Rose-scented *mouth wash*. 20. *Perfume* in big, five-times-as-much-as-you-think-you-need splashes. For more on ingredient #20, read on. . . .

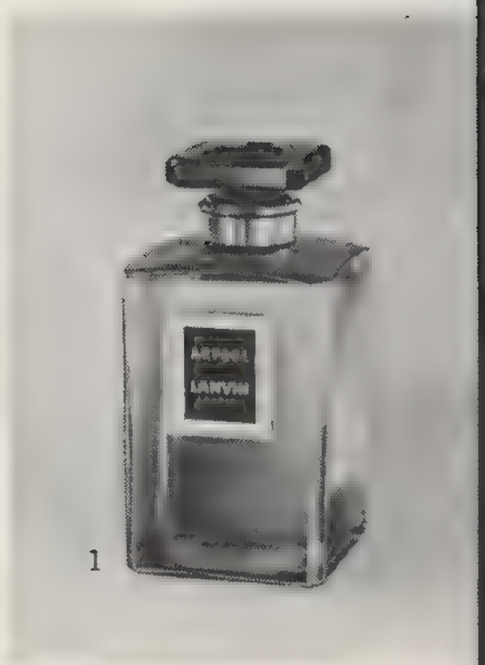
Perfume formula: multiply by five

The recipe at left, quoted in November 15 Vogue, came to us not by instinct, not even by way of history (any study of which suggests American women were until recently perfume illiterates), but rather by way of a man who has cared so long that you might think he'd now be tired of caring. His name is A. L. van Ameringen —and he still cares. One of the essential men in the essential oils business, Mr. van Ameringen has bent his fine Dutch head over goodness knows how many complex formulae of famous perfumes over the past fifty years; his Golden Anniversary in the scent world is, in fact, cause for celebration among the perfume brotherhood right now. Asked why he thinks American women are so underperfumed, he replied: "Because they've been led to believe the stuff is so precious." Valuable it is, but valuable *only* when in use. How much is needed to make any dent? "Five times as many drops as most women use."

On arrival, rest, please

You've always known it: that you should rest as long as possible before getting into the act after a jet flight. Or any flight. Now it's official. Dr. James Crane, a flight surgeon with the Federal Aviation Agency, has confirmed the fact that jet travellers are apt to suffer from Time-Zone Fatigue. This is the syndrome: weariness, tenseness, irritability. Or even an exhaustion that closely resembles a heart attack. The whyfor is, Dr. Crane believes—and not at all unreasonably or unexpectedly—that the traveller finds herself eating, sleeping, moving around at a time different from that to which her system is accustomed. That is, of course, if she has crossed a few time zones. Crossing just one time zone, or no time zone, presumably leaves her free of the need to rest, ready to enter the fray immediately.

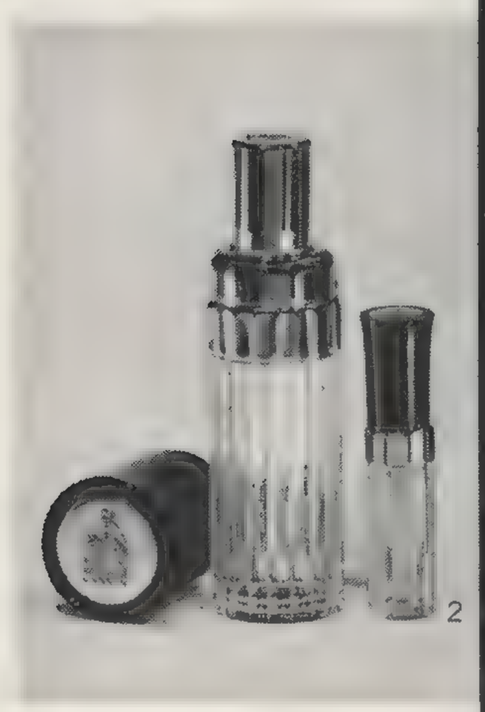



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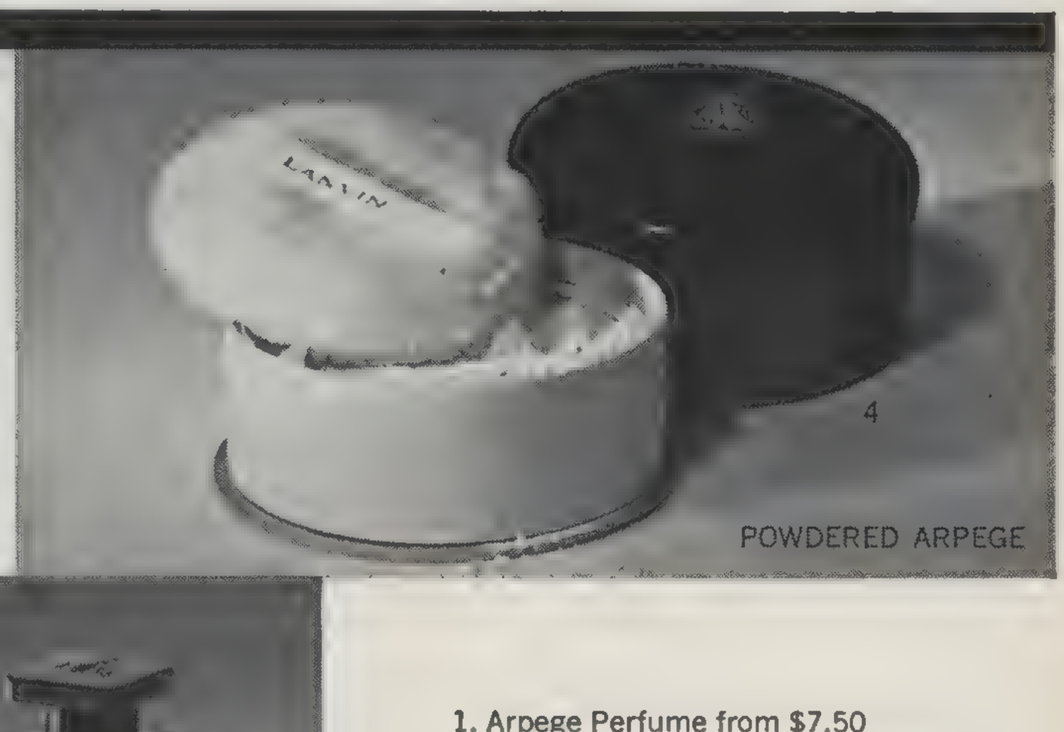
Promise her anything
but give her

ARPEGE

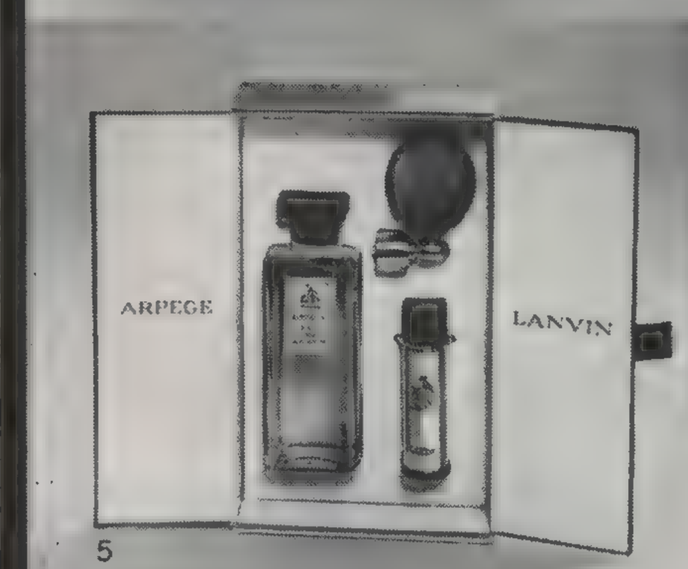

2



3



4
POWDERED ARPEGE



5



6

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BOOKS

By Jean Stafford

Cabot Wright Begins,
"a splendour of dementia"

James Purdy's novel, *Cabot Wright Begins* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux), is a joke, well told in several dialects—Wall Street, Madison Avenue, the Bedchamber—and at times it achieves a splendour of dementia. Alas, though, truisms are true and wit has not changed: brevity is still the soul of it. Mr. Purdy goes on too long, so that the sex turns stale and the foolish birds of television advertising and politics and medical fraud and religious hokum sit too quietly for a man of his intelligence and a writer of his know-how to continue to shoot at.

The romp begins with the arrival in Brooklyn of Bernie Gladhart, a Chicago car salesman, who has obediently dislocated himself at the whimsical insistence of his wife, a slattern with avant-garde pretensions, who wants him to write a fiction based on the remarkable career of a well-reared, Ivy League rapist named Cabot Wright, recently released from prison. Wright had "had his way" with well over three hundred women, all of them pleased with the experience and unharmed by it. Cured of life-long fatigue by a quack doctor, Cabot, who heretofore had been entirely unmemorable, had become a Priapus overnight, had driven his wife insane (her crack-up in a supermarket is reported with genius), had served his stretch in the pen, and had emerged cooled off, deaf and wearing a hearing aid, and, unluckily for his numerous would-be biographers, quite unable to remember anything of his hurricane except for a handful of especially noteworthy episodes. Coincidence arranges for Bernie Gladhart to move into the rooming-house in Brooklyn where Cabot Wright lives, and here, too, comes Zoe Bickle, a Chicago crony of Mrs. Gladhart, who has been persuaded by an editor, Princeton Keith, to help brainless Bernie write the novel.

The roguish gallery displays a brilliant portrait of Cabot Wright's Wall Street boss (the tabloid readers had been titillated by the rapist's excellent connections with a venerable brokerage), an articulate old misanthrope who spews his ill-will into diatribes which he writes down as "sermons," and who kills himself. His wife, one of Cabot Wright's rapees, inadvertently kills herself by drinking liquid *maquillage*, mistaking it for Campari.

Mrs. Bickle and Bernie finish the novel, which is called *Indelible Smudge*, but it is doomed to go unpublished because rape is out of fashion among the book-buying public and their cicerones, the reviewers. It is, indeed, so dismally old hat that Princeton Keith, the editor, is given the sack by his superior, the publisher, Al Guggelhaupt, for being irresponsibly out of step with the *Zeitgeist*. Guggelhaupt, "a culture-hound of the first order" though "passionately wise in dollars and cents," likes to think of himself as "the Goethe of publishers" and his rejection of *Indelible Smudge* and his firing of Keith, while comic, are chillingly convincing. Cabot Wright, in a letter to Mrs. Bickle, says he plans to take up disguises for a while: "Think I may be a preacher further South or maybe some kind of a quack healer. Just white-face disguise, though, as I never swam with the current." Bernie Gladhart goes back to selling cars and Mrs. Bickle returns to her unsuccessful writer-husband who says to her, after she has read a letter from Cabot Wright, "You do look around the mouth and eyes as if you might write his story after all." Mrs. Bickle admits that she is sorely tempted, but she won't. "I won't be a writer in a place and time like the present," she says, and the book stunningly ends there.

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Better Things for Better Living... *through Chemistry*

MOVIES

By Joan Didion

Cheyenne Autumn,

"hacked out with arrowheads"

Although I would forgive almost anything of the John Ford who made *Red River,* it is difficult to forgive him *Cheyenne Autumn,* a melancholy epic which he seems to have directed under the misapprehension that it was action comedy. What is unforgivable is that *Cheyenne Autumn* could have been a great picture. There is in it a great idea, undeveloped by Ford: it is not merely about the waning of the Cheyenne but about the waning of the entire frontier, the end of virgin land, the death of that state of mind called wilderness—wilderness which simply by being there shaped the way the Western world thought about itself for three centuries.

To say that Ford fails to "develop" this idea is to understate the case; he fails even to perceive it. He photographed the Cheyenne in flight, photographed the railroad, photographed the valleys of bleached bones left by the buffalo hunters—and what he sees is not the irresistible wrench of history but a local misunderstanding between the Indians and the cavalry, the result of bad communications between the frontier and Washington. Peculiarly, it is a movie in which Ford's characteristic failings—his disinterest in people, his predilection for scripts apparently hacked out with arrowheads—would not much matter. What does matter is his deep obtuseness about the nature of the land he likes so well to photograph—his failure to see even the way it looks or the way it feels, let alone the way it was and is. We might as well look at postcards.

Girl With Green Eyes,

"harshly appealing"

In its simplicity and bittersweet ambiguities, *Girl With Green Eyes* is potentially a touching story. In fact I like the story so much that I wondered for a long time why I so disliked the picture, why it seemed so spurious, why it kept putting me in mind of a cartoon strip called "Apartment 3-G," in which some girls who share an apartment (3-G) give one another daily advice about "love." As a man who becomes involved with a waif, Peter Finch is accurately weary; Rita Tushingham as the waif is a harshly appealing study in cultural deprivation. What gives the picture its curiously sentimental wrongness is more fundamental than mere performance: it is a structural problem, having to do with point of view. The picture proceeds entirely from the waif's point of view—we see neither beyond nor through her—and she is not an intelligent character. It is as if our view of Clyde and Sondra in *An American Tragedy* were limited to poor Roberta's view of them; as if Emma Bovary's were the operative intelligence behind *Madame Bovary.* And it does not work.

Goodbye Charlie,

"one of those games"

There are certain names in Hollywood comedy possessed of so much mana that their bearers need only ask for another shrimp canapé at a party to have the *mot* repeated all over town. "George Axelrod" and "Harry Kurnitz" are two such names, and both appear in the credits for *Goodbye Charlie,* the Kurnitz adaptation of the Axelrod play about a screenwriter reincarnated as a girl, in this instance, Debbie Reynolds. Both Miss Reynolds and Tony Curtis behave gamely, but *Goodbye Charlie* is one of those games that will never be won. All I can say is that perhaps mana is by definition mysterious to the uninitiated.

Even after 172 Christmases, a gift from The House of 4711 is a refreshing idea.



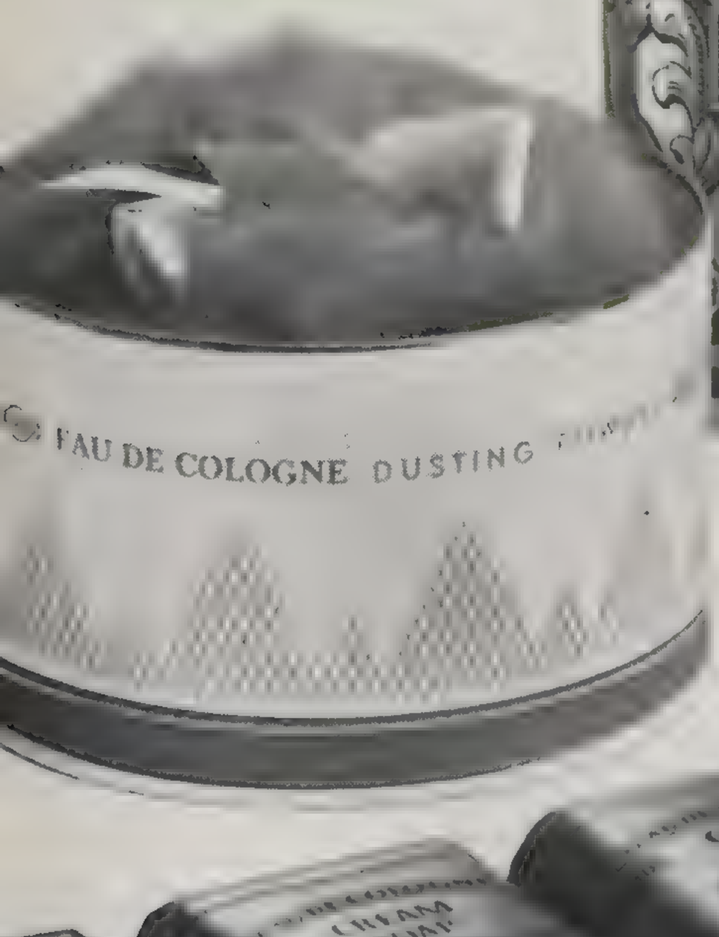
If you're giving cologne, don't give anything less than 4711. It's the refreshant cologne; welcomed both by men and women since 1792. (Women like it as an all-day freshener. Men, as an aftershave bracer. Both, as a crisp freshener after a bath or shower.) $2 to $17.



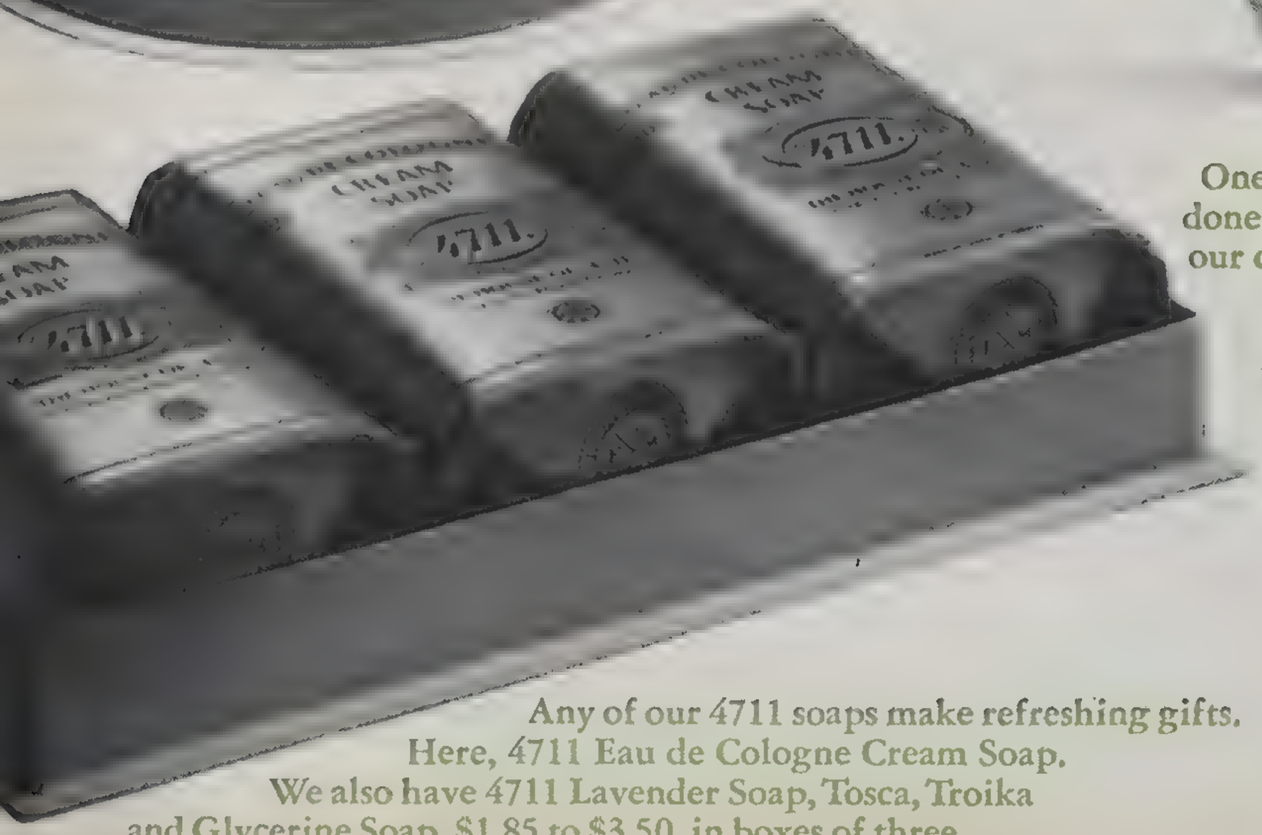
4711 Tosca is one of Europe's favorite perfumed colognes. (In bottle or spray.) Another is Troika, the more casual Russian Leather scent. Not shown, but also available, are 4711 Rhine Lavender, Carat Eau de Cologne, and Shahi Eau de Cologne. $2 to $12.



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PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST

THEATRE

By Ivan Morris

The Physicists,
"mad or not"

The Physicists is an exciting and important play. As in *The Visit,* which came to New York some years ago, Friedrich Duerrenmatt is concerned with the theme of power and responsibility. In *The Physicists* he examines it in relation to one of the most absorbing subjects of our time—the creation of weapons that can destroy all human life and the question whether scientists should continue to lend their brains to the task or should withhold their lethal knowledge and "leave the world a faint chance of survival."

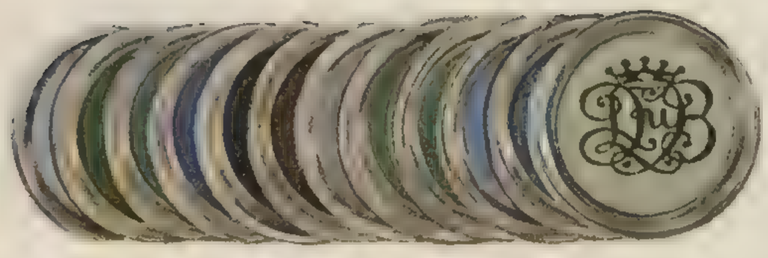
This can be handled in many ways. Duerrenmatt has chosen to do so by satire, grotesque humour, and fast-moving drama. Although the subject is all too real, his treatment is a far cry from conventional realism; if we look for plausible situations or fully realized characters, we shall be missing the point. Instead we have a play that is constructed in symmetrical, schematic fashion, and in which the unities of place, time, and action have all been observed.

This is a hard type of play to present to a modern American audience, and only a director with the genius and versatility of Peter Brook could bring it to life. In doing so, he takes full advantage of the highly dramatic nature of the work. The first thing we see as we enter the theatre is the corpse of a strangled nurse lying on the uncurtained stage, and by the intermission we have still another corpse—this time smothered. There is no mystery about the identity of the murderers: the mad physicists, in whose wing of a fashionable asylum the play takes place, have done the deed. But there is growing mystery about their motives and, even more, about whether they are really mad and, if not, why they pretend to be. All this is the stuff of melodrama, and if *The Physicists* suffers from a fundamental weakness, it is that we become so absorbed with the excitement of the action that we may be emotionally unprepared for the seriousness of the theme.

Here is the difficulty on which the play might founder were it not for the acting, which is, almost without exception, of the highest order. The humour of the insane asylum—which inevitably involves this type of exchange, "I shall go mad," "Officially you are"—is apt to be trite and tasteless. But the three physicists never let things falter for a moment. Robert Shaw, who claims visions of King Solomon, is particularly effective in the mock-mad scene with his family and in his powerful speech towards the end, in which he explains why "physicists have reached the end of the journey" and can be free only in the madhouse. George Voskovec, who says that he is Albert Einstein, is the most European of the tormented scientists, and his style of acting seems closest to what is needed for the Duerrenmatt world. Hume Cronyn gives a witty, well-controlled performance as Sir Isaac Newton. Jessica Tandy's interpretation of the presiding Fräulein Doktor is careful and sensitive, although she is not sufficiently satanic to make the dénouement convincing. All in all, the actors rise splendidly to the challenge; and the final coda, in which the three physicists announce their fictitious, yet permanent, identities, provides one of the most impressive theatrical moments that one is likely to enjoy this season.



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ELEGANCE
is a printed silk
dinner dress*
by Helga
*also available in short length

Leningrad Notes

Background music for the photographs on pages 224 to 237

By Allene Talmey

EDITOR'S NOTE: For this issue, Vogue sent Bruce Davidson, one of the country's finest young photographers, to Leningrad last March to photograph its beauties. With him to choose the specific beauties was Allene Talmey, Vogue's Associate Editor.

Leningrad's immense scale, its pale painted beauty—almond green, strawberry colour, sandstone red, beige whitened, and always somewhere the flash of gold on crosses, spires, ceilings—is the eye surprise after the cramped greyness of Moscow.

Although St. Basil's in Red Square and the white churches within the red-brick walls of the fortress of the Kremlin are brilliant with gold, the rest of Moscow has a curious new shabbiness. But not Leningrad by the Neva River. There the Soviet restorers have been skillfully at work putting back to their former magnificence palaces, mansions, churches, destroyed sometimes during the Russian Revolution of 1917, sometimes by the Nazis in World War II. They have restored not only the obvious great buildings, but even the palaces of the czars not far from the city—the turquoise-and-gold Tsarskoye Selo at the village now called Pushkin, and the ochre-yellow palace fifteen minutes away called Pavlovsk, built by Paul I. Within the city of Leningrad the scale and the beauty diminishes to Moscow greyness in the interior now locally known as the Dostoevsky quarters.

The object of the restoration, the careful documentation in copying even a chair covering, is the education of the people, to show them their link with their own history. They crowd the museums, the Maryinski Theatre, the auditoriums, the churches. In those churches that we went to—and there were many—religious services are never held. But they are fantastically beautiful, especially St. Isaac of Dalmatia in the great St. Isaac Square that also holds the pink house where Diderot lived for a time, when he came to Leningrad to see Catherine the Great and to study Russian history.

I joined a large group at St. Isaac's where some of the altar columns are brilliant green malachite and two of them are rich lapis lazuli. Through my interpreter I could understand what the guide explained about the enormous light interior with massive chandeliers, with marble and gold, and mosaics. His group included both schoolchildren and grandmothers from the country, their heads wrapped in scarfs; the old women were called affectionately "Babas." (I saw Babas like them in the front row at the Maryinski Theatre where they had children sitting beside them.)

The group stopped to admire, to exclaim at the Madonnas, the Holy Family, the superb icons, darkened with age. In effect, the church was just another museum, light, bright, its restoration almost complete.

On our way from St. Isaac's we stopped for a few minutes at a park to rest our eyes before we took in the magnificence of the one vast palace of art that combines both the Winter Palace and the Hermitage and is known by both names. At the park I had a curious and touching experience. Five or six little boys, well wrapped up against the cold, their cheeks bright red, their scarfs twisted twice around their necks and tied in back, were on their way to play touch football.

As they heard me speak in English to the interpreter they halted, came to the car and asked in English if I were an American. Then for some six or seven minutes we talked. They asked if I lived in Manhattan, if I were married, had children, what I did. They told me that they all were taking English courses, and that the mother of the tallest boy taught English at their school. Then, tired of the strain of English, simple as it was and helped out by the interpreter, they ran off. One child, however, came back, thanked me, and quickly gave me a small coin, a kopek, saying as he put it in my gloved hand: "Good luck, lady."

When we arrived to see the art treasures at the czars' Winter Palace-Hermitage, we came in on the Neva River side. The Winter Palace, once orange colour, then red-brick colour, and now a lovely pale green, with ornamentation picked out in white, is not only one hundred feet high but five hundred feet long even without the Hermitage.

The greatest museum in Russia, and one of the greatest in the world, the combined palace is often just called the Hermitage Museum. It has some three hundred and forty rooms, some of them two blocks long, some just big rooms. Its statistics, boring on the whole, include the fact that there are more than 2,300,000 items, seventy departments, treasure worth untold millions, and an attendance of over 1,500,000 a year.

In her day, the Empress Catherine the Great bought up whole collections of paintings—not just a single Rembrandt, a Titian, a Terborch. She bought everything her ambassadors throughout Europe could amass for her. (That is how she got ten Rembrandts; the other ten came later.)

The Secretary of the Museum, a small, gentle, elderly woman with a low voice, volunteered in English to help Davidson photograph whatever Vogue wanted—the only stipulations:

(Continued on page 156)

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BALENCIAGA

Leningrad Notes

(Continued from page 154)

that I put in writing what Vogue wanted, that Vogue limit itself to twelve subjects, that Vogue pay the equivalent of twelve dollars to the cashier, and that the photographer must not interfere with the mass of pleasure-seekers in the Hermitage.

After the first day's shooting when Davidson photographed the children in the Matisse room, some of the great Cézannes, parts of the two rooms in which Picasso paintings hung, and Rembrandt's "Prodigal Son," we found that the crowds interfered with the photography. Again, I went to the Secretary, and this time I asked if we could come when the museum was closed to the public. She agreed quickly, adding that we could have the same guide.

It was then I found out that the delightful, informative, pretty woman who had staved off the public, had helped me hold the black cloth lent by the official photographer to Bruce Davidson, was actually the well-known curator of the Spanish art department.

There had been so many people around the red marvel of the Throne Room of Peter the Great that Davidson had to photograph it on the closed Thursday. To get the right shot, Davidson first took down the rope that protected the room; then without thinking he edged up for a close-up of the Throne. The curator screamed, the interpreter screamed. It was too late.

A forty-alarm siren system screeched. Guards and old women with their buckets and their cleaning rags converged on Peter's Red Room. Davidson had set off the alarm, which rang for twenty horrifying minutes before the engineer arrived to clamp it off. Everyone apologized to Davidson for his inconvenience. . . .

Several days later we set off for the village of Pushkin to see the great palace, Tsarskoye Selo, the absurd, marvellous fantasy started by the Empress Catherine I in the German style, changed by the Empress Elizabeth to the Italian style, and finished with added charm partly in the English style by the Empress Catherine the Great. The first Catherine made it a rather simple palace; Elizabeth, who brought the great Italian Rastrelli to put his own rococo ideas in play, made it overwhelming, its chapel a glory of gold, perhaps too much gold. Then Catherine the Great took over.

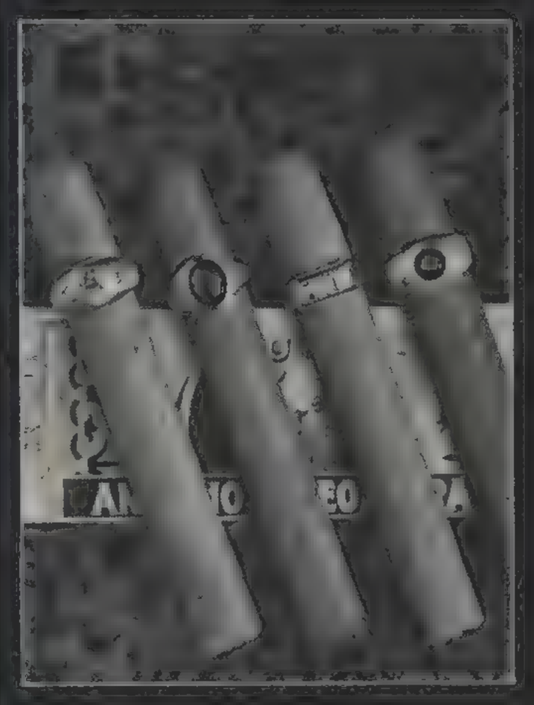
Annoyed by the amount of gold, by the size, the proportions, the flamboyance, she wanted small rooms and privacy. She brought in a Scot, Charles Cameron, whose influences were Palladio and the British brothers Adam, to change the right wing, to build her a pavilion, a colonnade, and eventually, as she grew older, a pleasant slope to the great park.

After the Nazis destroyed much of the exterior and much of the marble, silver, and bronze interiors by stabling their horses in the palace, the restorers have slowly put back together what three empresses had wanted—but mainly what held the heart of Catherine the Great. *Note:* the village is called Pushkin after the great Russian poet, Alexander Pushkin, who went to school in a small bleak building across the road from Tsarskoye Selo. . . .

Three times we went to see the Leningrad Kirov Ballet Company at the Maryinski Theatre, an entrancing pale-blue balconied theatre elaborately carved with small white-and-gold *putti,* with gold wherever blue or white has not pre-empted the colour. At the back of the auditorium, swathed in blue-and-silver brocade, is the old Imperial box, as imperial as ever. High over the proscenium, above the curtain, however, there is a small embroidered hammer and sickle.

For the rest, the theatre looks much as it did in the days when it was built to honour Maria, the daughter of a czar. Instead of the court in the boxes and in the orchestra, there are the people, dressed well and warm and simply, with—in the winter and spring—almost every woman wearing a sweater. No short eve-

(Continued on page 162)



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Leningrad Notes

(Continued from page 156)

ning clothes, no long dresses. (When young girls go to the Hotel Europa, which has the best jazzy beat, they wear short, sleeveless, deep-throated, bright dresses, dance combinations of the Charleston and the Twist. They could be in any Western city.)

The audiences, knowledgeable about ballet, care nothing about the ancient plots—the lord of the manor descending on the village to kidnap the prettiest girl, in every possible variant. The audience comes first to see the extraordinary *corps de ballet*, trained superbly, then to see the stars, to compare elevations, arabesques, *entrechats*.

But the stars are not of the magnitude of Moscow's Bolshoi Ballet where the "cult of personality" reigns. They are not meant to be great glittering lights. They are extraordinary technicians who leave animal magnetism to Moscow. They win, however, their Leningrad audiences, which applaud feats with cadenced clapping, which remain loyal to a prima ballerina when her legs are going, audiences which throw flowers on stage for their favourites. The bond between dancers and audiences is strong, loving, critical, and long-lasting. . . .

One evening in Leningrad we went to an enormous auditorium to see *King Lear* which Paul Scofield and his troupe were playing in English. Every seat was taken, the audience laughed in the right places at the jester, and were visibly moved by the richness of Scofield's voice, the curious spare setting, the arresting direction by Peter Brook. Although some of the cast could not throw their voices well enough for everyone in the back to hear, there were no protests, according to the friends we were with—an Englishman and his Russian wife, both residents of Moscow for some twenty years, who had come to Leningrad for the ballet. They loved *Lear*. So did our interpreter who had to go to a matinée as all the evening performances had been sold out.

The only one I saw who did not care for the performance was the Nigerian student who sat next to me. During the long first act, he fell asleep. Then, as though he were chuckling, he began to snore. Suddenly, after some fifteen minutes of this, a Russian woman sitting directly in front of him turned in her seat and poked him hard on the knee. He woke, apologized in Russian, and failed to return after the intermission.

After the performance we went back to the Hotel Astoria, where the management had arranged for a special supper for the cast and for the foreign guests. There I saw the only really rolling drunk visible to me in two weeks. When the headwaiter tried to put him out of the restaurant, the drunk waltzed around, hugging the man, who then called in the doorman for help. The drunk kissed the doorman. At that the headwaiter came over to our table and said one word: "Finn."

No one spoke to us ever about politics, neither those of the United States nor those of the Soviet Union. People spoke to us of their television, of art, literature, jazz, of drama, ballet, poetry, of English grammar, of the beauty of the Crimea, of the notable opera singer, Irina Arkhipova, who is also an architect and a Soviet deputy, efficient about helping her constituents. No one mentioned Capitalism, Communism, farm problems, NATO. One Russian told me that he always listened to Radio Free Europe.

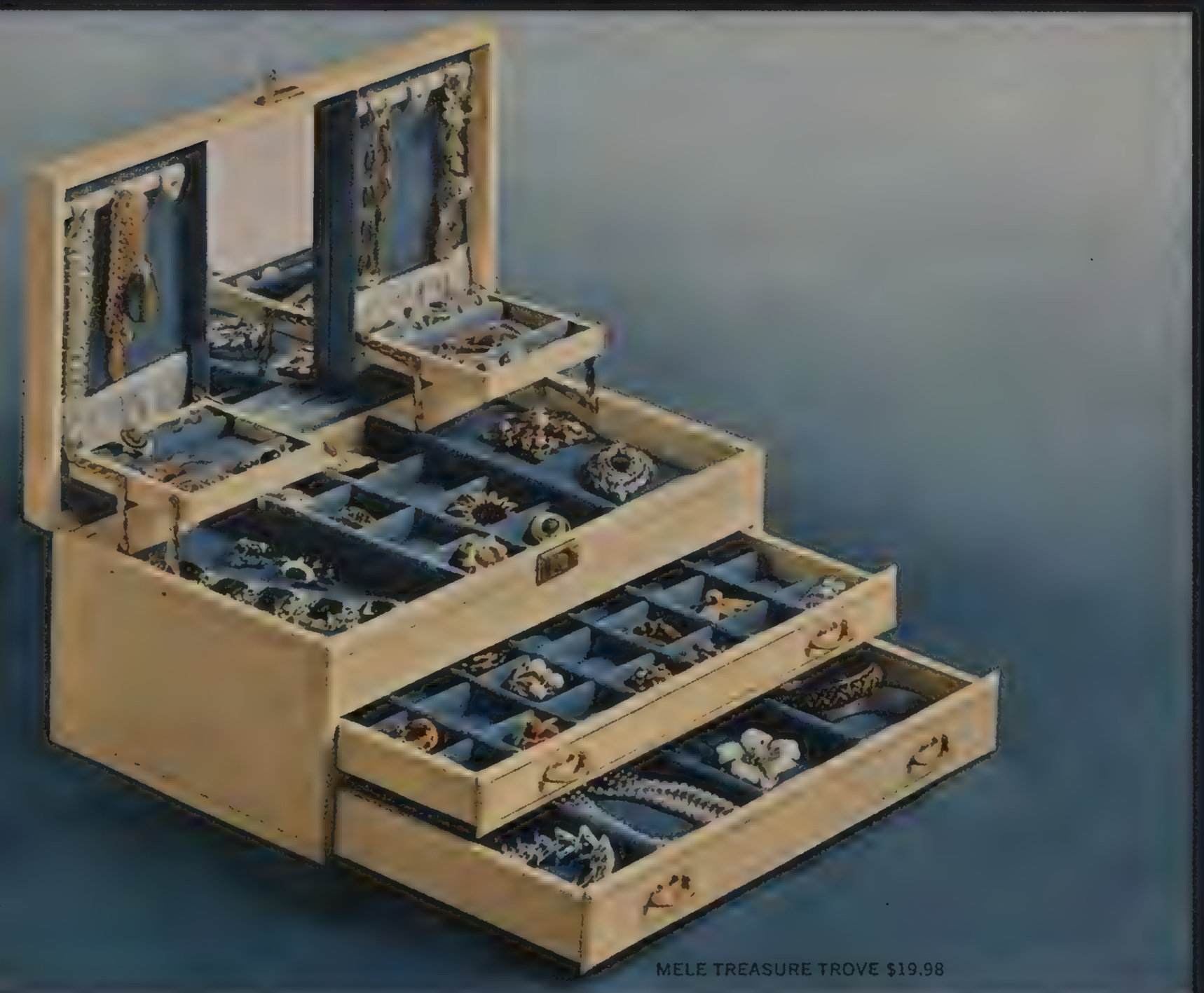
Wherever we went in public buildings, we saw the familiar busts of Lenin. We saw the equestrian statue of Peter the Great. We saw the double-life-size standing statue of Mayakovsky, one of the great Russian poets who died young, in 1930. We saw statues by the dozen. We saw, however, last March, only one portrait of Nikita Khrushchev, then Premier of the Soviet Union. That portrait, a large painting, unhung, leaned against a corridor wall on the dark third floor of Moscow's Hotel Metropole.



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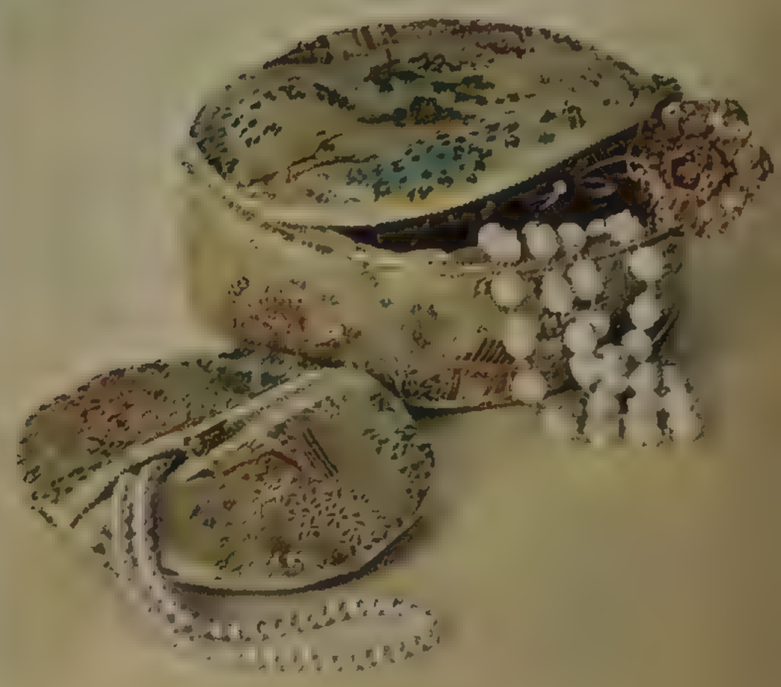
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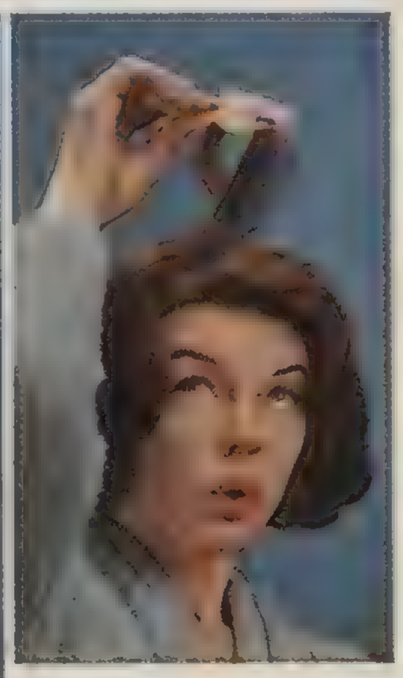
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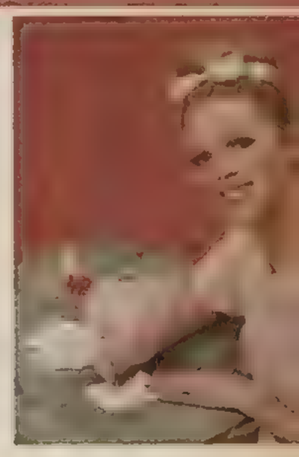






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Dress by Lanz; junior sizes.
Of cotton and rayon.
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VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK

The noble wedding, in Rome, of Donna Benedetta Barberini Colonna di Sciarra to Principe Don Nicolò Francesco Boncompagni, Duca di Sora.



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PRINCIPESSA ALTIERI AND PRINCIPE GIOVANNELLI, AT THE RECEPTION.

Simply this: he, vital, handsome; she, blue-eyed, enchanting (orange blossoms in her hair); they, young, attractive, from two of the oldest families of "Black" Roman aristocracy. On a clear morning at the Church of St. Ivo, theirs was, in Rome, the marriage of the year.





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VOGUE'S

The starry wedding at Westminster Abbey of Miss Serena Belinda Rosemary Guinness and the Marquess of Dufferin and Ava.



MISS SERENA BELINDA ROSEMARY GUINNESS, BEFORE HER MARRIAGE

Some weddings have the feel of luck. This one had the shamrock, too. The bride, daughter of Lady Isabel Throckmorton and Mr. Loel Guinness, wore the tiara of diamond-and-pearl shamrocks belonging to the groom's family. The six small bridesmaids in white wore wreaths of green shamrocks, the six pages, shamrock-green velvet trousers. In the great



BACK ROW, STANDING: MR. WILLIAM GUINNESS; THE BRIDE AND GROOM; VISCOUNT SUDLEY, THE BEST MAN; MR. LOEL GUINNESS.
MIDDLE ROW: LOEL GUINNESS, A PAGE; THE DOWAGER DUCHESS OF RUTLAND; LADY ISABEL THROCKMORTON; H.R.H. PRINCESS MARGARET, COUNTESS OF SNOWDON; MAUREEN, MARCHIONESS OF DUFFERIN AND AVA; AND RUPERT BRADSTOCK.
FRONT ROW: PAUL KASMIN; SARAH BRADSTOCK; ELIZABETH MANNERS; LOUISA D'ABO; VICTORIA GUINNESS; VALENTINE GUINNESS; ALEXANDRA GUINNESS; NATALYA CITKOWITZ; AND RICHARD D'ABO.

NOTEBOOK



MRS. PATRICK GUINNESS WITH HER FOUR-YEAR-OLD DAUGHTER, VICTORIA.



VALENTINE GUINNESS, A FIVE-YEAR-OLD PAGE.



THE BRIDE, IN A CLUSTER OF ATTENDANTS

Abbey in London the scene had the gloss of young good spirits, the panache of marvellous looks and an intense sense of family, with Guinnesses everywhere. (The Marquess has Guinness family, too.) Clear-eyed, slender, "Lindy" Guinness, in white silk garbardine and a meadow of tulle, carried only a white prayer book, moved in her own climate of glow.



THE MARQUESS AND MARCHIONESS OF DUFFERIN AND AVA LEAVING THE ABBEY, CHEERED BY THE CROWD.



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VOGUE'S

The scintillant reception in London after the wedding of Miss Serena Belinda Rosemary Guinness and the Marquess of Dufferin and Ava.



MRS. LOEL GUINNESS WITH HER SON-IN-LAW, MR. PATRICK GUINNESS

Crowded, gala, ranging over several floors of the Café Royal (one level became a retreat for the twelve young attendants and assorted nannies), the wedding reception for the Marquess and Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava had a special dazzle. The guests included three royal princesses, some notable beauties—among them, Mrs. Loel Guinness and her daughter, Mrs. Patrick Guinness—and young people whose flair in art links them with the Kasmin art gallery, of which the Marquess of Dufferin and Ava is a director. After two hours in the receiving line, the bride and groom cut a cake decorated, like the family tiara, with shamrocks.



H.R.H. PRINCESS MARGARET, COUNTESS OF SNOWDON, AND THE EARL OF SNOWDON.



MAUREEN, MARCHIONESS OF DUFFERIN AND AVA, MOTHER OF THE BRIDEGROOM.

NOTEBOOK



LADY URSULA D'ABO WITH
BARON VON THYSSEN-BORNEMISZA.



H.R.H. PRINCESS ALEXANDRA
AND THE HON. ANGUS OGILVY.



MARCHIONESS OF LONDONDERRY
(LEFT) WITH MR. AND MRS.
MICHAEL COPE.



LADY SARAH CRICHTON-STUART
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PRICE SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN WEST



DO FACE CREAMS REALLY WORK?

By Helen F. Porter

A good part of my time as a beauty consultant has been spent studying all kinds of face creams. I have found, as I'm sure many of you have, that while most did some good, none really satisfied me.

But recently, I've been using a face cream that I think is just what women have been hoping for. It's light and greaseless, and its skin-softening emollient formula includes *polyunsaturates*. This is important, because our skin's supply of moisture-retaining natural oils—skin-softening polyunsaturates and emollients—slowly drains away as we get older.

But this cream puts a helpful supply of oils and emollients, including skin-softening polyunsaturates, right on your skin. Yet it smooths in almost instantly, and never leaves a greasy film.

This product, which is made here at Prince Matchabelli, is called Polyderm Compensating Cream. I wish you'd try it, because I'm sure you'll find, as I did, that with daily use Polyderm moisturizes your skin—gives you a softer, smoother, younger looking complexion.

I use Polyderm every night before bed, massaging my skin for a minute—gently upward and outward right up to the roots of my hair. And every morning, Polyderm goes on first before I make up.

So you can see what Polyderm's emollient polyunsaturate formula will do for *your* skin, I've arranged to have a sample made available. To get one, just send 25¢, your name and address to me, Helen F. Porter, at Prince Matchabelli, Box 275, Mt. Vernon, New York. Polyderm Compensating Cream is available at better stores everywhere for $2 to $7.50, plus tax.

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What goes into 6½ inches?

Everything—when it's the Saratoga Trio. Never has so much gone into so little. So smartly. Compact, lipstick, comb, eyeglasses, Kleenex, charge plates, credit cards, photographs . . . oh yes, and small change and bills. Three-part frame has coin pocket on one side, easy-out bill compartment on the other, plus double bill compartment (one zippered!) and attached patented flip-over card case and charge plate holder. In choice leathers and colors, from $7.50. At fine stores or write St. Thomas, Inc., Gloversville, New York.

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VOGUE'S

The waltz-swung opening concert of the New York Philharmonic; the waltz supper swirling after it.



LEFT TO RIGHT: MR. HEINRICH KEILHOLZ, MR. WILLIAM WEISSEL, AMBASSADOR FRANZ MATSCH OF AUSTRIA, MR. DAVID OGILVY.

When Josef Krips led to a final flourish a Viennese concert of Schubert and Strauss, the waltzing began in the high, creamy mezzanine of Lincoln Center's Philharmonic Hall. The guests who stayed for the champagne supper party were in the best of all possible moods for waltzing: Mr. Krips and Roberta Peters, the small, pretty, amusing-mannered soprano, had just brought a fine polish and—surprisingly—surprise to some of the most familiar music in the Western World, including, "On the Beautiful Blue Danube, Opus 314." With the hall's controversial acoustics re-engineered



MR. LEONARD BERNSTEIN WITH MRS. AMYAS AMES.



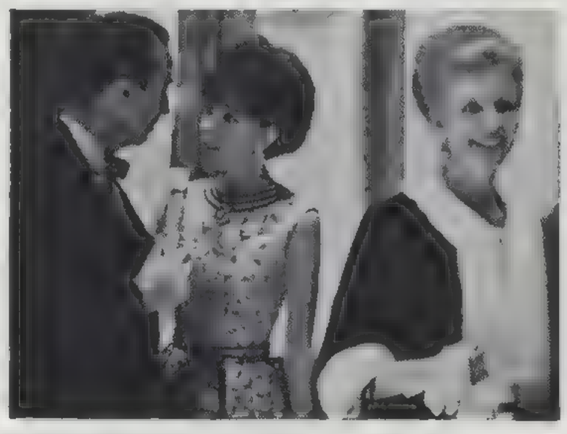
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MR. LEOPOLD STOKOWSKI



MR. DANIEL MOSELEY, MRS. JOHN GOODHUE, MR. MONTGOMERY BRADLEY, MRS. ALISON HOYT, MRS. DANIEL MOSELEY, MR. JOHN GOODHUE.



MR. SAMUEL P. PEABODY, MRS. DAVID MUSS, MRS. SAMUEL P. PEABODY.



MR. AND MRS. MAX ABRAMOVITZ.

NOTEBOOK



MR. JOSEF KRIPS, MRS. ETHAN ALLEN HITCHCOCK, MRS. H. IRGENS LARSEN.



MISS ROBERTA PETERS

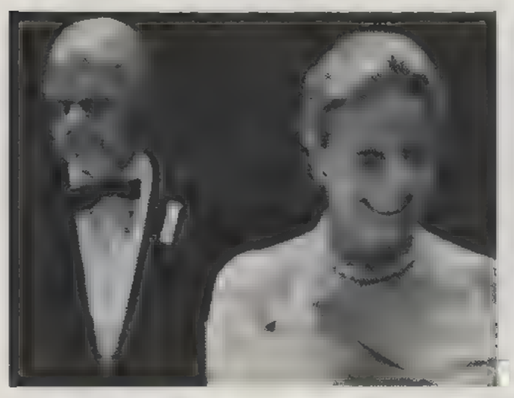


MR. AND MRS. ANDRÉ KOSTELANETZ.



MR. SEIJI OZAWA, THE PHILHARMONIC'S NEW ASSISTANT CONDUCTOR.

by Heinrich Keilholz, everything sounded new. All to the good (the concert benefitted the orchestra's Pension Fund; the supper, the Philharmonic Society's Fund for New Activities), the evening finished with supper at tables set with hunting-pink cloths in the large lobby which, as in some stray Viennese dream, became intimate and serene by candlelight.



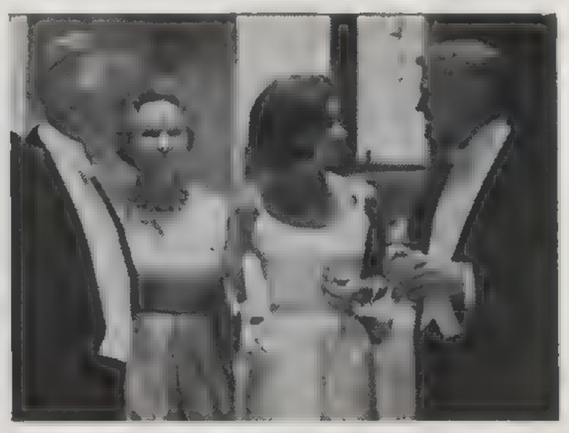
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MR. AND MRS. WILLIAM SCHUMAN



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MR. AND MRS. ALFRED WINSLOW JONES, MRS. MURRAY VANDERBILT, MR. HARRY GREER.



MR. AND MRS. ROBERT L. HOGUET, JR.

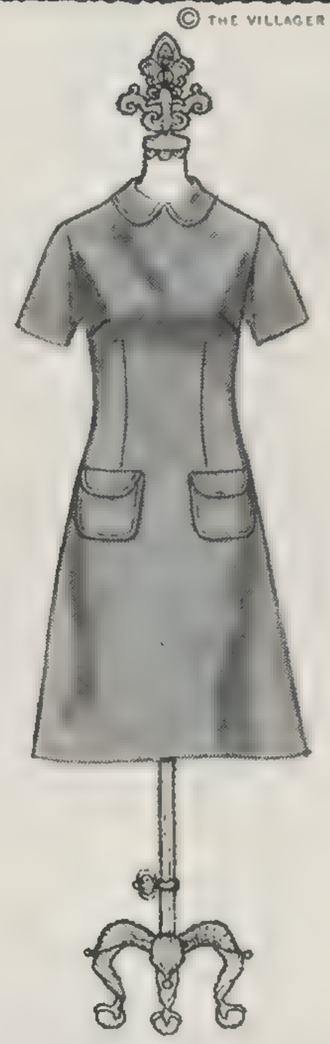


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VOGUE'S

At the great Palladian house, Villa Maser, a débutante ball for Diamante Luling Buschetti



THE PARTY, AL FRESCO, IN THE GARDEN OF VILLA MASER, WITH THE DANCING PAVILION AT THE POOL'S EDGE.

Andrea Palladio designed the setting; Paolo Veronese painted the frescoes; Conte and Contessa Enrico Luling Buschetti gave the ball for their daughter, Diamante, at their magnificent house, Villa Maser, near Venice. If the pleasance was 1560 Renaissance, the party was distinctly 1964. As the young guests arrived—some from other parts of Italy, some from other parts of Europe—they were announced from the garden by walkie-talkie. On a platform cantilevered over the swimming pool, an orchestra played while dancers danced under a white-and-yellow tent, with breaks for a Venetian buffet of *polenta* and *pasta*, and a breakfast of *pasta e fagioli* and suckling pig. Long after the sun had risen over the great Palladian houses of the Brenta valley, this party was still switched on in one of the greatest of those houses, Villa Maser.



MARCHESE MARCELLO FRACASSI WITH MR. AND MRS. DAVID NIVEN.

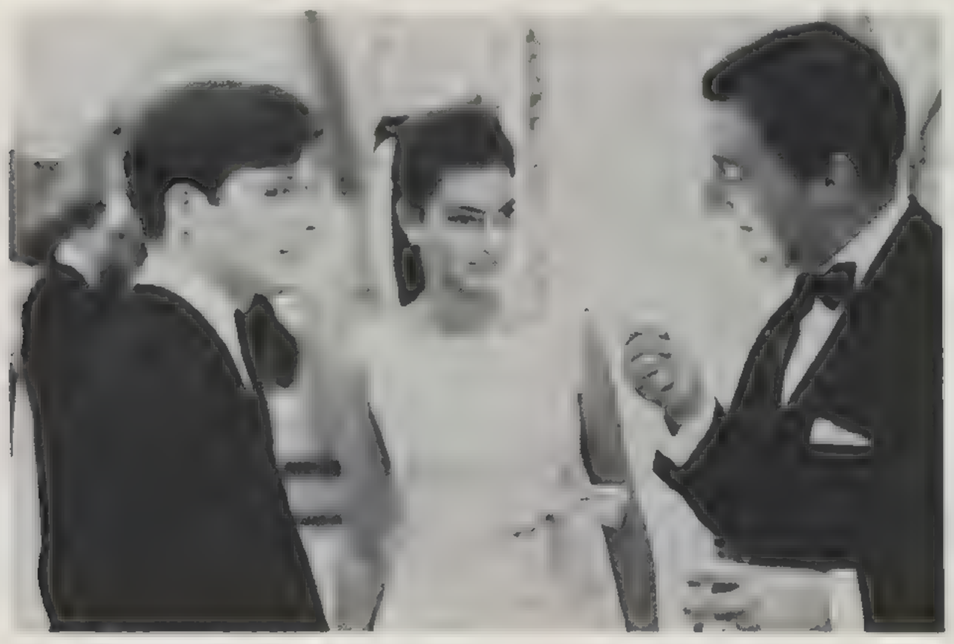


DANCING, DONNA IDANNA PUCCI AND DON GIANNOZZO PUCCI; IN BACKGROUND, HER ARMS FOLDED, CONTESSA LULING BUSCHETTI.

NOTEBOOK



LEFT TO RIGHT: DONNA ALLEGRA CARACCIOLO, DIAMANTE LULING BUSCHETTI, MUNI GASTEL, GIANCORRADO ULRICH, PIERO CASTELLINI, AND DEDI MAZZUCCHELLI.



BARON DAVID DE ROTHSCHILD, DONNA SELVAGGIA BORROMEO D'ADDA, AND M. PIERRE CÉLEYRON.

PRINCESS IRA FÜRSTENBURG AND BARON DE CABROL.





CONTE AND CONTESSA GIUSEPPE ASCANIO CICOGNA AND CONTE PAOLO GAETANI DELL'AQUILA D'ARAGONA.



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VOGUE'S

The glitter and games on the S. S. "Nieuw Amsterdam" for the benefit party, "Captain's Gala IV"



AT THE BACCARAT TABLE: MR. HANS KONINGSBERGER, DEALER; MR. ANDREW GOODMAN; MR. JACK BERNARD.

"I must spend four hundred dollars right away," said a woman standing in the midst of an entrancing splash of jewels, fur jackets, luggage, wine, a hair dryer, and a motorcycle. All this was in the Boutique of the quietly splendid Holland-American Line ship, the "Nieuw Amsterdam," setting for this year's "Captain's Gala IV." For the benefit of the American Cancer Society, over six hundred guests set sail for an evening of dinner, dancing, and gambling, legally well out at sea. Real money, for cancer research, bought play money which, in turn, bought for winners a choice of the Boutique's donated treasures. When the game tables closed and the ship docked at midnight, the party went right on dancing in the



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NOTEBOOK



MRS. SYBIL BURTON



MRS. LESTER D. ROBBINS WITH MR. TONY RANDALL.

dim, pleasant, upper-deck nightclub. This year under the Chairmanship of Mrs. Edward F. Hutton and her Cochairman, Mrs. Lester D. Robbins, the Gala, which was sold out five months before the sailing, was everyone's winner, whether for the fun of the games, the amusing mix of beauties, stars, and diplomats, the careful Dutch service, or—as sure as an engine's throb—the brief heady sense of sea change.



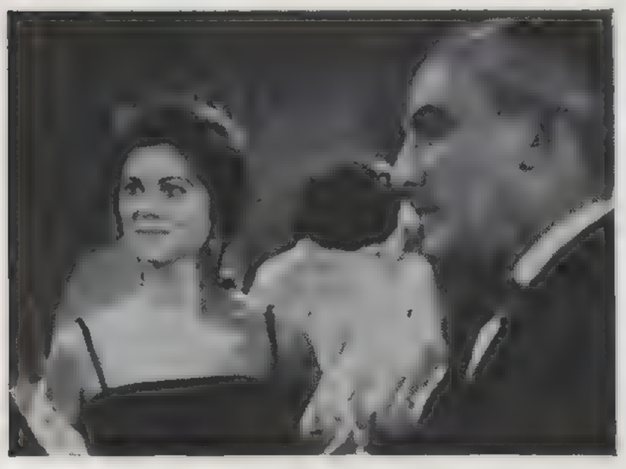
AMBASSADOR PIERO VINCI.



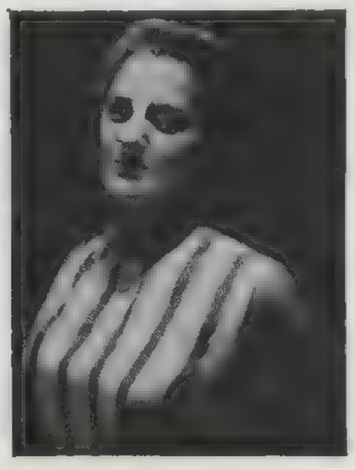
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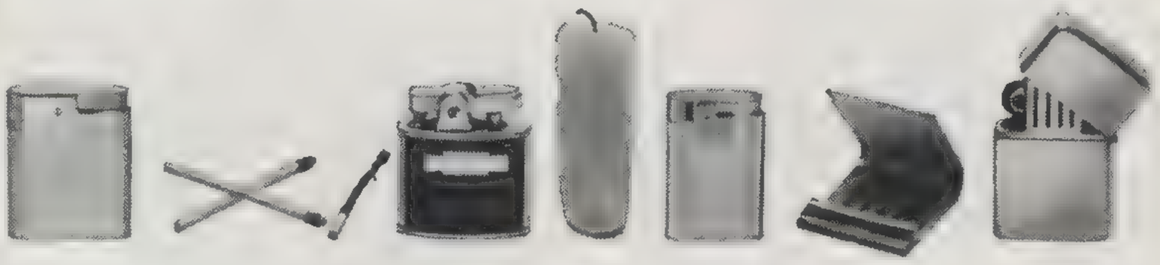


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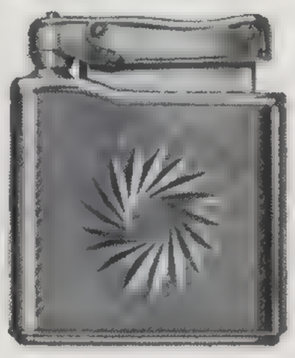
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VOGUE'S

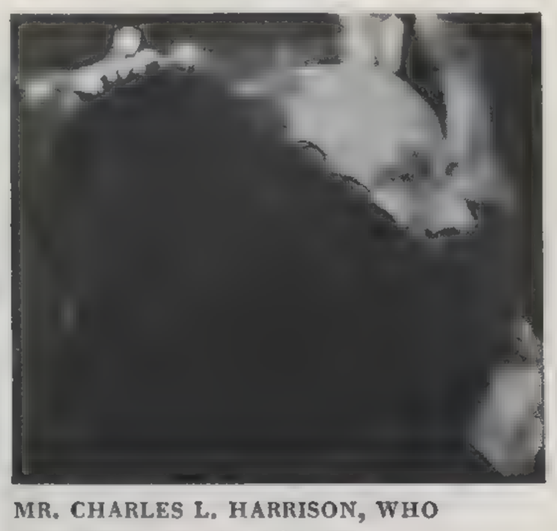
The whoop of an auction to benefit the Cincinnati Zoo.



MRS. ELIZABETH SCHWAB, COCHAIRMAN OF THE ZOO AUCTION; MRS. THOMAS GUGGENHEIM; MRS. LEONARD B. VISSER; MR. CARSON R. WHITING, PRESIDENT OF THE CINCINNATI ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

At a huge tent between the elephant house and Swan Lake, an elephant trumpeted outside, a gavel resounded inside, and the auction, with pleasure and purpose running neck to neck, was on. A grey saddle horse, a prefabricated three-bedroom house, a Victorian chaise, an international doll collection—all were given and sold to improve matters at the Cincinnati Zoo (second oldest zoo in the country, first in big cats). Champagne and a massive smörgasbord helped things along inside the tent, where Japanese paper fish in yellow, black, orange, red, and green wafted about overhead; on each table, five goldfish swam in oversized beakers. At eleven the rain came, the paper fish dripped, the floor got wet, and the Cincinnatians? They lifted their long skirts, jumped on tables, and carried on.





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DR. AND MRS. BERT H. McBRIDE, SURVEYING THE AUCTION TABLE.

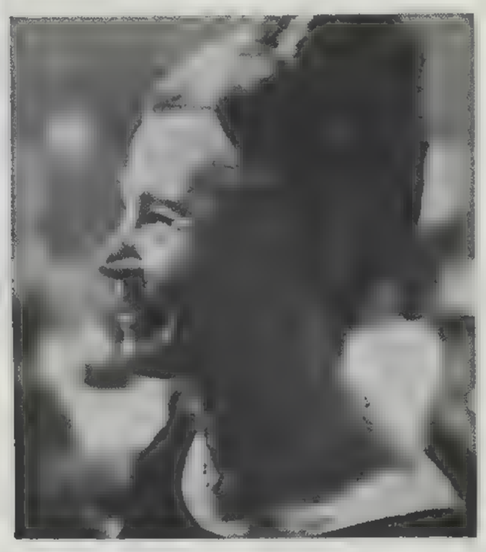
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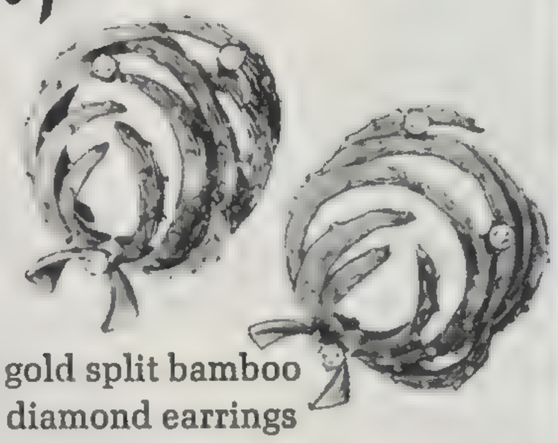
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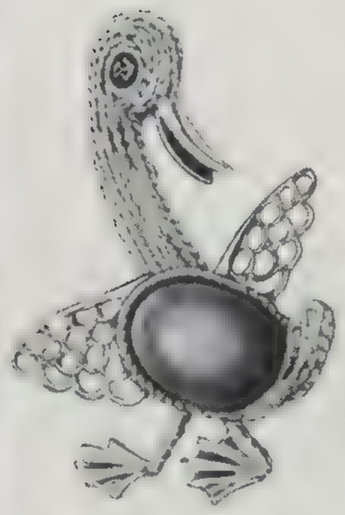


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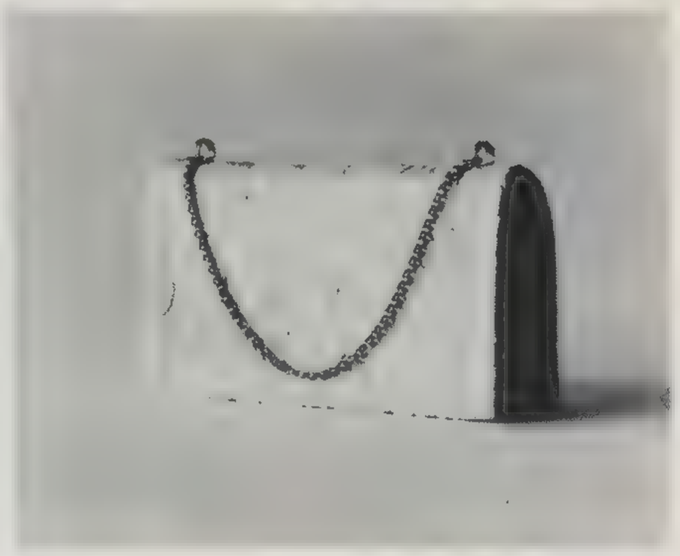
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Quick zip of jumpsuit in flat-finished Brasilia leather, chevron-striped black and white, with a wide V-neck, bell-bottom pants. 6-14; $150. Anthea Johns for Marc of Tawn. Allen & Cole Boutique, 132 E. 64th St., N. Y. 21. Coiffure: Richard at the Madison.

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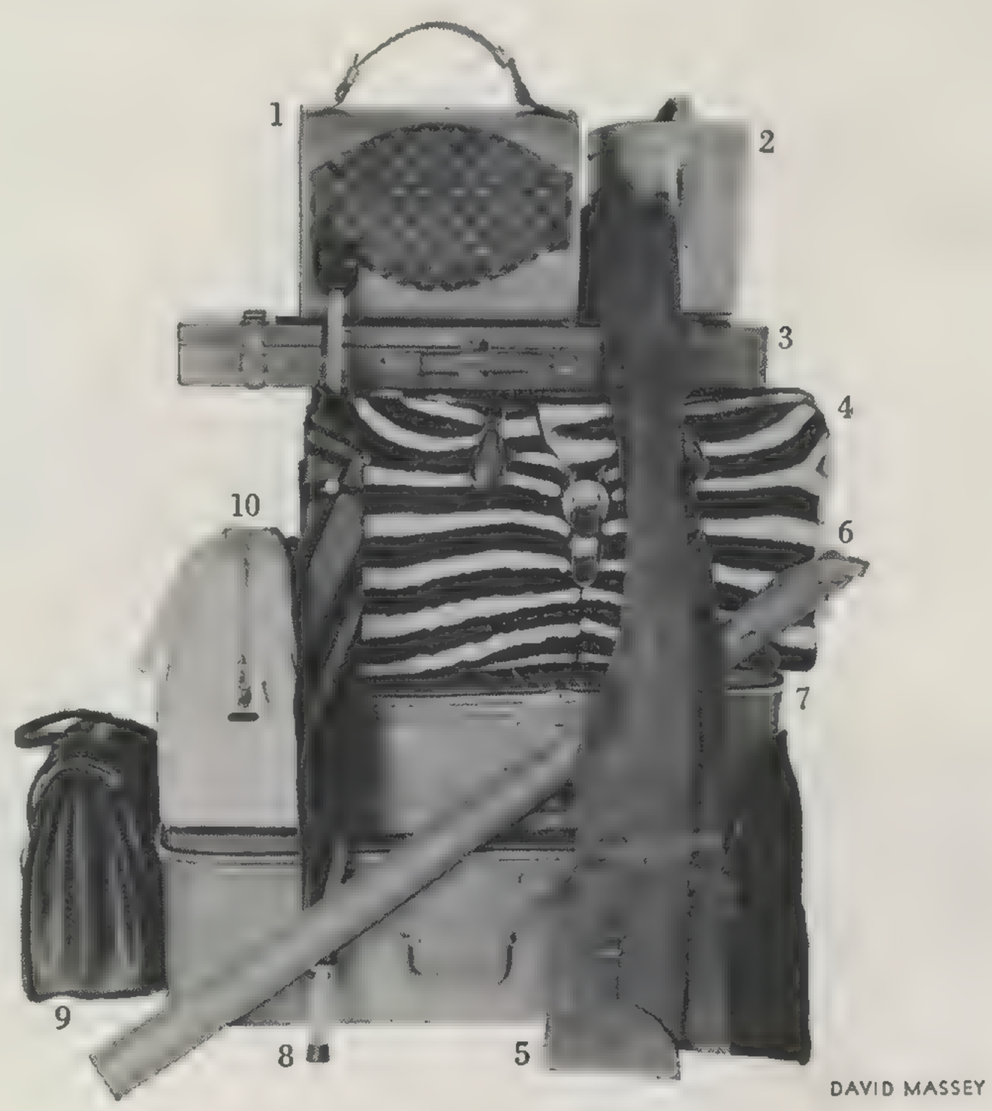


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Germaine Monteil

VOGUE'S EYE VIEW OF WONDERS



The rinsed, clear eye, enchanted, revels in wonders
"...to pierce the deepest deeps and sweep the world!"
as Whitman wrote, asking for "interminable eyes."

In this issue of Vogue, the reader will see a menagerie formed of flowers; Hindu gods, their legs angled; a Leonardo Madonna in a Leningrad museum; a Brooklyn girl, her eyes like those of Darius carved on a wall at Persepolis; six American geniuses pouring their ichor over the arts—these are among the wonders rolling on "in lucid, inescapable rhythms."



The Byzantine eye, a mosaic of flowered jewels; golden topazes scalloped over the eyebrow. First of a series of eyes ornamented as never before by Elizabeth Arden's brilliant young make-up inventor, Pablo...Vogue, spelled out for this issue in leopard jewels from David Webb's glorious bestiary.

BERT STERN





The Festive Eye

Festivity improves the eye—the eye that's quick to the times, quick to meet the moment on its own terms, knowing that embellishment and the froth of pleasure that goes with a sense of adornment are part of the brimming vitality of the present, as inherent as goldwork to Mycenae, jewels to Byzantium, the Rasoumovsky quartets to the nineteenth century of the West....Ornament—the visible expression of love and joy—warms the meagrest spirit; lights, in the inward eye,



BERT STERN



devised under the aegis of Elizabeth Arden, by Pablo: The Butterfly Eye, above: wings of an African butterfly in flight; ostrich feather antennae; a quivering diamond tear.

The Pheasant Eye, directly left: with other exotic background—feathers from Bengalese and Egyptian birds. Under the eye, baby-zebra striations.

The Lace-shadowed Eye, far left: Eyes lowered under the thinnest, most delicate shadow imaginable—Brussels lace. Arab boy cap by Halston, to order at Bergdorf Goodman. More Pablo eyes on the next page.

fresh willingness to be delighted. For the eye of mind, of wit, of psyche, pleasure matters. Joie de vivre is a necessary balm that shuts off the slothful reluctance to be enamoured, amused, involved. To be gala. To look at the world lovingly—not with sentimentality, but with extravagance, imagination, and with heart.

BERT STERN

for this issue of wonders, Elizabeth Arden's great young make-up innovator, Pablo, went far beyond make-up to embellish the eyes. With the most enormous artistry, with hours of patience, working with the delicacy of a watchmaker, he dressed the eyes in jewels, in feathers, in lace . . . dressed them as never before in costume history. . . .

The Ostrich Eye, above left: feathers applied one by one under and over the eye; ostrich feathers to flutter delicately when the eyes move. At either corner, diamonds to brighten the depths.

The Peacock Eye, directly left: Over a base of thick black eyeliner, a pair of peacock feathers trailing outwards and worn like a decorative mask. Zebra stripes below.

The Lace-flower Eye, above. Brussels lace cut into the shape of a carnation, applied to the width of the temple, the depth of the cheek. More lace cut, shaped, and applied like fake eyelashes.



HANS NAMUTH

THE GLORIOUS 1964
MARC CHAGALL
STAINED GLASS
MEMORIAL IN THE
UNITED NATIONS
SECRETARIAT BUILDING
IN NEW YORK:
TWO DETAILS





THE NEW BLAZE OF INDIA

"THE LOOSENING AND UNWRAPPING OF MYSTERY"

BY RUMER GODDEN

India has given a new freedom to her visitors, become accessible, opened "like a champa flower," as a poet said. With the inland India flights, it is possible to see more of the country in ten days now than in ten months of rail and steamer travel. The simplest Indian now knows about the *hahwa-jawaz,* the "air ship," as he calls airplanes. Where once in the evening the elders squatted on their heels around the peepul tree, listening to the peaceful sound of its leaves—no other tree makes quite that sound in the wind, even poplar leaves are too heavy—now the men, and the women too, sit listening to the teashop radio; almost every village has one, and the villager knows the news, listens to talks on politics and agriculture, hears Indianized pop music, and perhaps hears his own classics, the great epics of the Ramayana, the Mahabharata.

This new accessibility, this loosening and unwrapping of mystery, has provided, for many foreigners, an image of surging nationalism, of improvements in industry and hygiene; for others the image is of a rose-coloured ideal of wisdom and peacefulness—the much vaunted wisdom of the East. Neither image is wholly right, neither is wholly wrong; the truth lies somewhere between. India today has a restlessness, the uncertainty that comes of change and growing—like the rest of the world she has changed more in these last fifty years than in centuries before—but although there may be uncertainty of procedure, there is a new and unifying certainty of purpose.

Certainty? Uncertainty? Yes, both, because India is the land of contradictions, of paradox. She is the richest of all countries, fabulously rich; some Indians have possessions so vast that not even they, their families, or their stewards can assess them. Yet she is the poorest, poor to a degree the rest of the world can not imagine; some children, if they go to school at all, take for their allowance of uncooked rice as much or as little (Continued on page 277)

HOODED HALTER PYJAMAS, left, lay bare a dauntless back-plunge for the most terrific switch on evening—intriguing to the point of seduction. The hood also plunges, to cowl a golden plunder minted on ebony cloth. By Trigère. Photographed in the Jas Mandir at Amber. Details of the costume, page 282.

HENRY CLARKE

FASHION
WHERE THE SUN IS SOARING

22 PAGES PHOTOGRAPHED IN INDIA BY HENRY CLARKE

Distance has been said to lend enchantment, but today distance is abolished while enchantment endures. You are sprung with the speed of sound, when and as the spirit moves you, into any one of the myriad legend-lands strung like jewels about the globe—such as sunswept India, where Vogue records by jet and camera the beauties of this season's American sun collections. They are the fashions that move with you, wherever the sun soars. They are your gesture in a beautiful room, garden, street, country—which in turn infuse them with an exotic radiance. The fashions photographed by Vogue on these twenty-two pages blaze (Continued on next page)

COWLED PYJAMAS—WIDE WHITE SWATH, above, cutting loose from the easy bias bodice, and making straight for the floor—a magnificent rush of sheer wool, the new and lavish portion of evening. Shannon Rodgers for Jerry Silverman. BARE BRAVURA: VERMILION PYJAMAS, opposite—the sun-fired orange of India blazing far and wide, from the high little bodice to the furthest reach of leg. In jersey; Shannon Rodgers for Jerry Silverman. Both photographs: the tomb of Itimad-ud-Daula. Details of costumes page 282.



FASHION
WHERE THE SUN IS SOARING

(Continued from preceding page) with the extravagant enchantment of India. Colour takes to new colour, shape to new shape. White becomes a brilliant hue: white dinner coats surprised by vivid silk Choori-Dar pants strike the eye in excitement. Vermilion or saffron Rajput turbans clash marvellously with the green sunshine of linen skimp dresses. Shapes—gigantic earrings hooped low on the neck, great fringed bracelets circling the upper arm, clasping the ankle—reflect sculpture a millennium old or a passerby of today. And the coiffures by Alexandre image the turbaned head of a maharaja, the scarfed knot of a small Sikh child, all the intense variety of impressions crowding into the artist's view. India brings down from the centuries boundless marvels different from anything we know. But her ancient and intricate arts give of themselves richly to the pure forms and colours of the West, lavishing an unprecedented interplay of brilliant fashions and glorious settings. Beauty is thus compounded with beauty—now in India, now in other wondrous sun-spots to which you soar. (For details on the varied splendours of India's past in these photographs, see page 284.)

CARVED V-NECKLINE ON BROCADE, above, counterpoint for the forth-blown fullness that stems from a single rose. The brocade, a bas-relief of roses; by Ben Barrack. Photographed at the Palace of Amber. OPENLY V-NECKED BODICE ON CRÊPE, right, makes the point of a two-piece dinner dress dividing its time beautifully between north and south. By Charles Cooper. Photographed on the rooftop of the Pearl Mosque in Agra. Details of both dresses, p. 282.

HENRY CLARKE



SHRI MAHADEVJI



श्रीसूर्यजी

SHRI SURAJJI



SUNSHINE GREEN *linen, opposite, blaze of light played against a southern tan —two short takes: a straight kick to the side, a skimp halter. Both by Hannah Troy. Worn with bright Rajput turbans. Before the statue of Shiva.*

PLEATS SWUNG fast and wide, above, steal a move on light-struck green crash turning a full kilted back to the sun. A two-piece dress by Christian Dior-New York. Statue of Surya, Gallery of the Gods.
Dress details, p.282

HENRY CLARKE

LEOPARD CHIFFON: WILD-CUT BIAS, left, stealing noiselessly over the body, frees the limbs with an abandon at once farouche and flawless. Louis Féraud. Photographed in the Gallery of the Gods. RAINBOW COLOUR, PLEATED ON CHIFFON, right, extravagantly rayed in hibiscus, saffron, pale lavender, prisms the light of evening—pure ravishment under warm and festive skies of either hemisphere. Nat Kaplan. Photographed before the statue of Krishna in the Gallery of the Gods. *Clothes details on page 282.*

HENRY CLARKE



BACK, LOW AND LOOSE above, the low-down in today's news—clinched with a scarf. Liveliest dress legging it south. By Junior Sophisticates in printed silk. The Gallery of the Gods.

UPSWEPT TRAIN, A STIR OF SILK opposite, throw-back to an Art Nouveau fairy tale—told with Poiret flowers flung on a grassy field. By Bill Blass for Maurice Rentner. Before the statue of Rama, in the Gallery of the Gods. All details of both dresses on page 282.

HENRY CLARKE



FORWARD-SWINGING *piqué, opposite. By Jane Derby. Seen in the Gallery of the King at Diwan-i-Khas.* GATHERED, NARROWED *linen for dinner, right, by Mollie Parnis. Photographed in the columned Panch Mahal.* MOULDED FRONT, *loosed back on linen, far right, for dining south. By John Moore. Also inside the Panch Mahal.* WELTED SKIMP DRESS *of knitted wool, centre left; Kimberly. In the Panch Mahal.* HIGH, WIDE, NARROW *linen, centre right, any hour. Dominic for Matty Talmack. The Turkish Sultana's House.* LOW-PLEATED SKIMP *of heavy cotton satin, below left. By Teal Traina. The South Gate of Jami Masjid Mosque.* HIP-SLUNG, PLEATED *evening crêpe, below right; Larry Aldrich. At the South Gate of the Jami Masjid. All photographs: Fatehpur Sikri.*

Details of dresses on page 282

FLOWER-SPRIGGED WHITE crêpe hanging easily from a high waist—perfection for palmy southern evenings. By Gustave Tassell. Photographed at the Observatory of Jaipur



HENRY CLARKE

THE TWO-PIECE DRESS collared low in back, marvellous for long evenings north or south. Givenchy for Adele Simpson. The Observatory of Jaipur. All dress details on page 283

SWIRLING PANELS, here, to fling over your head, toss back across your shoulder, or let trail seductively. Set slenderly adrift on white cloqué by Grès. Photographed before the Goddess Mahishasur Mardini, Hall of Heroes. Dress details, on page 283.

TURQUERIE, opposite, a fantaisie of ivory chiffon wool jersey by Grès. Before Goddess Chamunda's statue, also in the Hall of Heroes. Dress details, page 283.

HENRY CLARKE



CLOQUÉ SKIMP COAT far left, pent and pristine—just it *for dinner, taken south now, north later. By Abe Schrader. STRAIT-TAILORED LACE coat, below left, going over beautifully on warm evenings. Originala. Both coats worn with Indian Choori-Dar silk pants. The statue, of Harbuji. BARE, PETALLED EMPIRE right, height of seduction for a marvellous length of panelled moire. By Christian Dior-New York. Before Pabuji's statue. BODICE: BARE INTRIGUE below—held fast and loose by a single bow either side, more intriguing with every move you make. Two-piece dinner dress, slashed crêpe by Janine Kahan. Before the statue of Ramdevaji. All photographs in the Hall of Heroes. All dress details on page 283.*

HENRY CLARKE

HIGH-BANDED HALTER, *above, a gathering grace of white jersey rushing past, in a freshet, to the floor. Oleg Cassini.* GATHERED CORSAGE, *opposite, done with a twist of the waist, brings white jersey beautifully in line with evening. Malcolm Starr. Photographed at the shrine of the God Ganesa in the Hall of Heroes. Details of both dresses on page 283.*



"A SENSE

BY HENRY MILLER

Let me say, to begin with, that my knowledge of art is limited. What is worse is that my approach to art is hardly that of a cultured individual. In the years which have elapsed since first reading this great work, Élie Faure's *History of Art,* I have come to hold in abhorrence many of the celebrated masterpieces of art, particularly European or Western art. Certainly, if Élie Faure were alive today he would be amazed that a person like myself had been chosen to introduce him anew to the world at large.

It was only a few years before leaving America to become a voluntary exile that I began reading this huge work. I read it in English, of course, a volume at a time, as it came out. I knew nothing then about the author's life and struggles. I had met the translator, Walter Pach, two or three times, but as a client of my father's tailor shop and not as a devotee of Élie Faure. I was too shy at that time even to mention the fact that I was reading such an important work. I was still too shy, on arriving in Paris, to pay the author a visit, though day after day I would stop in front of the entrance, on the Boulevard St. Germain, and debate whether to call on him or not. What had I to say to him except that I admired and revered him with all my heart. He had no need to hear such words from an unknown American, an ignoramus to boot.

To be truthful, it would not have mattered to me if Élie Faure had written *The Life of the Wild Geranium* instead of the *History of Art.* I read him, as I listen to great music, for the sheer power and beauty of his language. (With what amazement I learned later that his own people did not share this enthusiasm of mine. Never shall I forget the remark of a French woman, to whom I had shown one of his scintillating passages. "But is he French?" she exclaimed.) Many of the painters dealt with in these volumes were—some still are—known to me only by name. The works of other, more illustrious ones, which I have come to know over the years, even now leave me cold. But to pick up Élie Faure and read what he says about them can always put me in a fever, and that, of course, is why I am wedded to his work, why I believe it will always remain fresh and inspiring.

One of the signal aspects of Faure, it seems to me, is his extraordinary understanding of the purpose and place of art in everyday life. In addition he had an uncanny insight into the spirit of peoples, places, epochs, landscapes. Above all, he was a devout worshipper of the creative spirit in man. His approach, like our own Walt Whitman's, was nothing less than cosmic. (Did he not say somewhere that religions are born of art and not vice versa?)

It is in the early volumes, in his unforgettable descriptions of the achievements of ancient peoples, that I feel closest to him. Often I have lifted long passages from these rhapsodies with which to burnish my own pages. Intoxicating passages, these, which I can read again and again, and do, whenever I wish to give myself an injection. In passing let it not be forgotten that these sublime pages were written by a family physician whose days and nights were filled with exacting irritating, exhausting duties. (In ascending the stairs to visit a sick patient did he not often pause to make notes on his cuff?) Art was not a hobby for him, it was the breath of his nostrils. He himself was an artist, the artist par excellence, proving it daily, hourly, in treading the path of unswerving devotion, humility, and self-sacrifice.

What impact his work may have today, particularly on the young who are almost immune to wonder and mystery because of all the knowledge which has been crammed into their heads, I do not know. I can only speak of my own awakening, an awakening not to the glorious monuments of art which stud the world and before which we are expected to stand in pious admiration, but an awakening to the limitless world within, the world to which every great artist addresses himself and from which he must obtain a response or perish. It was the *magic* of art which he resuscitated for me. And it is to this same magic one must return after all the study and research one permits oneself to indulge in, only to be led astray. It seems so utterly unimportant, all this to-do about art, all this effort to know more about art. What we need is to be able to recognize the presence of art in every phase and aspect of life,

OF WONDER"

know that life itself is art and the living of it the supreme art. The tragedy of our time is precisely that we know, or pretend to know, so much and practise so little. No longer is the artist a source of joy and inspiration to the community; he has become a thing apart, a freak whose creations are meaningless to the community at large.

We are told today that if we would only open our eyes we would see evidences of the creative spirit at work in any and all fields of human endeavour. I believe that Élie Faure himself dwelt at some length on this theme. True it is that in the fields of architecture, engineering, manufacturing, particularly the manufacture of instruments of war, we can find much that is of interest aesthetically and, so far as ingenuity is concerned, astounding to behold, if not also terrifying. Somehow these products of the creative spirit of man do not provide us with that spiritual stimulus which the art of the past aroused. They do nothing to enhance or glorify life. If they awaken a sense of wonder and awe it is because of their superhuman, or inhuman, aspect, because of the threat of imminent death which they irradiate. Furthermore, it is of utility they speak, whereas the essence of art is non-utilitarian. It is true, to be sure, that among primitive peoples art has always revealed a utilitarian, everyday aspect as well as a mystic, magical, or religious one. But then with primitives art has always been one with life: every member of the community was not only a potential artist but an active one. Hand and mind were one; everything man touched was transfigured by a natural, creative urge. This magic touch, so inherent in man's nature, has been lost; even in the case of so-called genius this once instinctive marriage of mind and hand has to be rediscovered, reawakened.

I speak of this divorce between artist and public, between hand and mind—and heart and deed—only to point to the grave crisis which stares us in the face. Certainly art, as viewed and accepted throughout the ages, exists no longer. The death we bathe in daily, this death which we accept unquestioningly, is it not a reflection of the death of art? Perhaps it was this very threat of annihilation which precipitated such a passionate, nostalgic work as this *History of Art.* The magnificent evocations of the sublime and the eternal which abound throughout are embedded in a language no longer employed by writers of similar bent, similar purpose. The language is not only an exalted one, it is, in effect, an exordium. As Homer glorified the heroes of an unknown dawn, so Faure glorifies the aesthetic giants of a past which we now see crumbling before our eyes, a past which, should we survive, will have little or no meaning for us. Only one more war—think of it!—and there will not be left on earth the tiniest evidence of the creative labour of man.

It is interesting at this point to reflect how markedly man's artistic endeavours have been linked with his destructive, war-like energies. In *Dance Over Fire and Water* Faure devotes an essay to this subject, attempting to prove a connection between the cyclical emergence of men of genius and the recurring incidence of war or revolution. (Continued on page 273)

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Henry Miller, who wrote this preface to the new magnificently illustrated* History of Art *by Élie Faure, being reissued in French in Paris by Jean-Jacques Pauvert, has used the preface to emphasize Faure's "uncanny insight into the spirit of peoples, places, epochs, landscapes," of his worship of "the creative spirit in man." Élie Faure lived from 1873 to 1937, spent his life as a doctor, but has set his name down indelibly as an art historian. His volumes of art history came out in France between 1909 and 1921. In this country the translation came out between 1921 and 1930. Much of his superb work he wrote either at night or between calls on his patients. Unlike Dr. Faure, Henry Miller, seventy-three this month, has always been an experimental writer, stretching out his mind eagerly to other authors. Among his dozen or so books one stands pre-eminent,* The Colossus of Maroussi, *in which he describes not only his travels in Greece but gives his invigorating opinions on many subjects, especially art.*

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . .

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . Politics, Cabinet changes, the change of Soviet leaders, the switch of the British Government to Labour, all just as though everything had happened only yesterday. . . . An extraordinary twenty-six-year-old Italian lyric soprano, Adriana Maliponte, who recently showed in Philadelphia the magnificence of her shining voice, the depths of her musicianship. . . . The television networks which are fiddling, like nervous old maids, with this season's programs, many of them full-hearted disasters. . . . The forty-two-year-old Belgian sculptor, Pol Bury, whose beautiful brown or beige constructions—clusters of painted nails, long white-headed pins crushed together, groups of balls—quiver, roll almost imperceptibly, knock slowly, always making tiny clicking sounds.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The exciting excursion into nostalgia in the Evergreen recording *Through the Years, with Vincent Youmans*, in which thirty-six of his songs are played, including such delicate reminders as "Bambalina," "I Want to be Happy," and "Rise 'N' Shine." . . . In Paris, Chez Monique Morelli, a new boîte in Montmartre, all rather Toulouse-Lautrec. . . . The vibrating, noiseless, delicate constructions of fine mesh, tension springs, minute gears, or thin wires organized by Günter Haese, a German sculptor whose work, shown recently at the Museum of Modern Art, looks as though it had been put together by a remarkable watchmaker with tweezers. . . . In London, the play, *A Scent of Flowers*, in which mourners attending a young girl's funeral find that she is there, too, mainly in a series of flashbacks, with the girl played by Jennifer Hilary, called by the London *Sunday Times*, "by far the greatest acquisition of her sex the English stage has made for many years."

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The sharpened skill of Sammy Davis who holds together with the strength of baling wire the scattered forces of the musical, *Golden Boy*, which is equally enriched by the sets and projections of Tony Walton. . . . In London, Brigid Brophy who wrote *Hackenfeller's Ape*, a clever novel about a frustrated professor and his strong feelings for an ape who only wants to love a female ape, but whose destiny is a rocket flight to the moon. . . . Bicycles in Paris where the Vicomte Edouard de Ribes and Claude Terrail, owner of the restaurant, Tour d'Argent, are among the famous cyclists who park their bikes in front of their offices. . . . The funny horror of the amusingly true book, *Only You, Dick Daring! or How to Write One Television Script and Make $50,000,000*, by Merle Miller and Evan Rhodes who record the anguish, with real names, of Miller when doing a pilot television script for CBS-TV; before the script can be okayed it must go get, according to the book, the equivalent of "unanimous raves from *Playboy, Partisan Review, Confidential, Captain Billy's Whiz-Bang*, and the Marshalltown *Times-Republican*."

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . C. P. Snow, whose newest novel, *Corridors of Power*, is cool, detached, his characters stilted and two-dimensional, but the final effect authentic. . . . In London, three productions—the musical, *Maggie May*, in which Rachel Roberts, fresh and young, has the stance of a tart at a hockey match, a voice that is a loud mixture of honey and grit; the thirty-nine-year-old bedroom farce, *A Cuckoo in the Nest*, in which the playwright John Osborne has a small part; and the comedy, *Oblomov*, adapted from the one-hundred-and-six-year-old Goncharov novel, with Spike Milligan marvellously funny as he ad-libs to the audience from his bed. . . . The English pop singer, Sandie Shaw, a gawky girl with a white, doomed face, an inscrutable manner, and a habit of wearing no make-up and no shoes when she sings.

ZERO MOSTEL IN "FIDDLER ON THE ROOF"

To play Tevye, the Dairyman, in the 1905 ferment of a Russian ghetto takes a master. That master is Zero Mostel. In *Fiddler on the Roof*, where the fiddler is Gino Conforti, Mostel is the essence of the odd and at times tragically funny character, created by Sholom Aleichem. As Tevye, Mostel looks like a figure in a Chagall painting of his village of Vitebsk. He is a man to whom everything happens—even a hit musical comedy—a man who is an intimate of his God, with whom he gossips, pleads, gets angry, and makes up. Above all, Tevye and Mostel have an overwhelming charm that must have pleased God. Mostel has a thousand small revealing gestures, a rippling huge body, hands that look as though they were sketching in the air, feet that are eloquent. He sings "Tradition" with the gusto of a fat man, and "If I Were a Rich Man," with the wit of a man who knows he'll never make it. He changes from humour to heartbreak without a caesura. Into Tevye, Mostel has put what he learned from playing Bloom in *Ulysses in Nighttown*, from playing the conformist who became a rhinoceros in Ionesco's *Rhinoceros*. They taught him to be Aleichem's man to whom miracles happen.



The WONDERFUL YEAR *of*

She has a way of caressing her natural shining hair with long, pale, spiky fingers, as though she were soothing a cantankerous child. At times she swings her hair to cut off the sides of her face—like curtains or the coif of a nun. She doesn't know why she hides there, for never before in her short life has so much happened to her as in the wonderful year of 1964. The spotlight caught her—in her first blaze of musical stardom. She is *the* Face, she is everywhere.

As star of *Funny Girl,* this year she became instantly a fantastic Cover Girl. She has had three smashing record albums, including the one of *Funny Girl,* this year. Her rather plaintive voice has been all over radio singing "People." She won two record awards here, plus another in Holland. Finally CBS-TV induced her to sign a contract for ten years with a base of five million dollars.

With all that, she is not satisfied—there are higher branches on the tree of success that she wants to reach. No one knows her looks, her odd, compelling beauty the way she does: the length of neck, the slant of eyes, the round of mouth. She knows how to move her arms, her hands, with rare grace—but not too much. When she is pleased, she gives a slow sleepy smile as though moving to the interior rhythm of a pavane. At times it is her pleasure to take the languid, totally feminine, pose of a 1900 Gaiety Girl at a London photographer's studio, the photographer buried under black draperies. Contemporary as next month, she yearns for a long-ago past.

BARBRA STREISAND

PENN





Yo-Yo Ma, nine,
cellist

WUNDER-KIDS

YO-YO MA, who turned nine the day before this photograph was taken, speaks Chinese, French, and English, studies piano, composes music, relishes mathematics, and—especially—plays the cello. Working now at the Juilliard School of Music with Leonard Rose, the great cellist, Yo-Yo has a past of public performances, the first before he was five, the most festive on closed-circuit television with Leonard Bernstein. A quiet boy with a possibly mischievous look in his brown eyes, Yo-Yo began playing cello when he was four and a half, half a year later than he would have liked. To start his son off, Dr. Hiao-Tsiun Ma, a musician and teacher, applied principles of Chinese philosophy training: a little bit every day. A lot of little bits led to Yo-Yo's learning a complete Bach suite within a year. When Yo-Yo, now in fourth grade in a New York school, is asked if there is anything other than the cello he'd like to play—such as football or pop records—he sometimes looks at his inquirer like a nice boy who is much too polite to laugh.

DOROTHY STRAIGHT, who, at six, has blue-grey eyes, chestnut hair, a spray of freckles, and a temporary lisp occasioned by the goings and comings of teeth, wrote and illustrated a book, *How the World Began*, when she was four. That book was published in October by Pantheon, the publishers, as well, of such eminent thinkers as Boris Pasternak, Carl Jung, and Jacques Maritain. The youngest of the five children of Mr. and Mrs. Michael Straight, Dorothy has the slightly elevated sophistication of a young gleaner from elders, an affection for pony-riding, toy mice, a boy neighbour, and the Beatles. She has, perhaps, a rather special intensity of concentration—she dictated her story to her mother and, with Magic Marker, illustrated it in one night, putting in the news that God created "bells, buttons, bumblebees . . . and . . . Christmas trees." Since then, Dorothy, who lives on a farm in Virginia and is now in first grade, has started two more books. One manuscript was inadvertently used for telephone messages. The other has, so far, no plot but it has a working title: *The Dotted Eye*.



Dorothy Straight, six,
writer, painter

PENN







WONDERS OF LENINGRAD

THE ST. PETERSBURG OF THE CZARS—THE PALACES, THE CHURCHES WITH GOLD LEAF APPLIED TO THEIR CROSSES—SURVIVES, RESTORED NOW TO ITS FORMER BEAUTY AND SPLENDOUR.
PHOTOGRAPHS BY BRUCE DAVIDSON

BY MAURICE DRUON

Leningrad, once St. Petersburg, was born neither of chance nor of inevitable necessity; her origins are lost in no night of time. They are not due to the wanderings of primitive peoples in search of a place to settle. She was not a town before she became a city, nor a market before she became—as once she was—a capital. She owes her fortune to no privileged geographical position, nor to any accident of history, conquest, revolution, or exile. She is the product of the will of man, of one man. She is an act of thought, a decision of power, a construction of the mind. Above all, Leningrad is an Idea. And an idea of modern times.

New York—or, to give her her first name, New Amsterdam—was already seventy-seven years old, when the Czar Peter the Great turned the first sod of the future St. Petersburg on the deserted, marshy (Continued on page 226)

LEONARDO DA VINCI, "MADONNA AND CHILD," 1490, *LEFT,* HERMITAGE MUSEUM.
VIEW OF LENINGRAD, 1964, *ABOVE,* LOOKING AS IT DID IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.



PALACE SQUARE AND ITS GREAT CURVE OF OCHRE YELLOW

WONDERS OF LENINGRAD (continued) banks of the Neva delta. This took place on May 27, 1703. Indeed, history has these surprises for us. New York is older than Leningrad, and the Battery on Manhattan Point was built three quarters of a century before the Fortress of Peter and Paul.

What did this Czar, who was warrior, legislator, traveller, and carpenter, and whom Russia was to call the *Preobrazovatel'*, the "reformer," want? What was his "idea"?

He had determined to transform Russia in all her immensity into a European nation, and to thrust her into the future at one blow. He had torn six millennia from the old Russian calendar which still counted the years from the biblical creation of the world, and had ordered his people to live, for instance, in 1700 instead of 7208. With some difficulty he had compelled his boyars to shave off their ancestral beards and abandon their heavy furred caftans. He had insisted that men wear coats after the German fashion, that troops drill in the Swedish manner, and that women dance to French violins. He wanted to give his empire a new capital, and build a great port giving onto the open sea and the West.

For this purpose he had chosen this Baltic shore, in the northwest of his dominions, where there was nothing but grey water, rushes, seagulls, long summer nights as light as day, and short winter days as dark as night.

The "reformer" saw big and acted quickly. An army of labourers, carpenters, masons, blacksmiths, wagoners, and porters was assembled on the giant site the giant had selected. It was an army of forty thousand men, and each day a gun fired at noon signalled a break in their labours. Of these forty thousand workmen, the majority died of disease, exhaustion, or in the quicksands as they struggled against the icy mud. Great human enterprises are often founded on death. For Peter the Great, and for the future of Russia, the birth of this city had as much importance as a battle (Continued on page 231)

RAPHAEL,"MADONNA AND CHILD," 1500, HERMITAGE

BRUCE DAVIDSON





TSARSKOYE SELO

The startling chapel domes of the summer palace, just outside Leningrad.
Built for the Empress Elizabeth, daughter of Peter the Great,
this turquoise and gold chapel was the inspired work of Rastrelli, an Italian
architect whose prodigious work gives Leningrad much of its vast beauty.

PETER'S THRONE ROOM AT THE HERMITAGE

This red and gold room, designed to his specifications
by Peter the Great, founder of Leningrad, holds
the golden throne which shines under a portrait of the Czar
with his wife Catherine in the robes of the Goddess of Wisdom.



THE FANTASTIC PALE LIME-GREEN WINTER PALACE,
DESIGNED BY THE ITALIAN, RASTRELLI.

WONDERS OF LENINGRAD (continued) won; it was a victory of another kind but as decisive as that of Poltava.

Except for a few public buildings and official residences, the first St. Petersburg was a city of wood, the façades painted to resemble brickwork, and it smelled strongly of the tar from the harbour. But the passage of two centuries has made of Peter the Great's idea a marvel of which the eye and the imagination never grow tired. And it is still the same gun, the Czar's gun at the original site, which each day, from the top of the Fortress, tells the workers of Leningrad that noon has struck.

All cities built partly in water are said to resemble Venice. The fact is that they all, from Amsterdam to Leningrad, have a common rhythm imposed on them by the water, inescapable detours to cross the bridges, and everywhere that mirrored reflection which seems to give the buildings their inverted image for foundation; double cities whose impalpable, trembling, quivering base already resembles the memory we shall retain of them.

Triumphal arches, spires, domes, colonnades, gardens; palaces, palaces, and yet more palaces against the sky and in the water. . . . To discover Leningrad is not only to move amid an astonishing architectural ensemble in which Italian, French, and Slav artists, having at their disposal all the wealth and labour of old Russia, could give free rein to their imagination and their genius, but also to encounter on every hand the fantastic evidences of the good fortune and ill, of the glory and madness of men who exercised supreme power.

In Leningrad, history looks down at you from every window.

It looks at you through the small smoky panes of the frame house—scarcely a house, a hut—in which Peter the Great lived on the north bank of the Neva at the start of the work. It is now protected by a brick building as a shrine encloses a relic.

History signals to you, a little farther on, from the red and white façade of the palace of Menshikov, the childhood friend of the "reformer," the companion, confidant, and accomplice, who shared everything with his Czar, work, reverses, successes, drinking bouts, and even women, giving his mistress to the Czar for an empress. History (Continued on page 232)



THE BRILLIANT GOLD, FIGURED, INTERIOR DOME
OF THE ENORMOUS, GOLDEN CHURCH OF ST. ISAAC.

WONDERS OF LENINGRAD (continued) stands behind the thousand festooned windows of the Winter Palace which, transformed a dozen times, enlarged and prolonged, forms a succession of palaces. Here all Peter's successors resided; here all the Romanovs during two centuries—cruel empresses who spoke French but swore in Russian, emperors of colossal stature in tight, starred uniforms—lived out their tragic, bloody destinies as absolute masters. Here Elizabeth, daughter of Peter the Great, kept the fifteen thousand dresses she never wore twice. Here Catherine II, the great Catherine, daughter of a minor German prince, decided to do away with an impotent husband that she might reign alone (from 1762 to 1796), took her pleasures among the officers of her Guard, like a sultan in a harem, corresponded with Voltaire and Diderot, and never ceased to astonish both Europe and her century.

History greets you arrogantly on the steps of the yellow Tauride Palace, a temple as much as a residence, with its pediment and classical columns, a present from Catherine II to her imperial lover Potemkin, who governed Russia with her, and had temporary villages built for a day on the roads by which his mistress travelled so that she journeyed amid uninterrupted ovations.

History watches you with a mad eye from between the high bays of the dark-red palace, surrounded by water and drawbridges, built by Paul I, the mad Czar, Catherine's ill-loved son, who was a mixture of Hamlet and Caligula, delighted only in military parades, redesigned the uniforms of the Guard nine times, dismissed three hundred generals during his five years' reign, condemned whole regiments to exile, put out his tongue at his guests during banquets, and held conversations with his father's ghost. And yet, had this madman exercised power for a few months longer, he might perhaps have changed the fate of the world. A great admirer of Napoleon, he wished to form an alliance with him. He wanted his palace to be red because that was the colour of his mistress's gloves; it was also the colour of blood. He died in it by (Continued on page 272)

THE CHURCH OF THE BLOOD, WITH ITS GOLDEN CROSSES,
WHERE A TERRORIST KILLED CZAR ALEXANDER II IN 1881.
BRUCE DAVIDSON









IN LENINGRAD: THE BLAZE OF MATISSE

Among the glories of the Hermitage Museum are thirty paintings by Henri Matisse, all done between 1897 and 1913. They fill two rooms, are the delight of Leningrad children who cluster there, their hair in nylon bows. *Right,* Matisse's "Red Room" of 1908, originally commissioned by a Moscow collector and brought to that city by Matisse himself.

BRUCE DAVIDSON

IN LENINGRAD: THE KIROV BALLET

The adored, superbly trained corps de ballet at the Maryinski Theatre—here in "Swan Lake," danced exactly as it was at the première on this stage in 1895

BRUCE DAVIDSON

"JUBILATI

BY CHRISTINE DE RIVOYRE

When people speak of my childhood it isn't my family, fond as I am of it, that comes to mind. Nor is it my parents' house endowed with an agreeably mad garden, two arbors, and a Chilean pine tree that comes to mind when they refer to home.

I spent nine years of my life more than twenty years ago at the Sacred Heart. From the age of eight to seventeen in France I was primarily a Sacred Heart girl. And so, quite naturally, house is written, for me, with a capital H, fitted if possible into a perfect circle: the House of the Sacred Heart. And when I run after the ghost of a little girl in a navy-blue uniform with white piqué cuffs, collar, and dicky, a little girl neither pretty nor ugly, neither fair nor dark, neither stupid nor clever, I find in her intent, only slightly cross expression, in her folded hands, in her frank and keen eyes a sort of grave and appealing gaiety, something akin to happiness. For a hundred and sixty-four years the Sacred Heart nuns have worked to produce this expression of joyful eagerness in generations of little girls and adolescents.

The order was founded in 1800. It would be natural to imagine, since the nuns are educators, that the founder was a bluestocking, a Teresa of Avila, a Jacqueline Pascal, or, since the founding took place immediately after the French Revolution, a young noblewoman resolved to combat the dangerous philosophies which had turned the world upside down. But she was nothing of the sort. Madeleine-Sophie Barat (this hyphenated first name will never cease to enchant me) was born at Joigny, in Burgundy, to a family of farmers. Her only similarity to Jacqueline Pascal lies in the possession of a considerably older brother, a priest, Father Barat, who crammed Greek, Latin, Spanish, Italian, history, and perhaps even theology into her head. It seems that in the presence of this giant of erudition Madeleine-Sophie never departed from her "charming good humour," and that she submitted with equal grace to the gentle insistence, less of Father Barat than of Father Varin, that she take on the responsibilities of a new teaching Order rather than enter that of the Carmelites to which she modestly aspired.

The history of the chosen few is a condensed one. Madeleine-Sophie was only twenty-one years old when she became Mother Barat and installed her little community of three religious only slightly older than herself in an old thatched cottage at Amiens. She was only twenty-three when Pope Pius VII, on his way to crown Napoleon, stopped to bless the new-born Order. Madeleine-Sophie kept and imposed upon her nuns the dress of her native Burgundy: a pleated white cap, tied under the chin, a short cape, and several layers of heavy black skirts. Add a long black veil that can be pulled down over the face, a silver cross hanging around the neck, and a rosary attached at the side, and you have the most becoming religious habit imaginable. From the front—queens of spades; from the back—great black birds. I can spot a Sacred Heart nun a hundred yards away, and my heart always starts pounding. . . .

By 1818 Reverend Mother Barat was the head of two Houses and two novitiates, one in the Bernardine cloister at Poitiers, the other in the Hotel Biron in Paris. The time had come to think of missions. In February, 1818, aboard a small ship called the "Rebecca," five nuns set out to conquer America. At their head was the fascinatingly impetuous and intrepid Philippine Duchesne, who had continued at the Sacred Heart a vocation which started in the pre-Revolutionary Order of the Visitation.

Oh, the magnificent and terrible journey of Mother Duchesne and her four adventurous companions! In the imaginations of those of us who were told about it at least three times a year it very nearly equalled the voyages of Christopher Columbus and Vasco da Gama rolled into one. We shuddered at the tale of the storms encountered by the ship of Mother Barat's envoys, we pictured the "adverse winds" bellying out their black veils, we dreamed of the pirates, those monsters who dared to stop a ship with nuns aboard, and, above all, we thought of the four religious gathered around the stalwart Philippine as they watched the banks of the Mississippi roll by. Without these brave souls there would not have been the first House in the United States, the one called St. Charles in Missouri; the sumptuous Villa Duchesne, with its towers and bastions in St. Louis; the novitiate of Kenwood in Albany; Lone Mountain University in San Francisco; Eden Hall in Philadelphia, and. . . . In short, there are thirty-five Sacred

ON ”

A MEMOIR OF A SACRED HEART EDUCATION, REMARKABLE FOR “POETRY, SPIRITUALITY, AND FAMILY FEELING”

Heart convents in the United States, five in Canada, and five in Mexico. There are one hundred and ninety-seven of them the world over, with seven thousand religious.

The Society of the Sacred Heart has exported the oval cap of Madeleine-Sophie together with the fire and authority of her daughters to every continent. From Marmoutiers, near Tours, where they took over the ancient Hermitage of Saint Martin, to Tokyo, where they live in the historical palace of Prince Kuni, from Craiglockhart in Scotland to Bloemendaal in Holland to Magdalena in Colombia, the nuns of the Sacred Heart have extended their truly unique system of education. This system has, to my mind, three quite remarkable characteristics: poetry, spirituality, and family feeling.

The framework and the schedule of daily life are filled with poetry. In the first place, no Sacred Heart convent is ever ugly; there is none of the anonymity of a barrack about it. A long time has passed since the thatched cottage in Amiens, where Mother Barat lodged her first “daughters” and pupils. I have been a boarder in two Sacred Heart convents and visited a large number of them in Spain, Belgium, Italy, and America. Everywhere I have found the same visual delights: a spacious, almost luxurious house, long, highly-varnished halls, and well-tended gardens, with flower beds, tall trees, and small oratories. The nuns of the Sacred Heart hold to the principle that ugliness is noxious to the spirit and that a child need not be destructive in order to be happy. The refectories and dormitories are equally well kept. And the study halls, with their long rows of evenly spaced desks—what nostalgic memories they arouse in me! How propitious were their orderliness and silence!

The silence of the Sacred Heart in my day. As time goes by I find that this was its greatest gift to me, the greatest single merit of its educational system. No occasion for keeping quiet is wasted. In my time; twenty years ago, we ate our meals without talking. Just before Christmas we had a “novena dedicated to silence and potatoes,” in which a potato was the reward for every day without a spoken word. We lined up to lay our precious potatoes in a basket at the feet of a statue of Our Lady. And when Christmas came, pounds and pounds of potatoes were the gift of the silent Sacred Heart girls to the local orphanages.

Before Easter, we could pledge ourselves to silence during the forty days of Lent, and the reward was a bus trip to the novitiate of Marmoutiers. Along the paths of a superb garden we crossed groups of white-veiled postulants, and then we picnicked near the grottoes of Saint Martin. With such joys to recompense us we would have been willing to stay silent for another forty days.

This taste for reflection is the source of the spiritual quality of which I have spoken above. The Sacred Heart nuns are for the most part intellectually gifted women who have won diplomas before taking their vows, but the rules of their Order call for at least two hours of meditation every day. This is why their teaching is never narrow and arid, and also why there is such a fertile interchange of thoughts between them and their pupils. From the tenderest age we were taught to discuss and delve into the problems of life as well as those of calculus and geometry. Discipline, which is strict, and the importance given to deportment (that exquisite word so sadly fallen into disuse today) do not rule out trust and intimacy. In the process of moulding character the nuns display a very keen psychology. That is why, when I am up against making a decision, whatever it may be, I run to my old (Continued on page 274)

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Christine de Rivoyre belongs to that group of French women novelists who speak up when men keep quiet, who are equally as brave in the face of truth as in the face of success. A fragile woman, Christine de Rivoyre is of her own time. Her diagnosis is lucid, her style sometimes lacerating. At times she seems like a nervous, laughing Colette. In her newest novel,* The Sultans, *she writes amusing scenes that are really miniscule tragedies, dramatic scenes that take on a sad, tender sweetness, the humour dry as autumn leaves.*

ALAN HOVHANESS

EDGARD VARÈSE



AMERICAN GENII

The six American geniuses here and on the next two pages have nothing in common except that each man is a genie, that each is an influence on our lives, that each can call forth from his inner life a large outer response. These genii, transforming mysteriously, have no touch of hyperbole about them. Always in full view, they are wonder workers.

ALAN HOVHANESS AND EDGARD VARÈSE

These two composers are giants, friends, and admirers of each other's work. The younger man, fifty-three-year-old Hovhaness, born in Somerville, Massachusetts, is gaunt, tall, gentle, aloof, a mystic. His music, he wrote recently, is inspired by the "orchestral sonorities of Tang Dynasty music and by Confucian temple music. I do not like box-shaped buildings, and I like to bend the tones of flutes and trombones." He was led to do this, he added, "after practising ancient instruments in Japan and Korea. I also believe in the raga and tala principles of South India which can bring a new mysterious beauty into the world." The unique spirit of Varèse, who will be seventy-nine years old this month, has been a force among musicians. As a young student in Paris where he was born, Varèse studied mathematics and science, has incorporated the principles he learned then in his advanced antiphonal compositions, some for wind and percussion, alternating with electronic organized sound. A revolutionary in music, one of the great original minds, Varèse has always remained a pioneer. When his "Ionisation," composed thirty-three years ago, was played recently by the American Symphony Orchestra, it sounded fresh and immediate, its shock absorbed. Although his music breaks like upheavals of volcanic mountains, the man is mild, willing, his face powerfully designed as though carved from the roots of an old, strong tree.

ROBERT LOWELL AND EDWARD ALBEE

Robert Lowell has loosely been called "perhaps the greatest poet now writing in English." At forty-seven, with half-a-dozen prizes and awards, with his new book of poetry, *For the Union Dead*, on its way to the best-seller lists, with his first play, *The Old Glory*, produced, Lowell is a tall, handsome, quietly harassed Bostonian with a powerful chin and a look of uncertainty. His poems are, however, sure, personal, often tender, brilliant with figures of speech, incisive, memorable, and specific: "the sailors and their pick-ups under trees with Latin labels," or this elegiac, "You wore bow-ties and dark/ blue coats, and sucked/ wintergreen or cinnamon lifesavers/ to sweeten your breath," or, "You usually won—/ motionless/ as a lizard in the sun." Quite unlike Lowell is Edward Albee, a slight, reticent dramatist with a concealed charge of dynamite in every scene. A poet years ago, this thirty-six-year-old playwright has a fascination with destruction. After early poetry, he worked as a record salesman at Bloomingdale's department store, became a Western Union messenger, and then wrote his succession of plays, *The Zoo Story*, *The Death of Bessie Smith*, *The American Dream*, *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*, *The Ballad of the Sad Café*, and now his newest play, *Tiny Alice*, planned to open at the end of this month. Albee always attacks the nerves and sensibilities of his audiences, his weapons, bitterness, wit, some horror, a smidgen of the gruesome, a one-two blow.

JOSEF ALBERS AND JASPER JOHNS

Although forty-two years separate these two painters, both are world famous. Josef Albers, now a pink and white seventy-six, has been preoccupied for years with colour and perspective, his "optical art" exhibited over the world. To many people his most famous series is his "Homage to the Square," a remarkably beautiful extension of vision, hard-edged, kinetic, and sometimes dizzy. In the forty recent paintings at his New York exhibition, Albers showed only squares, sometimes three, sometimes four squares within one canvas, the colours receding or coming forward, all based on his theories expressed in his extraordinary book, *Interaction of Color*, published a year ago at a price of two hundred dollars. His dedication read: "This is my thanks to my students." Unquestionably one of the greatest teachers, with his influence spread in the Western world and Japan, Albers, now professor emeritus at Yale University, still has his professorial manner, talkative, delightful, witty and serious at the same time. In one of his writings, he wrote: "Thus art is not an object but experience. To be able to perceive it we need to be receptive. Therefore art is there where art seizes us." The art of Albers early seized Jasper Johns, born thirty-four years ago in South Carolina, who owns an Albers painting on glass, broken in eight pieces. Johns, too, has had an influence, is an uneasy father of Pop Art, but not a Pop artist. In his time he has painted beer cans, the objects of daily life, American flags, maps, and, in recent years, numbers, for he is fascinated by their shapes. He blurs and smudges his colours, likes these days variants of greys, of whites. Where Albers has tension, Johns has a controlled air of relaxation; where Albers laughs aloud, Johns smiles with pleasure. He has much to be pleased about. Collectors, museums, galleries all over the world, including Japan, want Johns. In fact, since 1957 he has had ten one-man exhibitions, been importantly shown seventy times with other artists. To explain what he does, he wrote a month ago that it consists of "putting marks and materials and objects on canvas. Letting painting be what it is. Letting it become what it will. Looking and thinking."

AMERICAN GENIUS



ROBERT LOWELL

EDWARD ALBEE

PENN



JOSEF ALBERS

JASPER JOHNS

KAREN RAIKAI



MERCOURI

TOUCHED OFF BY A STAR, BIG NEW SPLASHES OF EXCITEMENT TO WEAR IN THE SUN PLACES—BLACK AND WHITE, SCARLET . . . AND BOLD

Green eyes glinting yellow as a cat's in the sun, marmalade hair soaked to her head, Mercouri the Magnificent basks on the rocks of Cadaquès—a lion-coloured, lion-tempered woman purring zest and vitality and bone-deep enjoyment. In this old, small Spanish fishing village on the Costa Brava, which is the scene of her latest movie, *Les Pianos Mécaniques*, Mercouri is the new great love—all warmth, friendliness; eager to be charmed ("Cadaquès is like Greece" she said. "The same masculinity of land, the same straight lines and strength. I am starting to fall in love with it."). Here, on its slatey, red-blue beach, Melina Mercouri wears two of the first fine looks to blaze out in 1965 sunlight.

The over-the-hip sweater, buttoned down the back, opposite page: a straight white length of cabled cashmere covering everything but gleaming brown legs. Melina Mercouri adored it—"so soft and warm." By Braemar, about $95. At Peck & Peck; Neiman-Marcus.

Stark, staccato, black and white—the geometric bathing suit, above: a lithe cling of jersey, tart and clean as salt against bronzed skin. By Rose Marie Reid, $20. At Altman's; Woodward & Lothrop.

IN THE SUN

BIG SPLASHES:
THE
GEO

PENN

METRICS

Giant circled dots, left—the geometric idea in black, brown, and white for a completely unfettering maillot. High-necked, edged in black—it's all gentle ease and stretch everywhere, sensational with tanned, glistening skin. Suit, by Brigance for Sinclair. Of Du Pont nylon (Stretch Fabrics). $27. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's; Halle Bros.; Neiman-Marcus.

Bold black circles linking circles, right, looming big and brash on an easy stretch of white, its neck drawn straight beneath narrow black straps. As fresh as a change of scene and wonderfully sleek. By Brigance for Sinclair. Of Du Pont nylon (Stretch Fabrics). $27. Lord & Taylor; Joseph Horne; Jordan Marsh, Miami; I. Magnin.

PENN

BIG SPLASHES:

STROKES OF BARE

Like billowy handfuls of foam, left, a frothy white bikini that's bright as sun-bleached coral against a strong, slender golden body. By Cole of California. Of acetate and Dacron (Blumenthal fabric). $20. Saks Fifth Avenue; Rich's; Halle Bros.; Sakowitz. Quick strokes of black velvet, right, for a bikini with an underwired bandeau, legs cut high and tied on the hip—and with all the flattery that black velvet brings to tanned skin. By Cole of California. Of rayon and silk (Crompton fabric). $24. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Rich's; Neiman-Marcus; Frederick & Nelson.

NESS

BIG SPLASHES:

SCARLET

Long river of scarlet jersey, left, poured on a sun-gilded body like bright sunset on water—a marvellous un-cover-up that bares one shoulder, has a big diamond-shaped cut-out at the waist, is slashed high on the leg. Cover-up by Sportwhirl, of textured Du Pont acetate (Alamac fabric). About $50. At Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman; Wanamaker's, Phila.; I. Magnin.

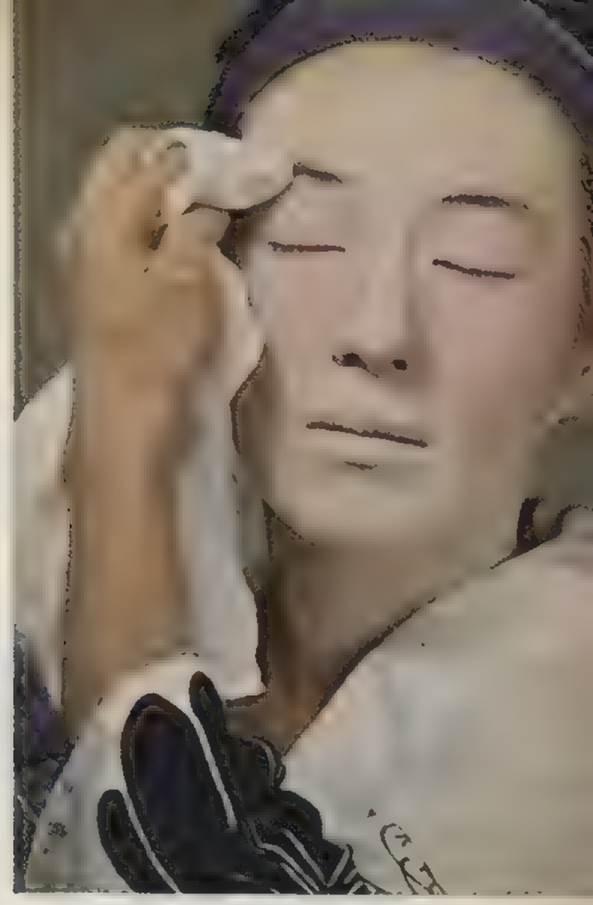
Bright scarlet leotard, this page, long-sleeved, stretched-out and so light it's almost like covering up with nothing at all. At the neck: a drawstring above a sliver of bared skin. Cover-up by Harbor Road. Of stretch nylon. About $35. At Lord & Taylor; Neiman-Marcus; and I. Magnin.

PENN





First, a base of camellia oil (left), then a half-masque of pink; Tokyo geishas brush white over pink; Kyoto geishas start with white, add pink later. Like enamel, the masque hardens—a swift hand (above) means everything.



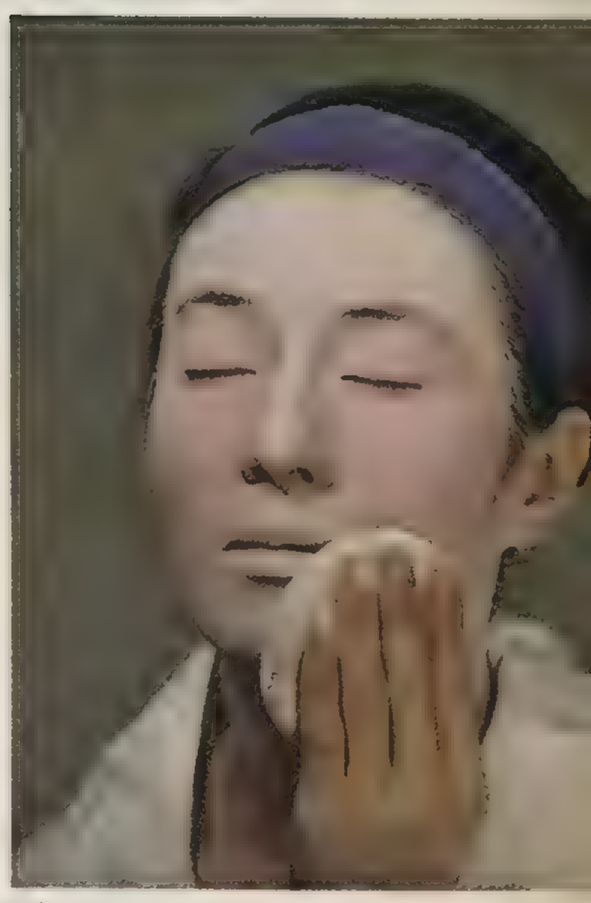
Eyebrows and lashes cleansed of paint with a damp towel.

THE SECRET OF THE PORCELAIN VEIL: A JAPANESE GEISHA'S MAKE-UP

No figure of the demimonde is as strange and special as the geisha —the small mysterious elegances, the stylized gestures and curious gliding walk, the grave intense display of polite accomplishments, seem designed by an ancient and elaborate plan to find supreme pleasure in artifice. The porcelain veil of geisha make-up is a masque contrived to screen out reality; the traditional wig, immense, weighty, and complicated—often concealing hair glossy and black by nature. Layer on layer of magnificent silk kimonos—perhaps thinnest, palest pink next to the skin, then red, then a flowered pattern of yellow and red; pale plum and black; then plum brocade fastened with a lime-green obi and a streak of scarlet cord. Though she is skilled in calligraphy, flower arrangement, and koto music, the geisha's greatest art is conversation that pleases men; the subjects are theirs—politics, business, even medicine and gardening—and the pattern a prescribed, rather twelve-tone duet. Gingko, the Tokyo geisha who posed for these pictures—the first of their kind—is a famed and enchanting conversationalist, and looks, as a proper Japanese gentleman would say at once, like the idealized women in the brilliant prints of Utamaro—the kind of woman who might receive a single petal of a mountain rose wrapped in a letter saying only, "He who does not speak his love." She would know that the rest of the verse reads, "Yet feels its waters seething underneath/Loves more than he who prates his every thought."



With a fresh flat brush, everything is blended to look like cloisonné.



A quantity of powder, white as rice, whiffed on with a cotton puff.

Another brush for rouge around the eyes, and for china-doll cheeks.



Sketched with a black pencil: the illusion of romantic sideburns.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY PENN



Eyebrows are painted red, then black—a trace of red must show.



Intense vermilion—for a tiny, unemotional mouth.

Rimming the eye: a line of red almost obscured by a second line of black. For added precision, a small old-fashioned hand mirror.

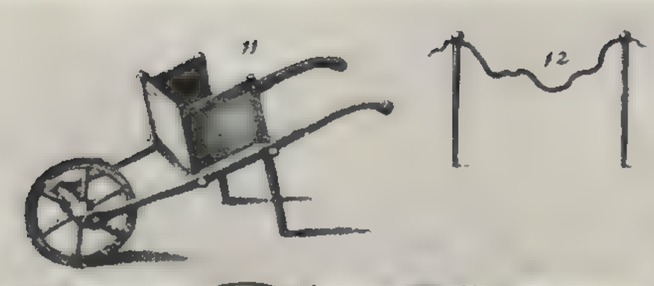


More of the white masque is brushed over the throat, bosom, and—most important—the nape of the neck, which the Japanese find especially beautiful.

Finally, an elaborate wig — ink-black, lacquered, jewelled.







TOBACCO FLOWER, LEFT, AND ROSES, RIGHT, FROM "HORTUS FLORIDUS" BY CRISPIN DE PASSE. 1614. COLLECTION OF LADY NORA BARLOW.



SECRET

BY NAN FAIRBROTHER

What is a garden? Flowers, of course. And grass. And trees.

Yet, the country is not a garden. It may well be more beautiful (in England it mostly is), but that is a different matter: it is not a garden. A garden is planted, is deliberate. We may, as Henry James says of something else, "imitate by art the unpremeditated," but still we only imitate, the premeditation is fundamental.

So what is a garden?

"A garden is a country place in verse." So said a seventeenth-century philosopher. It is the countryside heightened to poetry by deliberate art. And certainly it is a formula which describes the great gardens of the world, the superb formal ode of Versailles, the sweeping romance of the landscape parks, even the tight-enclosed, worked-over lyrics of Tudor gardens. But what sort of verse are our much-loved half-acres of flowers? Fine gardens have mostly been flowerless, and by such lofty poetical standards ours are depressingly like the rhyming jingles on birthday cards. We had better forget about writing verse.

"A garden is a work of Art using the materials of Nature." (It is the eighteenth century this time.)

But that gets us no further on. We might as well join in the game of making definitions ourselves. "A Poem is a work of Art using the materials of Prose." It looks more authentic with capital Ps, is just as true as the others, and no more irrelevant. For we are not poets, not work-of-art-makers. We are simply gardeners growing the flowers we fancy, and happily oblivious of the strict rules of Art.

So what are *our* gardens for *us?* What, for exact instance, makes the difference between a garden and a public park?

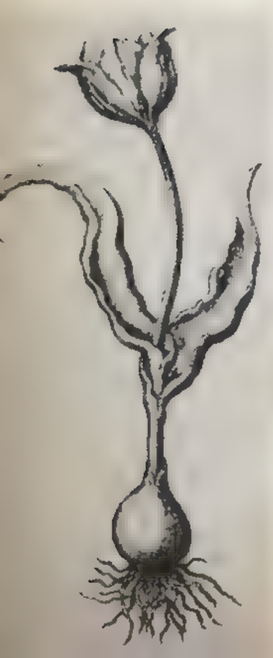
The first fundamental, alas, is quite simply anti-social. A garden is *ours,* is *private:* is our personal patch of the earth's green surface where the rest of the world only comes by our invitation. So a garden is essentially selfish, and if beauty lies in the eye of the beholder, then our seeing is even more partial when the beholder is also the possessor. "A poor thing, but mine own"—it is mere hypocritical modesty. About our own the truth is different—"A fine thing, since mine own." For truth is as we feel it, not public abstract but private reality.

A gardener is a person who looks after a garden. Not who designs or creates it necessarily, but who runs it, as a housewife runs a house she does not build. And gardeners are seldom concerned with plants as the raw material of art, but with plants for their own green sakes, and the best-loved gardens are a combination of three different things—of nursery, menagerie, and housepany.

The growing of plants is so very much like bringing up children that all true gardeners might be considered as *parents manqués.* Or perhaps not *manqués* so much as developed: diverted from one kind of bringing-up to another. A garden is a nursery—the old writers are quite clear about it. "The Sun is the Principle and therefore call'd the Father, and the Earth the Mother, while the Rain and Air are necessary Co-efficients in the surprising Work." To tender-hearted gardeners a stock of plants in rows for sale is as distressing as children lined up in an orphanage. They are so uncherished, so homeless, so regimented. It is the gardener's happy task to nurse up his plants "In their whole Age from their Childhood." But especially when they are small and nesh, they need our nursing, and "the Husbandman doth order his young trees with more tenderness and gentleness than such as are strong and well-growne, because such (while they are small and tender) are in more danger of breaking and bruising and other hurts than they are afterwards."

And as small children need protection from over-violent companions, so young plants need protection from violent weeds. "But in weeding the Gardener must diligently take heede that he do not too boysterously loose the earth, nor handle much the plants in plucking away the weedes, but the same purge so tenderlie, that the rootes of the young plants be not loosed and feebled in the soft earth."

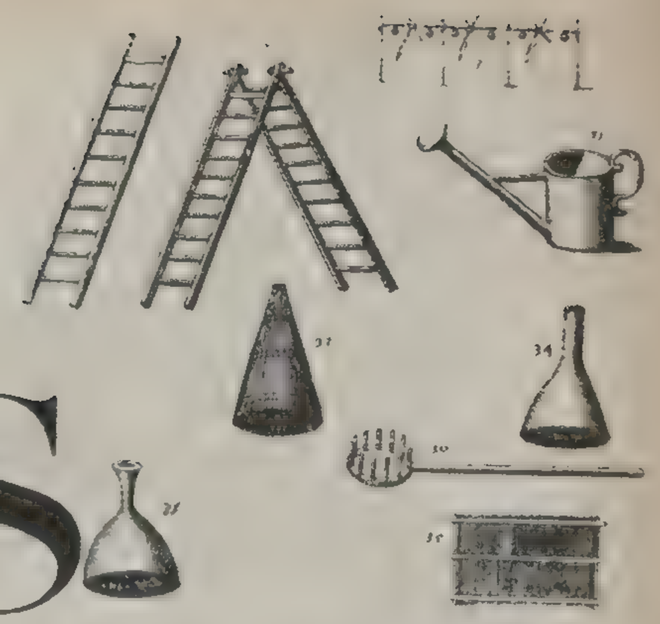
Watering, like weeding, is a delicate attention; no sluicing with hose-pipes, but a "gently sprinckling foorth of the water as by a brest or nourishing pappe, which shall greatly prosper







NASTURTIUMS FROM "PARADISUS TERRESTRIS" BY JOHN PARKINSON, 1629.



GARDENS

BETWEEN A WOMAN AND HER GARDEN LURK ELEMENTS OF THE MOTHER, THE HOSTESS, THE LION-TAMER— AND OF THE LOVER WHO RECOGNIZES (AS WITH ANY LOVE) "A FINE THING, SINCE MINE OWN."



the tender plants coming up, where they otherwise, by the hastie drowning with water, are much annoyed, and put in hazard of perishing."

Like children, plants have their prejudices about food. Azaleas will not stomach lime, nor lilies wet clay, and although some relish rich feeding, others have delicate digestions and only thrive on a spare and gravelly diet. Nor is food all. We must equally humour their varying personalities. And above all else we must love them, for the Master's Affection means more to a plant, so the old books assure us, than any soil or situation. "It is impossible for any man to have Plants to prosper unless he love them" (his affection spells Plant with a capital letter though not man), and fruit trees especially seem to need human company. "Pear-trees are entirely domestic: they must not be set away from the house, but planted in near-lying court-yards. They only thrive if they see their Master often, and they greatly delight in his nearness."

Perhaps that was what an old farmer friend meant when he told me once that the best manure is the master's footprint. At the time I supposed nothing so kindly, but only that when the cat's away the mice will play (the mice being idle farm hands, gossiping behind the cow shed).

As for the infirmities and sicknesses of the whole family of vegetables, as John Evelyn called them, it is the gardener's duty to watch over his helpless patients. "You must visit them very often and look after them from Time to Time . . . that in Case any of them should be hurt or sick you may endeavour to help them."

Such a life of nannying and nursery-maiding and baby-sitting—small wonder that by the end of summer, gardeners in confidential moments confess they are thankful for winter ahead, when the garden can be forgotten. They confess it in private with an odd air of gleeful shame, for this in the garden is heresy, like admitting that the best of a family day is when the children are put to bed. Which is also true, as most heresies are.

And if gardens were no more than nurseries for mothering flowers, there would certainly be far fewer gardeners. But a garden is also a form of vegetable zoo, where we gather plants from all over the world and keep them like exotic animals for our pleasure. We collect them from curiosity, I suppose, from a taste for the new and strange and various, so that, in the same small patch of ground, we grow flowers from mountains and forests, from deserts and jungles. Some pine in exile and die of homesickness, or succumb to less romantic ills, like frost or drought. But a surprising number settle down in the garden's protection to flourish in captivity. And in their new domesticated state they still keep their inborn wild ways (why else, indeed, would we bother with the animals in zoos?). Our dogs have been tame from the Stone Age, but they still wind in narrowing circles before they lie down on the hearth-rug, still moved by the ancient instinct to flatten the grass of their long-ago prairie home. (Though is that really true? or did some ingenious adult only invent an answer to some childish Why?)

Certainly the plants in our gardens still remember their native climates after centuries of exile, and "at the time of their natural Spring are ever disposed to blossom, notwithstanding the Opposition of our Season." Flowers from the mild Mediterranean winter bloom in our darkest days—Christmas roses and cyclamens, iris stylosa and winter aconites, and scillas and crocus. And, from California, the silk-tassel bush still chooses winter cold rather than summer heat. The flowers, too, of safer summers—nasturtiums from Chile, dahlias and zinnias from Mexico, geraniums and petunias and marigolds from Africa—these flower on lavishly unconcerned into the murderous frosts of autumn. It is why they make up the gaps in our own flowers, our cautious natives who finish their blossoming providently early to set their seed before winter, and who have learned from frost-bitten experience not to rush into hopeful bloom when the sun shines warm for a midwinter week. It is wisdom which camellias and early magnolias will never arrive at, (Continued on page 288)

GARDENING TOOLS, TULIP, DOGTOOTH VIOLET, AND FRITILLARY, ALL FROM "HORTICULTURA" BY PETER LAUREMBER, 1631. COURTESY OF THE LONDON LIBRARY.





Mrs. William S. Paley's secret, sunken garden—all but invisible from the outside world—has the unreality and enchantment of a clearing hung around with an arras of evergreens. When Mrs. Paley planned her garden, in which she was photographed here, she turned her back on an unrivalled view of Long Island Sound, chose an unpromising site in the woods, had it shaped into a wide dell, designed an oval pond in a lawn for the centre of it, and set about covering its slopes with flowering trees and shrubs. The green luxury ranges from semi-precious wedges of yew to priceless drifts of rhododendrons. She used her favourite tree, the Long Islander's faithful dogwood, with expert effectiveness to smooth the transition from dwarf junipers at her lawn's edge to forest oaks along her punchbowl's towering rim.

Hers is a garden for all seasons—even to the unusual extent of being intentionally devoid of plants that flower in July and August. May and June are its apogee: a heyday of azaleas in every gradation of yellow from orange to buff. For Mrs. Paley, autumn flames at its Eastern American best. In winter, her evergreen patterns, set deep in pine needles and peat moss, are veined with snow, interspersed with aconites, jewelled with the scarlet of an occasional cardinal's wing. On a summer evening, her looking-glass pond, lawn sprinklers, banks in shadow, and treetops in sun might suggest, to one at work among the flowers and bushes, that some *Fête* recorded long since by Fragonard is about to be re-enacted here, for her alone.

THE SORCERY OF GREEN:
MRS. WILLIAM S. PALEY AND HER AMERICAN GARDEN

HORST





From cockcrow to twilight the Baronne Geoffroy de Waldner works in her garden at La Grange Mortefontaine near Paris (where she was photographed, *above*), yet contrives each day to fill her house, unforgettably, with flowers. She is a woman with a slow voice and a deliciously agile mind; a casual manner but a heart easily touched. Flowers are doubly her passion. Spiritually they are her intimates; and, quite factually, she is a superb horticulturist. Her checkerboard garden, *right*, grows roses, strawberries, lavender, lettuce, pansies, and sweet Williams. At every party she gives, she surprises and delights her guests by using her house and garden as frames for extraordinary animals, life-size, and made of flowers. None of this passion, however, prevents her from leading a full life as the wife of an outstanding racehorse owner and breeder, the affectionately competent mother of four children, an indefatigable traveller, and the mistress of—as well as her country house—a notably lovely house in Paris. La Grange once belonged to Napoleon's favourite sister, Pauline Borghese, who liked to receive her admirers while lying in her marble bath, which was filled not with water but with milk. Now Pauline Borghese's bath is, naturally, flower-filled when Baronne de Waldner entertains. Witty and wise, when asked about herself, she merely quotes Gide's dictum: "To be happy, I need the happiness of others." She is, obviously, a happy woman. (More about her life, her garden, page 275.)

THE PASSION FOR FLOWERS: BARONNE GEOFFROY DE WALDNER AND HER FRENCH GARDEN

HORST



AN EXTRAORDINARY OWL OF RUFFED ARTICHOKE LEAVES, WITH CARNATION EYES

Flower menagerie of the Baronne de Waldner

A TIGER BURNING BRIGHT—YELLOW EREMURUS, DARK CORNFLOWERS, WHITE CARNATIONS

The constancy of Flowers and ladybugs
in Baronne de Waldner's designs

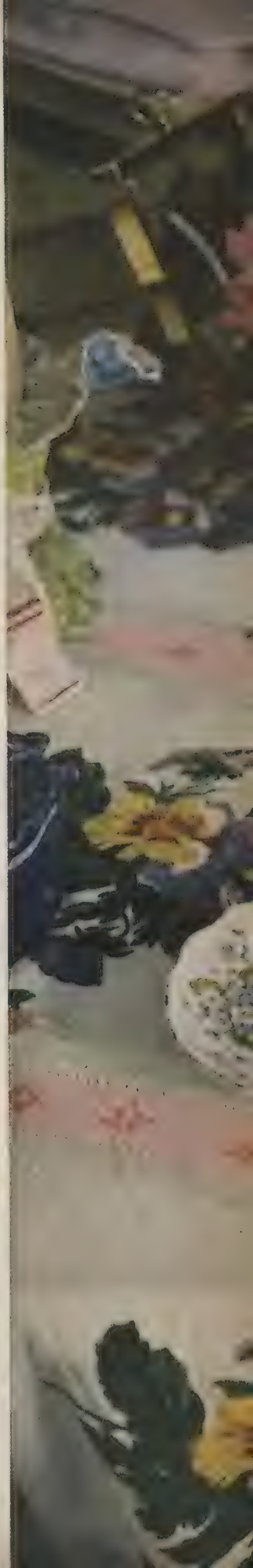


FLOWERS MASSED LIKE MARBLE EGGS, SQUANDERED IN MUGS AND JUGS, OR SUNK INTO A BEDSIDE TABLE LEVEL WITH THE SLEEPER (RIGHT) ARE RIVALLED BY IMAGES OF FLOWERS AND LADYBUGS.



Left: Ladybugs on paper clips, on writing paper, and in needlepoint on a flowered footstool cover worked by Baronne de Waldner. She made the rug, echoing the ladybug, *right.* Two ladybugs are visible, *opposite.* More of them—on towels, tablecloths, jewels, candles, wallpaper, and chocolates—abound.







The Flower splurge of Baronne de Waldner



ROSES IN SILVER SWANS, ORCHIDS IN A ROCKINGHAM SHEEP, SWEET PEAS AND ALLIUM IN A WOODEN TUB, OR ONE ROSE ON A MOSS HAT SET ON A GLAZED HORSE'S HEAD— EVEN FLOWERS IN THE CUTTING BASKET OR STILL IN THE GARDEN — ALL TRANSMIT THE ART AND WIT OF BARONNE DE WALDNER AT HER SWEET WILL.



CREATURES OF FLOWERS—ESPECIALLY LADYBUGS—APPEAR AT PARTIES. FRUIT, LIKE A CHARDIN STILL LIFE, AN ORCHID-STABBED PINEAPPLE, GLOW NEAR PAULINE BORGHESE'S BATH.

Her care for flowers—
and for her friends—
lifts Baronne de Waldner's parties
to some rare stratum at which
the most exacting pains are
taken for a few hours' pleasure.
Above, ladybugs made of carnations
and almost-black cornflowers.
Below, frames for topiary designs,
festooned with flowers; and, *centre,*
tropical plants rising like sculptures from
Pauline Borghese's tub.

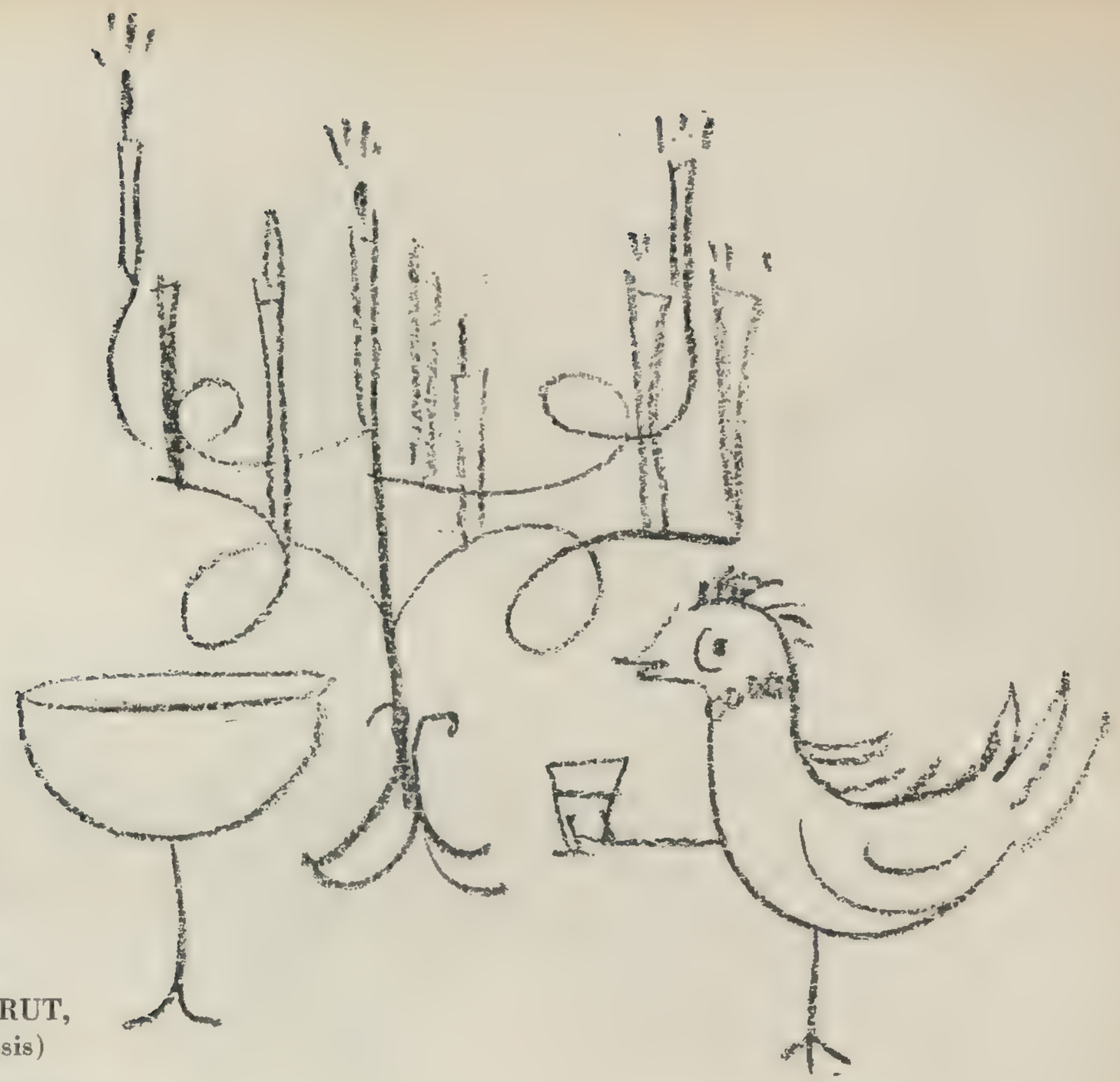
HORST







VOGUE'S OWN MENU



HOLIDAY DINNER FOR SIX

APÉRITIFS: CHAMPAGNE BRUT,
KIR (white Burgundy with Cassis)

ARTICHOKE BOTTOMS GRATINÉS*

CHICKEN WITH WHISKY*
Potatoes Noisettes

ENDIVE AND WATERCRESS SALAD

REBLOCHON CHEESE
French bread, warmed

APPLE SAVARIN
(Savarin ring with apple-pie filling, laced with rum, topped with whipped cream.)

CAFFÈ ESPRESSO

WINE: POMEROL—
CHÂTEAU L'ÉVANGILE 1959

This is the evening—all there is of it—the very small gala which might begin at eight-thirty and blaze on and on and on. The clues to this dinner are the whiskied birds plus the cheese course. Cheese to the French, like golf to the Americans, is a relaxed, prolonged excursion into talk, opinion, delight—an exercise to stretch, if not the muscles, the mind. The moments are those of friendship when, whatever may be said, no one is ever misunderstood.

VOGUE'S OWN RECIPE

ARTICHOKE BOTTOMS GRATINÉS

FOR SIX PEOPLE

12 artichoke bottoms, cooked or tinned
12 mushrooms, finely chopped
¼ pound smoked tongue, chopped
¼ pound butter
1 tablespoon parsley, minced
1 tablespoon flour
¾ cup dry white wine
2 tablespoons heavy cream
1 cup Mornay sauce
Salt and pepper
Grated Parmesan cheese

Sauté mushrooms in butter, adding tongue. Sprinkle with parsley, dust with flour. Slowly pour in the wine, mixing constantly. After allowing to cook a few minutes, add 4 tablespoons grated cheese, and, when melted, the cream. Season, and stuff mixture into artichoke hollows. Place in baking dish. Pour Mornay sauce around and between artichokes and sprinkle everything liberally with more grated cheese. Bake 20 minutes in pre-heated 400° oven.

THE SNAPPER: The smoked tongue.

VOGUE'S OWN RECIPE

CHICKEN WITH WHISKY

FOR SIX PEOPLE

2 medium-sized chickens
¼ pound butter
¾ cup Scotch whisky
¾ cup heavy cream
4 tablespoons Dijon mustard
1 teaspoon meat extract
2 teaspoons cornstarch
¼ cup cold water
½ lemon
Worcestershire sauce

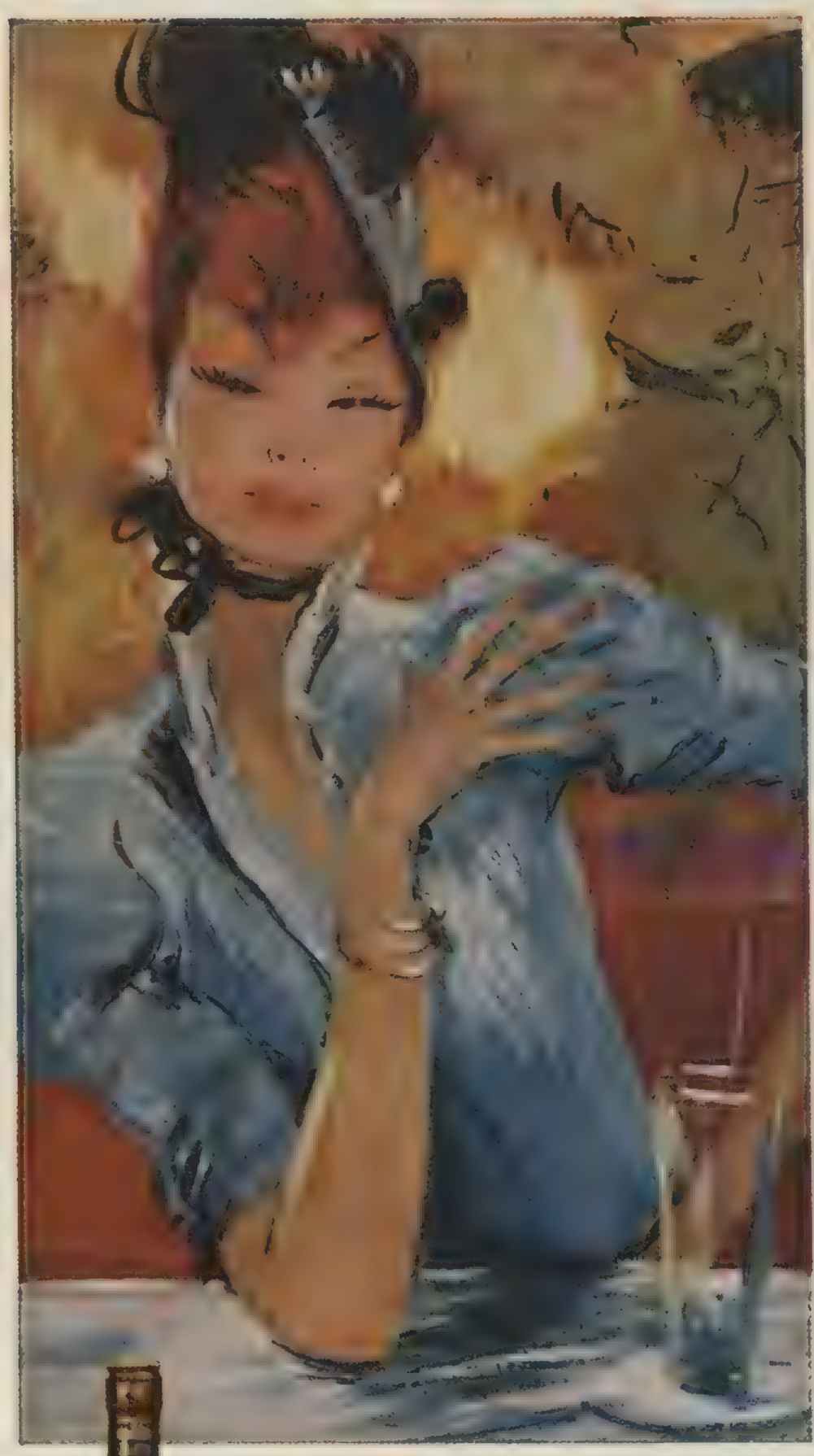
Rub chickens inside with salt, pepper, and 1 tablespoon mustard. Fill each one with 2 tablespoons butter and ¼ lemon. After coating birds with remaining butter and mustard, bake in 375° oven for 1 hour, basting occasionally. Transfer to low-heat burner and flame with ½ cup whisky. Quarter birds; keep warm on serving dish.

Over a low flame, add rest of whisky, scrape baking dish, then add meat extract, dashes of Worcestershire sauce and blend in cornstarch dissolved in water, stirring constantly. Simmer a few minutes before pouring in cream. Season with salt, pepper, and another dash of Worcestershire. If the sauce lacks sharpness, add more meat extract and mustard. Bring almost to a boil. Cover birds with sauce. Serve very hot.

THE SNAPPER: The Scotch.

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Dubonnet Red — a touch of Paris in every drop! So smart to serve so many ways . . .

COCKTAIL — ½ Dubonnet, ½ gin, stir with ice, add lemon twist.



ON-THE-ROCKS — Pour Dubonnet over ice and add twist of lemon peel.



PARTY PUNCH — 1 bottle Dubonnet mixed with 1 pt. gin, 6 limes and 1 qt. soda. Serve with ice.





Dubonnet Blonde — so smooth . . . so light and extra dry, it makes any drink a new adventure. Try these . . .

BLONDE MARTINI — 4 parts gin with 1 part Dubonnet. Stir with ice.



TALL BLONDE — To ⅔ glass of Dubonnet Blonde, add cracked ice, dash of bitters. Fill with soda.



HALF AND HALF — ½ Dubonnet Red, ½ Blonde on the rocks. Add a twist of lemon peel.



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An advertisement
in the public
interest
from
Hattie Carnegie.

Wonders of Leningrad

(Continued from page 232)

assassination.

Wherever one goes in Leningrad, one is always thinking: "This was the place!" Yes, this was the place, in Senate Square, where the Decembrists, liberal princes, prophetic intellectuals, the Troubetzkoys, the Obolenskys, the Pestels, and with them a whole band of generous young men, who were in advance both of the people and their time, were swept away, they and their dreams, by the guns of Nicholas I in 1825.

And it was to a romantic house on a quiet quai that Pushkin was brought home after being fatally shot in a duel. It was in front of this door that he was taken from the carriage, up these stairs that he was carried, and on this sofa in the library that he was laid. Here nothing has changed in one hundred and twenty-seven years; every book is in its place on the fine, angled, mahogany shelves in the library; the leather chairs seem to preserve the intimate shapes of bodies; and the pen on the desk seems still to be waiting the poet's hand. The visitor instinctively lowers his voice as if this death, this crime, this mourning were of yesterday. Russia remains unconsoled after one hundred and twenty-seven years.

And now the novel comes to mingle with history, the fiction that endures when reality has vanished. Dostoevsky passes us, Tolstoy accompanies us as we walk up the Nevsky Prospect towards the Admiralty with its golden spire. We have been here so often in the Russian novel that it seems to be part of our adolescent memories. Prince Andrey, gloved, Anna Karenina, muffled in furs, and Raskolnikov, shivering, still people this avenue.

And then, at the far end, history takes over again. The ice of a canal off the Neva closes over Rasputin's corpse. From the farther side of the river, the battleship "Aurora" fired the first salvo of the Revolution at the Winter Palace. The Council of the Insurrection occupied the Smolny Institute, yellow and classical, next door to the convent, blue and baroque.

And it was here, on these steps, that Lenin appeared, another man in the grip of an Idea. He, too, was a "reformer," and was to hurl Russia into a new age of the world, and leave his name to the city of today.

City of thought and sacrifice, nearly forty thousand men died to build her; and more than eight hundred thousand were to die to defend her, die under bombardment, of cold or famine, during the fifteen months of Hitler's siege from August, 1941 to January of 1943. You may search in vain for the traces of this disaster. A proud Queen, Leningrad has effaced her scars, and recovered her luminous colouring.

* * *

The nights of Leningrad are as beautiful as her days. Her waters are silver, as is her sky; the whole city is bathed in silver shadow. The Baltic air caresses, like the touch of a cool hand, pediments of palaces and sleeping gardens.

Amid a geometrical pattern of flowers, their colours changed by the bright moonlight, the Bronze Horseman, the monumental statue of Peter the Great, reins in his eternally rearing horse on the summit of a granite rock against a background of clouds.

There together are the Winter Palace and the Hermitage, one huge casket in which Leningrad preserves her treasury of masterpieces. Opposite, across the wide river, are the veiled outlines of the Fortress of Peter and Paul, its cathedral and its bastions, in which Leningrad preserves, with a double pride, the tombs of her czars and the dungeons of her revolutionaries.

Enchantment must have movement to attain perfection. When men are asleep, the buildings suddenly begin to move. At precisely two o'clock in the morning, the bridges over the Neva slowly rise; their heavy metalled aprons, lined with the pale pearls of their lighted lamp-standards, divide and separate, are raised like arms to open to ships the route to the West. One behind the other, the ships glide through the grey night, their stems cleaving the water with a noise of silk. Peter the Great's Idea is passing by.

You can love a city as you love a woman; I have loved Leningrad.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Maurice Druon, whose presence is as commanding as his prose, is one of France's most readable historical novelists. For *Les Grandes Familles*, the first volume of the trilogy *The Curtain Falls* (published in English as a single volume), he won, in 1948, the *Prix Goncourt*. Since then, his sequence of six novels, *The Accursed Kings*, followed by *Alexander The God, The Glass Coffin and Other Stories*, and, most recently, *The Memoirs of Zeus*, have appeared like spaced cannon shots, reaffirming, with each blast, his literary skill.

In Vogue January 1 . . .
predictions for 1965:
Inside tips on the fashion and beauty ideas that will touch off next year's great looks

"A sense of wonder"

(Continued from page 217)

Only a few great names, very few if I remember rightly, fail to fit into his scheme. And, even though one may find the connection arbitrary, one thing is certain—men have been at war with one another almost incessantly throughout the course of history.

I am writing this preface without consulting a line of Faure's monumental output. It is not only that I am far from home, and without access to his writings, but that to sit down and read him again would undoubtedly prevent me from writing a line. I would be overwhelmed, as I was some thirty years ago, by the torrential outpouring of his unique spirit. What I write, therefore, is but the glow cast by the undying embers which I carry about within me. What remains of this extraordinary experience, this encounter with the mind of a phenomenal European—for he has never been just a French writer to me—what remains, I say, and remains because it is part and parcel of life itself, is his enthusiasm. I should rather call it love, but the word love, at once too big and too vague, lacks for me the fiery quality which stamps his thought.

His enthusiasm, a very special kind, carried him at times over barren, desolate stretches wherein others less exalted would have succumbed. Occasionally, it seems to me, it enabled him to discover virtues and values where none existed. But this perhaps is only a way of saying that his mind and eye, above all his heart, were developed to a degree unknown to less sensitive souls, unknown certainly to quibblers and cavillers. If one knew nothing of his life, nothing of the demands made upon him by his profession, one might imagine him to have been a man of immense leisure, a man who had nothing more to do in life than pursue with single mind the chimera which obsessed him. The truth, of course, is quite the contrary. It forces me, the knowledge of this truth, to observe as I have again and again that behind all creation, whether human or divine, lies an impenetrable mystery. All those epoch-making names which he reels off in his works, devastating forces when one thinks on it, because forces for good and evil simultaneously, all bear witness to the inexhaustible energy which invests even the tiniest particle of matter and demonstrate in miraculous everyday fashion that what is called matter or substance is but the adumbration of a luminous reality too powerful for our feeble senses to apprehend.

And so, even though tomorrow we proceed to destroy every vestige of human activity, ourselves as well, we shall go about it in a creative way. We shall go about it, not like the Vishnus of old, perhaps, but with that ambivalent energy which stems from the very nature of the cosmos. All these frightening weapons of destruction with which we are now experimenting, and which we pretend may eventually be converted to nobler purposes, are sheer marvels of invention and reflect in a shuddering way the life-and-death spirit which animates the universe.

It is only embryonic man, to be sure, who is staging this drama of annihilation. The true self is indestructible. And the rôle of art, when regarded in its true light—the way of initiation—has as its object the inculcation of this truth. The temple has existed from eternity, but man has never inhabited it. He has ever lived elsewhere divided between fear and worship. Art more than religion offers us the clue to life, but only to those who practise it, those who dedicate themselves, and who come ultimately to realize that they are but the humble instruments whose privilege it is to unveil the glory and the spendour of life. In investing himself with the powers of a god man has divorced himself from God—and from the universe as well. That which was his inheritance, his gift and salvation, he has vitiated through pride and arrogance of intellect. He has not only turned his back on the source, he is no longer aware indeed that there is a source, the source from which, as the Good Book says, all blessings flow. He stands helpless now before his

(Continued on page 274)



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"*Jubilation*"

(Continued from page 239)

school to consult my truly extraordinary philosophy professor. Very seldom do I pursue any drastic course of action without seeking her advice.

Which brings me to the third treasure of the Sacred Heart, family feeling, which certain uninformed persons dismiss as clannishness or snobbery. Because princesses of Italy, Spain and Belgium have chosen for generations to be educated at a Sacred Heart Convent, because the nuns have a holy horror of vulgarity and its insidiously disguised corollary, familiarity, because in my time we addressed the nuns in formal terms and with a curtsey, I have often heard this accusation brought against them. But it is absolutely unfounded. The religious, whatever may be their background—and in France it is often an aristocratic one—never forget that they are disciples of Madeleine-Sophie Barat, a daughter of peasants and of the French Revolution. There is more democracy and simplicity within the walls of the Sacred Heart than within those of many a progressive school. For instance, there is never a word about money.

How are we to interpret "family," that magic word which each of us shapes according to his own desires? Nowadays there is much talk of the "team," a term which I find flat and dull. I honestly prefer to think of this as an immense family of women, with its hundred and ninety-seven houses, its seven thousand religious, the eighty thousand children they have educated, and the "old girls" who have never forgotten. At the Sacred Heart the reward for good conduct is a pink ribbon for the littlest girls, a green ribbon for the middlers, and a blue one for the elders. There is special devotion to the figure of the *Mater Admirabilis,* and the protection of one Saint—Madeleine-Sophie—and a Blessed—Philippine Duchesne—within the Order. In any land across the seas a former Sacred Heart pupil finds herself at home. The chapels are alike, the welcome of the nuns "at the gate" is the same, and although sports may vary from country to country, festive days are celebrated in an identical manner. There is a kind of effervescence and jubilation which has no parallel elsewhere. Hence, in many hearts—mine among them—there persists a certain nostalgia which takes the form of loyalty. Rarely does an old Sacred Heart girl go to a foreign city without searching the map for the place where the heirs of Mother Barat have installed their queenly abode. She knows that she will be received with open arms and in case of need find succour, that she will breathe an air not so much of her native country as of "home." And in this age of solitude and indifference what could be more comforting?

—TRANSLATED BY FRANCES FRENAYE



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"*A sense of wonder*"

(Continued from page 273)

creation—this empty world of things—and he is undone. Time has come to a standstill. Life itself has become paralyzed.

What matter, in the ultimate, if for a few aeons of time this creature called man remains in abeyance, absent from the scene? This is an end, one of many—not *the* end. What man is in essence can never be destroyed. The spirit which first breathed upon the waters will create anew. Man, this embryonic form of a being which has neither beginning nor end, will give way to man again. Present day man, the man of history, need not and will not be the last word. There is no last word, unless it be the Word itself. "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God."

Let us therefore, in reviewing this vast panorama of human achievement, think less of what was accomplished by the giants who parade throughout these volumes and more of that imperishable energy of which they were the fiery sparks. All may be lost, all forgotten, if only we remember that nothing is lost, nothing ever forgotten.

"As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be: world without end."

The gardener in her garden—

The Baronne Geoffroy de Waldner: "Boredom is inconceivable"

By Valentine Lawford

The Waldner manor house of La Grange Mortefontaine (photographed on pages 260-269) lies hidden by hills and forest scarcely an hour's drive northeast from Paris. A little river winds beside it, widening into a lake, tree-fringed and island-studded. In early summer, the neighbouring woods are carpeted with lilies-of-the-valley. Occasionally a fish in the lake leaps lazily at a fly. Cuckoos call, and call again. A private peace reigns, as in some Impressionist landscape, or in one's dreams of France.

There, Baronne Geoffroy de Waldner's love of gardening is not a form of escapism, since she is unaware of the need to escape. In a sense, it is merely a variation on, or continuation of, her other interests—a love of exercise and open air, a delight in watching growth, whether of children or horses or plants. Certainly, to judge from her own characteristically self-deprecating comments, it would seem as though gardening came to her as naturally as raising a family and running a house.

For many years now, her garden has been an intrinsic part of her being—and not merely in the summer months. When she is living in Paris, she goes out to work in it every weekend. She is always there for Easter and in the Christmas holidays. Like many gardeners, she is a great reader of gardening books; but, like the best gardeners, she learns most of all from incessant, first-hand experience.

Wherever she travels, her gardener's eye is focused, acutely and acquisitively, on other people's flowers, whether in the parterres of great houses or in cottage gardens or in the pages of foreign seedsmen's catalogues. On returning to France from abroad, her first stop is invariably at La Grange, to see for herself how her plants have fared in her absence and to get down to work again.

She loves to plan new borders for herself, and is always ready to design new gardens—with explanatory watercolour illustrations—for her friends. For presents, she often gives her own arrangements of flowers, as like as not combined with vegetables. Her letters—in red ink, on paper embossed with ladybugs—abound in garden news: "The place is *far* prettier now than when you were here . . ." "The green rose has grown up. The *Salvia Turkestana* is in full bloom . . ." "I wonder what you would think of my vases of celery and roses. . . ."

At La Grange, there is never a question of anyone but Baronne de Waldner "doing the flowers." If time allowed, she would undoubtedly construct the floral animals and birds and insects for which her parties are famous. As it is, they are carried out by her favourite Paris florist. But their planning is hers, entirely. Their underlying structure of wire and clay and moss is in part, at least, her own invention. She draws and paints the sketches for them, chooses the flowers to compose them, plots the *trompe l'oeil* subterfuges—artichoke leaves for the owl's feathers, split stalks of Eremurus for the furry yellow and orange of the tiger's skin.

Baronne de Waldner is remarkably well-dressed in her favourite velvets, cashmeres, and tweeds when she gardens. But it is she, just as much as her gardener, who does the daily donkey work: moving plants, digging up borders, spraying

(Continued on page 276)

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Baronne de Waldner

(Continued from page 275)

the roses every Monday afternoon, bending, kneeling, weeding for hours at a stretch. Her habit of joking about her enthusiasm only underlines its authenticity. Her garden's rare fantasy is grounded on sheer hard work and gardening competence.

Her cold frames are splendidly well stocked with seedlings for future use. Her greenhouses contain an endless supply of house plants for the winter, as well as such specialities as frangipane, *Cypripedium*, jasmine from India, and insect-eating dionaea.

Foxgloves alternate with rocks where the wild merges with the cultivated. Rocks, too, are brought into the garden proper, interspersed with miniature trees or planted with wild strawberries, to form outdoor still lifes as endearing and original as her still lifes of flowers and objects inside the house. Indoors, she fixes orchid blossoms onto pineapples, stephanotis onto the greenery threading the bannisters of the stairs. Outdoors, she trains roses around fruit trees, makes yellow Bank's roses seem to climb up yew trees, intertwines wisteria and clematis.

Some of her garden corners are exuberant and grandiose, others have a miniscule beauty that almost calls for a magnifying glass. But nothing is either ponderous or precious looking. She is liable at any time to change the whole aspect of one of her borders as calmly as though it were a mere vase of roses and sweet peas.

To Baronne de Waldner, garden and house are inseparable, and mutually complementary. The scents of roses and pinks and Canterbury bells fill her drawing room, mingling with the nostalgic woodsmoke smell that is part of the eternal accompaniment to life in old houses in rural France. She likes to see only the softest colours from her windows; and from the house there are no bright reds or aggressive yellows in sight.

Conversely, the house itself is not permitted to disturb her eye when she is in the garden. Its ancient, yellow-grey walls are half covered with green *Ampelopsis*, hung with honeysuckle, and draped around the doors with peppermint-flavoured geraniums, grey-green and velvet-leaved.

It is a French landscape, if ever there was one. But Louise de Waldner herself is actually only half French. She is British, through her father—the well-known prewar sportsman, Edward Esmond—and French through her mother—a member of the family of Deutsch de la Meurthe, renowned for their philanthropic works. She speaks English and French with equal fluency, and is as much at home in England as in France. In the 1930's, she and her sisters all played in British and French championship golf. The best golfer among them, Diane, went on to become a successful painter. Louise, for her part, as well as attaining a golfing handicap of one, contrived to practise five hours a day at the piano, and passed her first musical examination with the famous Cortot as judge. In short, she is one of those to whom it is given to flourish in widely differing worlds, and to excel in everything to which they put their hand. Boredom is inconceivable to her, a state of mind she has apparently never known.

Her own children are as happy in the country as she is. But all except her youngest daughter are now past school age and lead lives of their own. The only son of the house is studying to be an architect at the École des Beaux-Arts. The eldest daughter is a notable horsewoman, and rides in steeplechases. The second daughter studies at the Sorbonne.

Baronne de Waldner is wisely content to leave all her family to their own devices. Her husband spends his time supervising the training of his twenty horses at Chantilly. "Ce n'est qu'un jardin d'etiquettes"—a garden of labels—he is apt to say of the collection of miniature trees and flowers that his wife has expertly assembled in a corner of the floral checkerboard. Baronne de Waldner in turn laughs at his lack of success on early morning sorties with his

(Continued on page 292)

the overblouse dress on page 8



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Youngstown, Ohio.....Betty Goodman

India

(Continued from page 195)

as will go in a matchbox; some men and women own nothing but the pieces of thin cotton cloth they wear.

India is beautiful in her buildings and architecture: the pearl glimmer of the Taj Mahal, as exquisite as it is famed to be (see it at dawn or by moonlight); the amber-gold stone, fretted and carved, of the houses and temples in Jaisalmer, the desert capital; or the Sun temple in Konarak, with its hundreds-of-years-old girl musicians carved in stone, perhaps the most beautiful statues in the world; or the wood-carved houses above the river at the Third Bridge in Kashmir, or simply the interior of a mud-walled hut, lit by a wick floating in an earthenware oil lamp.

India is beautiful in her countryside: in the jungle in spring when the flame-of-the-forest trees are scarlet; in the rivers that wind across her plains, rivers sometimes two miles wide with colours of limpid blue and green, of mauve from the floating water hyacinth, of pale clay from the banks, and the sepia of wooden and wicker country boats with their tattered sails. The young green rice is beautiful and the yellow of the mustard fields, as are the Himalayas with their orchid-hung forests, their peaks of glaciers and glittering ice, and the flat *jheels*, the shallow marsh lakes of Bengal which are natural bird sanctuaries and where, at dusk, the air is filled with the sound of thousands of wings as the birds, flamingoes and egrets, and skeins of wild geese and duck, fly in. India is beautiful in her people, the supple grace of brown bodies, sometimes almost naked, sometimes beautifully dressed.

Yet India is ugly—repellently, squalidly, horrifyingly ugly—with shanty towns of hovels made of sticks and beaten-out kerosene tins and decaying matting; with the cement and plaster houses of the new rich, the ramshackle petrol stations and the shops that sell all the cheap synthetic things so dear to the Indian heart; hideous in the neon lights and the white flare of petrol lamps that show up the litter and rubbish, the ravages of disease and poverty that, to some, blot out everything else. There is a never-ceasing ugliness of sound. Indian eardrums seem impervious to noise, and every radio blares.

These contradictions, this paradox can not be wondered at, because India is not a land but a continent. She holds every kind of country from the arid, burning desert to cool green hills like English downs and the ice fields of the snows. There is, for instance, every kind of flower: gentian and edelweiss grow in India as well as marigold and hibiscus. There is every kind of people from the darkest of simple aboriginals to fair-skinned, grey-eyed Kashmiris, or the Parsees, most cultured and sophisticated of all people. There are five major religions: Hindu, Moslem, Buddhist, Sikh, Christian, and many sects and strange cults in each.

India has thirteen major languages and countless dialects, and a man speaking only, say Telegu, can not be understood nor talk to one who speaks only Urdu, while much of the literature is in Sanskrit. English was the binding language, and still is, in practice, although the government is trying to establish Hindi. This is now compulsory in schools, which means that Indian children have to work in two, or if they are of the upper class, three languages: their own—which may be Bengali, Tamil, anything—English, which is the language spoken in many upper-class houses much as French used to be the court language of Russia; and Hindi, which seems to be most difficult of all. The parents can not help, because, as is often the case, they can not speak it themselves.

Yet one of the newest things in India is not the fierce nationalism there used to be among Indians, but a growing knowledge and pride in their own land. University students will work in their spare time as tourist guides, partly to help themselves—but partly from a new civic sense.

"This is the cool hall where the Emperor Shah Jahan made

(Continued on page 278)

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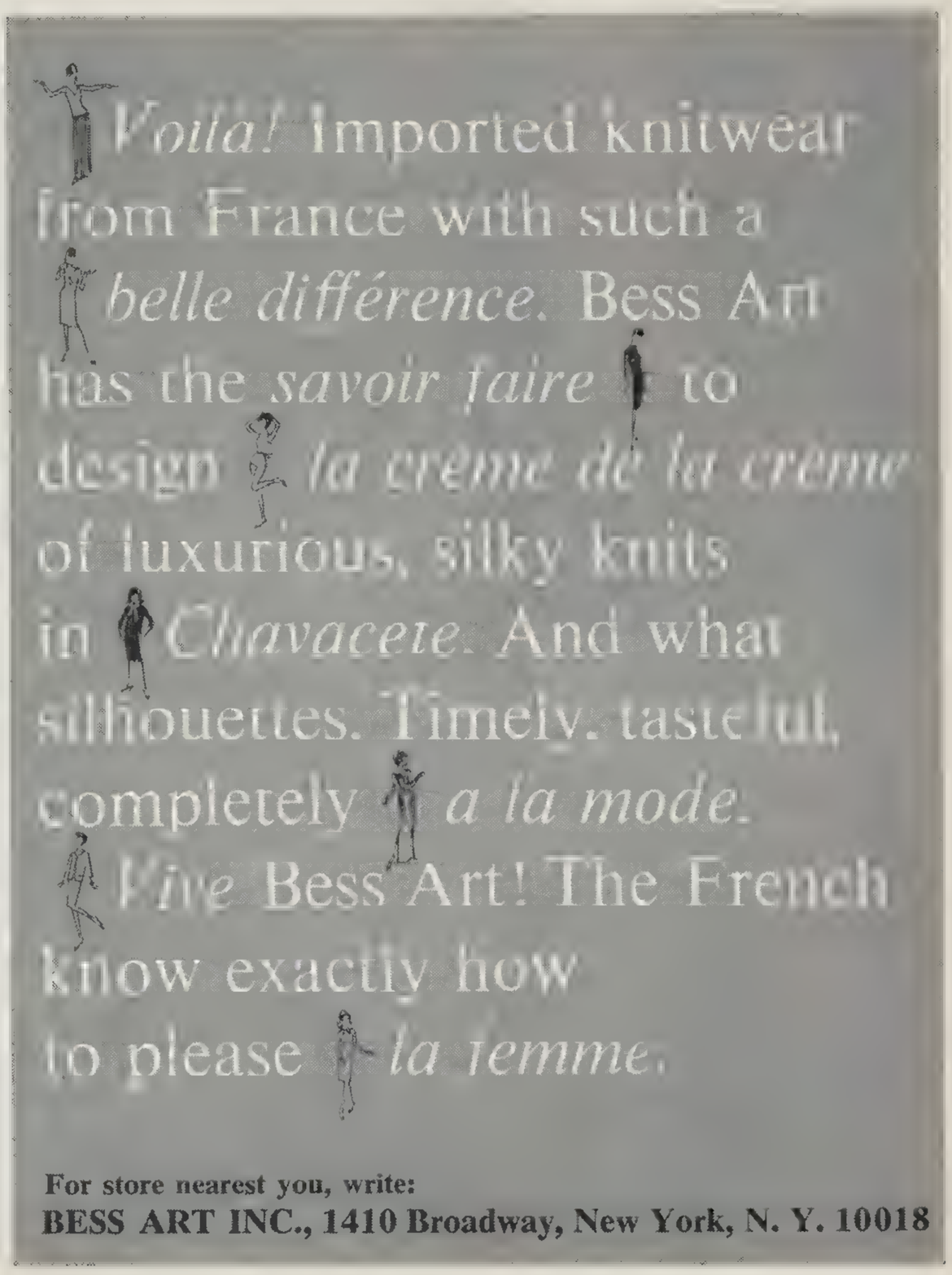
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India

(Continued from page 277)

artificial rain from the swirling of the spray from three hundred and fifty fountains. See, in those marble niches, flowers were put by day, mica lamps by night so that the falling water flowed over colour," a tall young Punjabi might say, leading his trail of Americans or Germans or Belgians or Scandinavians over the lawns of Delhi's Red Fort, down marble paths edged with cosmos flowers, to the Bath House.

"This is the Emperor's bath which took, for each bath, eight hundred pounds of wood to heat."

The hotels the tourists stay in have Western baths, basins, and lavatories, even if the water does not run, as happens in a dry town. But the true Indian bathes by sitting on a wooden stool and pouring warm or cold water over himself with a *lota;* to sit in your own soapy bath water is, to him, very dirty. The tourist seldom penetrates to an Indian house. He sees the wonders: the cherry trees, black marble, and pools of Shalimar, the grandeur of Madura, which somehow feels as sinister and evil as the rose-red walls and deserted courts of Fatehpur Sikri are sunny and peaceful.

Fatehpur Sikri was the Emperor Akbar's dream capital that he lived in for only fifteen years. "This," said the young guide, perhaps a Sikh this time, "this is where the Emperor played Indian chess with living pieces, courtiers and dancing girls dressed as pawns. The white throne was his, the small black one opposite was for his jester."

In the pink-and-white city of Jaipur, fine emeralds are cut by hand. Not far away is the old Rajput palace of Amber, a stronghold built into the rock precipices. It has no staircases but cunningly built ramps, narrow internal ones up which the women were wheeled in little painted rickshaws, wide outside ones for elephants bringing the endless loads of palace provender.

These young guides are unfailingly courteous, especially to the elderly women, their waved hair in nylon nets ornamented with velvet bows, in their drip-dry dresses, and amber or ivory beads bought from Tibetan refugees who run a thriving business of pseudo antiques. Indians revere old age, and middle age is old to them.

Anyone who feels emotional about animals should stay away from India; life is so hard for most humans that there is no pity to spare for the four-legged. The poverty is like quicksand that swallows up effort, a quicksand that has a heavy crust of ignorance, superstition, and the fatalistic acceptance which is not a sign of wisdom but the listlessness of the half-starved. But there are cracks in the crust, cracks in every direction.

There is an old Indian story of a king who found a tribe of his people living in caves in darkness and ordered his prime minister to give them oil and lamps. He came back a year later and found them still living in darkness. "How is this?" he asked, "Didn't I give them lamps?" "Yes, sire," said the prime minister, "But you gave them to the men. You should have given them to the women." The king gave new lamps to the women, and although he came back not only two, but five, ten, twenty years later, the lamps were always shining, the caves lit.

Indian women have brought that fidelity and strength, once so strictly private, into public life. They are even more to the forefront in India than in any other country. Emancipation in India has happened—and is still happening because it is not yet complete—with dignity and quietness, which is perhaps why one never hears an Indian man in any walk of life objecting to it, nor finding it strange that a woman should be Governor of Bengal, Minister for Information and Broadcasting, a High Commissioner, an Ambassador, or, in less exalted walks of life, a radio station manager, a refrigerator saleswoman, or a doctor. This complete acceptance is probably due to the way Indian women have kept their feminism completely feminine. Except at sport, one hardly ever sees an Indian woman in Western dress. She keeps to her distinctive and beautiful sari, and she does not consider it a compliment when English or American women try to wear one.

Perhaps the young woman guide is what they call a "college returned girl" come back from America or England, France, Germany, after three or four years away from India. No matter what emancipation may bring, from a full-time career to a passion for flower-arrangement classes, there is always the serious undertone of work for politics, education, or hygiene. It runs from high to low.

A young maharani at a cocktail party looked like a wand of loveliness in her green and white chiffon sari, a king's ransom of pearls around her neck, a diamond the size of a quarter flashing on her finger—diamonds do flash; this one made arcs of light as she talked—but she was almost too tired to talk. She had been out since dawn walking through the villages on foot, canvassing for her party, the Swatantra.

It is the women who, with government backing, are reviving the handicrafts that are bringing employment, money, and, incidentally, beauty back to the villages. It is the women who are translating and editing the Indian classics, so that children may grow up with these.

Everyone who comes to India is filled with horrified pity at the begging and destitution. You can not help flinching away from a baby with a lolling head and fly-infected eyes, its stomach swollen, not with milk but with emptiness; or from the stump of an arm held out that, under the rags that bind it, may hide a rotting tuberculosis or gangrene or leprosy.

"Leprosy in the open street!" people exclaim. The answer is "Yes," often, but now, although it is difficult for newcomers to believe, much less often. Coming back to India after ten or fifteen years away, one sees a difference: fewer people sleeping out on the pavements, fewer beggars.

One of the people responsible for this, the one who perhaps has wakened Indian consciences more than anybody else, is a Christian, the famous Mother

Teresa. In Calcutta and Delhi—and beginning in Bombay—she has managed to do what governments and organizations have largely failed to do: clear the streets and gutters, alleys and market places of some of their hundreds of derelict, diseased, and dying humans; and done it in the only way possible, by becoming almost one of them. Mother Teresa started alone, with literally a handful of rupees. Now she has a large sisterhood of nuns, mostly Indian and Anglo-Indian, vowed to serve the poorest of the poor, and live as they do. The chapels of these Missionaries of Charity are the only ones I have seen in which the Christ on the Cross has bruised and broken knees.

Recently Mother Teresa was given the highest Indian honour, the Padma Shri. Mrs. Pandit, Nehru's sister, described the levee: "There were the usual recipients . . . and they received recognition in the shape of polite handclaps. But when this little lady entered that magnificent hall, with its painted ceiling and all the pomp and panoply that attends such functions . . . she walked up just as she is now. She received the award as she would have received a dying man or picked up a child—it was of no more importance—but the hall went mad. The stamping and the clapping and the cheering were absolutely spontaneous, and I looked at the President. There were tears in his eyes. . . ."

True holiness is reverenced in India. Some of the men are very holy teachers and philosophers, but it is generally the women who keep religion alive in the home, with the day-to-day observances which are its breath. It is the mother, the daughter, the aunt who in a Hindu home tends the little tulsi tree, sacred in the courtyard; who lights the oil lamp before the family shrine, makes the traditional food and decorations for the festivals and remembers them all.

Hindu women, in all the rush of modern life, discipline themselves by meditation and fasting. It is quite usual in the most sophisticated houses to have one's hostess, while sitting with and talking to her guests, excuse herself from eating, with, "It is my fast day." She is not slimming but purifying herself.

An Indian girl can often say now whom she wants to marry, but, in the end, she will probably marry the man her father chooses. A young man will often choose for himself, but, although he studies and plays sports with many girls, most often he will make sure that the one he marries comes from an orthodox home. He wants to be Indian, truly Indian.

India, now, is proud of her history, beginning to be proud of her literature and her arts. India's commercial advance is almost frightening in its growth. With the ban on imports, processed goods no longer come to India. The factories come instead, and there are Indian Nescafe, Indian Cadbury's Chocolate, Indian Terylene, and a hundred others. India's wonderful fruits are being canned; apples, strawberries, cherries from Kashmir and Kulu as well as mangoes, guavas, and lichees.

When, in India, you go out to luncheon or dinner now—and Indians are hospitable now to Westerners—one of the nicest results of independence is that the food is Indian: green coconut stuffed with shrimps, or Indian fish which is as good as, if not better than, any in the world, as anyone who has eaten *hilsa* or *bekti* or a fresh prawn curry, will know; vegetable *poories* (fresh peas or potato or spinach in a puff of batter), or a puff of something like pastry but so brittle that it crumbles at a touch, or chicken *tandoori*, named after the peculiar oven in which it is roasted—a deep hole in the ground, lined freshly with clay and bottomed with red-hot charcoal. The chicken is laced with innumerable cuts, steeped for twelve hours or more in a *marsala*, a curry and herb sauce, and then put into the oven on a long steel skewer turned by hand. It is eaten with *nan* bread, baked by slapping the dough on the clay inside of the oven, and with a white and green herb sauce. It is delectable. . . .

Now, too, the heavy shackles of religious observances and taboos are loosening. An un-

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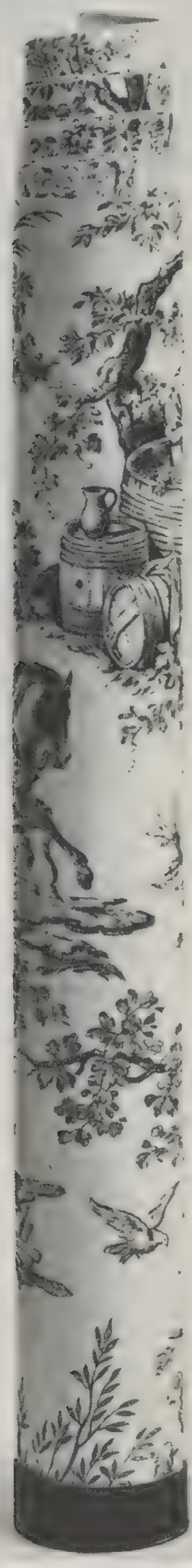
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India

(Continued from page 279)

touchable is a minister of the government. The emphasis on the secular state has brought a new tolerance that allows freedom for all religions, so that even Mohammedans can live at peace in India.

Hindu practices are, willy-nilly, changing, sometimes for better, sometimes for worse. "You can't play Holi in a flat," said one young city matron, and added, with regret, that the children miss it. Holi is a religious holiday, a mixture of the rites of spring and Mardi Gras, when all barriers of age or of caste are abolished. Old clothes are kept for Holi, year after year, because everyone has the right to squirt every and anyone with brightly coloured water, or to throw powder dyes. "Play Holi" is the right term, but Holi is growing tamer.

For Dewali, the Feast of Lights, electric lights are used instead of the lovely little myriad oil lamps like fireflies. Weddings that used to last for ten days are cut down to three, even one day, a merciful relief for the father's purse and for the bride who has to fast the whole time—although many a mother steals food in to her daughter at night: "I can't have you going to them looking peaky."

No religion is more misunderstood than Hinduism, understandably so, because it is confusing with its dozens of gods and goddesses, most of them with many manifestations. Hinduism, too, is a paradox, with heights of spirituality to which few other religions can attain, and cults which seem the depths of revolting degradation.

"Who is he?" a tourist in the Elephanta caves might ask, looking up at the great head of Shiva, three-faced, that has looked down on humans, in utter peacefulness, for more than a thousand years. Shiva is the third god of the Hindu Trinity: Brahma, the creator; Vishnu, the preserver; Shiva, the destroyer. Because he is the destroyer, Shiva is also the regenerator, the dark dancer, the life force, as is his consort, Parvati, the great goddess who has also manifested herself as Uma, Durga, and many others, including Kali, most dreadful of all, with her black skin and bloodstained tongue, her necklace of skulls, and the human infant on which she dances. Many of the cults of Kali are frankly erotic and can lead to hysterical obscenity. Yet, in the Hindu wisdom, they are all part of the unity of life, of the One.

Saraswati is the goddess of Pen and Ink, indeed of all learning and creative art, which is fitting as she is the consort of Brahma, god of creation. Vasanta Panchami is her festival day. On this day in every bazaar, and in villages and courts, a *pandal* is put up, a pavilion made of red muslin cloth decorated with tinsel, supported on banana trees with their wide green leaves, and decorated with garlands strung from neem leaves and flowers.

The goddess herself, made of white plaster, stands on a plinth. Unlike other Hindu goddesses she is not multiple-armed but is a graceful woman, her black hair flowing from under a crown. She wears a tinselled sari and is almost smothered with garlands. Her hands hold a stringed instrument like a long necked guitar—a *vina*—and beside her is the swan which is her symbol.

Around her feet, books are heaped, more and more books every hour, textbooks, exercise books, poems, typescripts, and pens; paintings, too, and paint brushes, while a crowd of young men, freshly bathed and dressed in fine white loose flowing shirts and dhoties, beat cymbals, blow conches, and chant:
Saraswatyai Namo Namah....
Saraswatyai Namo Namah.

The sound of the chant comes out into the road and fills the whole bazaar. It is stronger than the bazaar noises. "Saraswatyai Namo Namah. Worship and follow Saraswati every day. She who is all vidya." *Vidya*, all knowledge, leads, according to Hindu thought, to liberation and freedom.

The young men are mostly university students bringing their work to be blessed, but some are aspiring poets, writers, painters, actors. Some will become lawyers, doctors, economists, politicians, but all of them believe in Saraswati and tonight they will praise her and do *poojah*—worship. Tomorrow at dusk they will take her, probably in a decorated lorry, to the nearest river where she will be immersed and left to disintegrate. Soon all that will be left of her will be a floating lock of hair, perhaps a scrap of tinsel or coloured paper, a jessamine or marigold flower, eddying away on the water.

In Hindi the same word, *kal*, is used for tomorrow and yesterday; the tense of the verbs used with it show, of course, which context is meant but it is the same word. *Kal*, tomorrow, is not at all like *mañana* as that word has come to be used, meaning a putting off into a never-come future. India is going firmly and, considering her enormous difficulties, swiftly into tomorrow; yet she is anchored, rooted in the *kal* of yesterday. Although some of her more revolutionary children deplore this, it gives her not only a practical balance but the timelessness we have come to associate with Eastern philosophy, an underlying calm in all the fracas and quarrels, crosscurrents, excitements, disgraces, and distresses.

"Truth," says the Indian proverb, "is like water"; it slips through the hands. You are fortunate if you can catch a few drops of it.

Perhaps this paradox of past and present is the deepest paradox of all, and the key that helps to understand a little of India today—that gives a drop of water, a glimpse of the *vidya* which is Saraswati's blessing.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Small, soft-voiced, famous, Rumer Godden has a passionate feeling about India, to which she returned recently after several years away. India was the source of two of her best novels—*Black Narcissus* and *The River*. (The first of her nine articles for Vogue was also about India.) These days she lives where she was born, in Sussex County, England, where she is working on another novel, buoyed by the success of the last one, *The Battle of the Villa Fiorita*.



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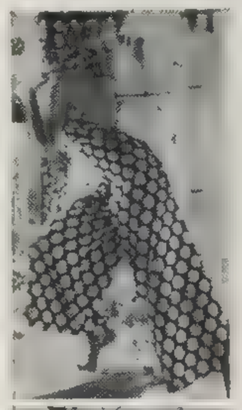
If the Ritz Thrift Shop sells second-hand used furs, why are all the limousines lined up in front?

Fashion where the sun is soaring

Dress details from pages 194 to 215. All coiffures on these pages, by Alexandre of Paris.

PAGE 194

Hooded halter pyjamas of nylon, silk, Lurex metallic threads. By Trigère. Bonwit Teller; Nan Duskin; Gidding-Jenny; Neiman-Marcus.



PAGE 196

Two-piece white pyjamas by Shannon Rodgers for Jerry Silverman, of Bellaine sheer wool. About $125. Jack Gilbert bracelet, ring. All: Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman. Pyjamas, also Rich's; Stix, Baer & Fuller; Joseph Magnin.



PAGE 197

Vermilion palazzo pyjamas by Shannon Rodgers for Jerry Silverman. Of rayon matte jersey (Jasco fabric). About $125. Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman; Hutzler's; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Sandals by and at Chandler's. Coppola & Toppo earrings.



PAGE 198

White brocade dress of silk, cotton, and rayon. By Ben Barrack. About $90. Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's; Dayton's; L. S. Ayres. Laguna earrings. Sandals by and at Chandler's. Jean Barthet cap for Grès: Bergdorf Goodman.



PAGE 199

Two-piece dress of textured white silk-and-worsted crêpe. By Charles Cooper. About $125. Saks Fifth Avenue; Halle Bros.; Battelstein's; Frederick & Nelson. For shops in other cities, see page 75. Coppola & Toppo earrings.

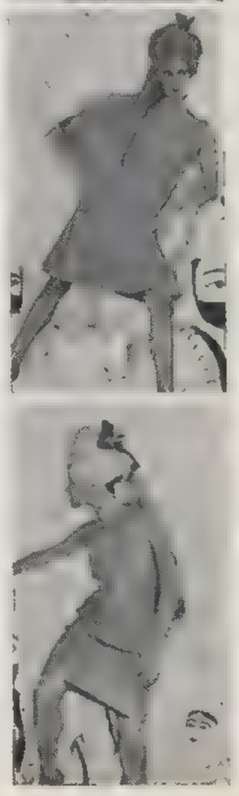


PAGE 200

Left: Kick-pleated shift of green linen by Hannah Troy. Moreau-TSM fabric. About $80. Saks Fifth Avenue; Wm. H. Block; Frost Bros.

PAGE 200

Right: Green linen halter shift by Hannah Troy. Moreau - TSM fabric. About $70. Saks Fifth Avenue; Wm. H. Block; Frost Bros.



PAGE 201

Kilted two-piece dress of green textured rayon. By Christian Dior-New York. Saks Fifth Avenue; L. S. Ayres; Harzfeld's; Neiman-Marcus. Laguna earrings.



PAGE 202

Short shift of leopard-spotted silk chiffon. About $70. By Louis Féraud of Saks Fifth Avenue. Dress, also Neiman-Marcus.



PAGE 203

Silk chiffon, pleated in India colours. By Nat Kaplan. About $185. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's; Halle Bros.; Dayton's. Jewellery by Coppola & Toppo.



PAGE 204

Green-print silk shift by Junior Sophisticates. About $60. Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman; Jordan Marsh, Boston; Wm. H. Block; I. Magnin.



PAGE 205

Huge watercolour flowers on green organza. By Bill Blass for Maurice Rentner. Bianchini silk. This, at Bonwit Teller; Julius Garfinckel; Rich's; Gus Mayer.



PAGE 206

Short white puffed piqué dress by Jane Derby. Of Dacron, cotton, and nylon (Galey & Lord fabric). About $125. Bonwit Teller; Montaldo's; Hudson's; I. Magnin.



PAGE 207

Top left: Narrow white linen dress by Mollie Parnis. About $145. Saks Fifth Avenue. Bernardo sandals.

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dress on page 107



News at the top: Malcolm Starr

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Toronto, Canada.....T. Eaton
Wilmington, Del.....Jo Robinson
Winston-Salem, N. C.....Montaldo's
Youngstown, Ohio....Chas. Livingston

Fashion where the sun is soaring

PAGE 207
Top right: Moulded torso, loosed back — short white linen, by John Moore. Lord & Taylor.



PAGE 207
Middle left: Welted skimp dress of white knitted wool. By Kimberly. $70. Bergdorf Goodman. Hat by Adolfo.



PAGE 207
Middle right: Tailored white linen, tied in white kidskin. By Dominic for Matty Talmack. Moreau-TSM fabric. $185. At Bonwit Teller.



PAGE 207
Below left: Skimp dress pleated low. By Teal Traina, of double-faced white cotton satin (Abraham fabric). $125. Bonwit Teller.



PAGE 207
Below right: Short evening pleats of white silk crêpe, by Larry Aldrich. $160. Lord & Taylor.



PAGE 208
Long white silk crêpe sprigged with violets. By Gustave Tassell. Bonwit Teller; Nan Duskin; I. Magnin. Zentall earrings.



PAGE 209
Curve of creamy wool crêpe in a long skirt and pull with a deep collar in back. By Givenchy for Adele Simpson. About $185. Bloomingdale's; Julius Garfinckel; Himelhoch's; I. Magnin. Necklace by Coppola & Toppo.



PAGE 210
Long white nylon cloqué trailing great gauzy panels. By Grès. Bergdorf Goodman Custom Made Department. To order at I. Magnin. Coppola & Toppo ring and necklace.



PAGE 211
Step-through robe in a single length of ivory wool jersey. By Grès. Bergdorf Goodman Custom Made Department. To order at I. Magnin. Grès turban: Bergdorf Goodman. Coppola & Toppo jewellery.



PAGE 212
Top of page: White cloqué skimp coat over authentic pink silk Choori-Dar pants. Not shown: the coat's own white cloqué dress. Coat, dress by Abe Schrader in cotton, silk, and acrylic (Onondaga fabric). About $110. Altman's; Julius Garfinckel; Gus Mayer.



PAGE 212
Bottom of page: Tailored white lace coat over jade Choori-Dar pants. Originala coat, of Whelan reembroidered lace. Bonwit Teller; I. Magnin. Caps by Jean Barthet for Grès: Bergdorf Goodman; Jewellery by Coppola & Toppo.



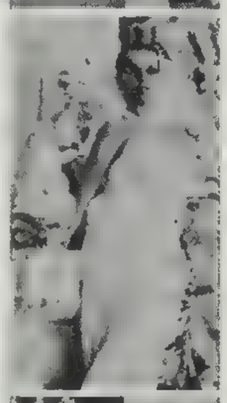
PAGE 213
Top of page: Empire-waisted evening dress of white cotton moire. By Christian Dior-New York. Bergdorf Goodman; Harold's; Best's Apparel. Necklace and ring, Coppola & Toppo.



PAGE 213
Bottom of page: Long bare two-piece dress of white silk crêpe. By John Kloss for Janine Kahan. About $125. Lord & Taylor; Bramson. Brania bracelets: Lord & Taylor.



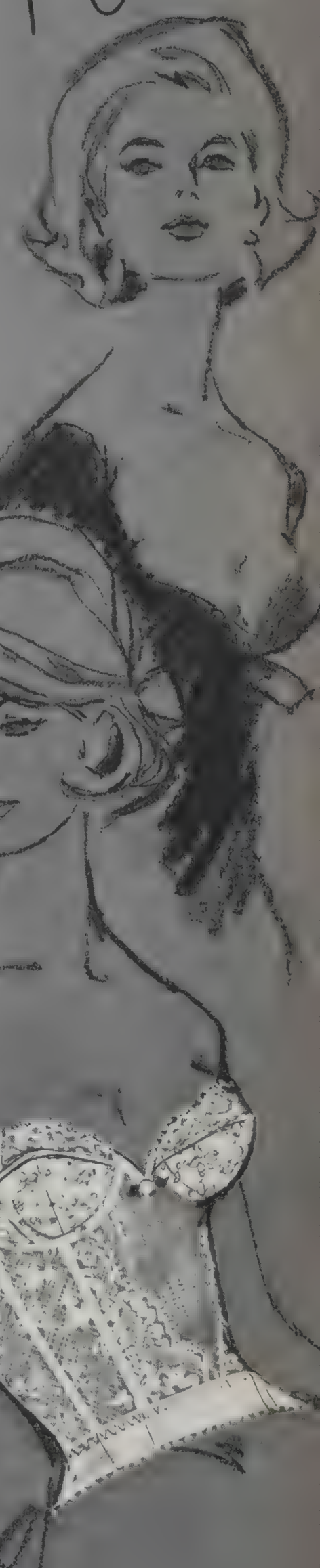
PAGE 214
Long white jersey halter dress. By Oleg Cassini, of Jasco rayon jersey. About $225. Rosette Pennington; Woodward & Lothrop; Joseph Magnin. Laguna earrings.



PAGE 215
White jersey falling in gathers to the floor. By Malcolm Starr of Jasco rayon jersey. About $185. Lord & Taylor; Hutzler's; Hovland-Swanson; I. Magnin. Necklace by Coppola & Toppo.



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Background Notes on India:

Details of marvels where the sun soars, on pages 194 to 215.

MANDOR, capital of Jodhpur State until 1459, is the site of the Rajput pantheon, the Hall of Heroes, whose twin galleries enshrine sixteen colossal figures carved from a single rock and guarded at the portal by the Elephant God (pages 214 and 215). One gallery is dedicated to the heroes and saints of the past, arrayed in vivid colour and full panoply (pages 210 through 213). The Gallery of the Gods displays Hindu deities, strikingly devoid of colour save for the Monkey God (pages 200-205).

AMBER, the ancient capital of Jaipur, is crowned by the Palace, a tiered triumph set on a rocky ledge (page 198). High in its green garden nestles the Jas Mandir or Hall of Glory (page 194), a jewelled splendour inlaid with mosaics, gilt mouldings, and mirrored glass.

JAIPUR, the modern capital of Jaipur State, was founded in 1728 by Maharaja Sawai Jai Singh II, a great royal astronomer who built the Observatory of Jaipur. Its many amazing instruments include two huge spheres to measure the position of planets and a gigantic gnomon to observe the motions of the sun (pages 208 and 209).

AGRA, noted two millennia ago on Ptolemy's map, was made the capital of the Mughal Empire by Akbar the Great in the sixteenth century. His grandson, Shah Jahan, rebuilt in marble much of Akbar's original Fort and paid to his wife an emperor's immortal tribute—the Taj Mahal. The Fort itself holds a rare marble jewel, the Moti Masjid or Pearl Mosque (page 199). Agra also treasures the tomb of Itimad-ud-Daula, built in 1628 by his daughter, the aunt of the Lady of the Taj. It, too, is of marble latticed like lace with incredibly beautiful inlaid work—the earliest example of *pietra dura* in India (pages 196 and 197).

FATEHPUR SIKRI, capital of the Mughal Empire for fifteen brief years, was founded by Akbar in 1569 but abandoned for lack of water. The exquisitely carved Turkish Sultana's House (page 207) is believed to have been built for Akbar's first wife, a Turk by descent. Nearby rises a curious five-storey pleasure resort: the colonnaded Panch Mahal (page 207). Also in this group of buildings are the Jami Masjid Mosque with its great Southern Gate (page 207) and the Diwan-i-Khas, extraordinary for its lofty galleried interior—four stone causeways radiate to each corner from one central pillar surmounted by a giant corbelled capital on which the Emperor Akbar sat enthroned (page 206).

Travel Notes on India:

"drama under the best of circumstances"



EDITOR'S NOTE: Vogue's team of seven, who flew to India to photograph pages 194 to 215 in this issue, sent back these observations on their travels.

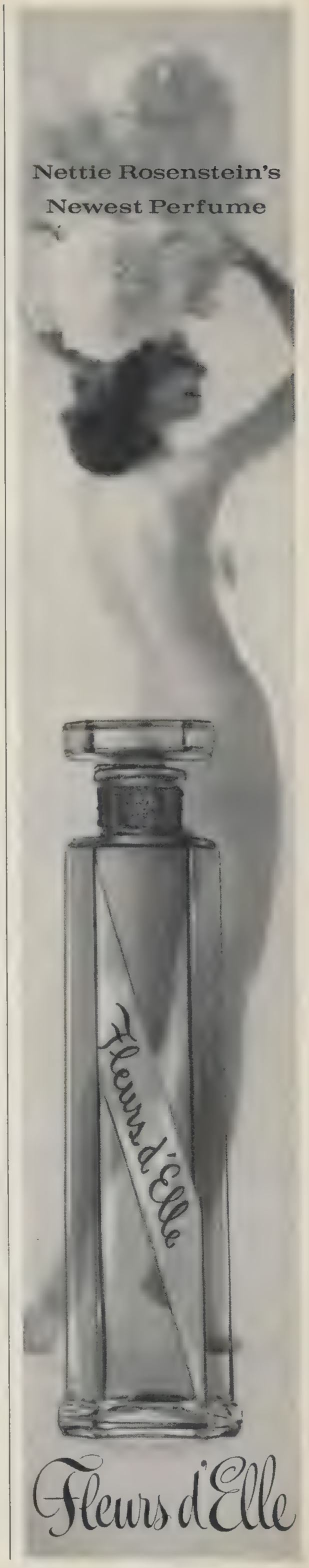
. . . "We are all delighted with the efficiency, service, and charm of Air-India, both on the ground and in the air. Whenever we found ourselves in their hands, we relaxed, felt sure that any complication would be ironed out—that they would cope. . . . In Bombay, where we landed, one of our party arrived, by accident, without a visa. This is a drama under the best of circumstances, and was further complicated by the fact that we had less than an hour to get through customs with all our gear—twenty-eight pieces of baggage—and onto another plane to New Delhi. . . . The moment we stepped off the plane we were surrounded by a flock of enchanting Air-India girls in saris, and young Air-India men in white shirts and black pants. . . . In what appeared to be pandemonium, the red tape, including missing visa and customs, was unravelled. We made the plane to New Delhi. . . . The stewardesses never stopped giving us something to eat and drink: apéritifs after Paris; lunch on the ground in Frankfurt; tea with cookies before Rome; drinks and dinner after Rome; breakfast before we landed. They serve two menus—one with meat, one vegetarian. Vegetarians should make arrangements in advance. . . . On the planes, we were greeted by two stewardesses who gave us the Indian greeting—both hands pressed flat together and touched to the forehead. . . . The company prefers that the girls have long hair and wear it in classic chignons. They are allowed to wear six gold bangle bracelets, or, one one-quarter-inch gold one, one ring, one necklace, a watch, and limited make-up. Each girl has six sari uniforms a year. This year's are either soft grey-beige with muted-green and mauve-pink borders, or golden-orange with olive-green borders. . . . Everything inside our Boeing 707 was Indian; the wallpaper, mauve-pink with scenes from Rajput paintings; paper cups printed with fat maharajas; and handsome fans shaped like palm leaves (one shown at top of this page). . . . Some of the best shopping in India is in the government-run cottage industries' shops, found throughout the country. . . . Malabar is the name of a marvellous boutique in the Taj Mahal Hotel in Bombay. The woman who runs it has superb taste and plans to open another shop in London. . . . Trains are elevated and get through even when roads are washed out. A first-class compartment for six is really big enough for eight with plenty of leg room. Baroda House in New Delhi has a special department appropriately called Rail Reservations for Foreigners. . . . Flights around India aboard the local airline are unpredictable; schedules change at a moment's notice. . . . We were advised to travel by train rather than by car. Roads are barely wide enough for two cars to pass, and the utmost speed one can hope for in the open spaces is about thirty m.p.h., because of the people and the livestock clogging the road. On the road to Fatehpur Sikri, about an hour by car from Agra, the countryside was surprisingly lush and green with enormous fields of water lilies after the monsoon. . . . Brilliant green and blue peacocks strutted. Flocks of lime-green parrots talked. Water buffalo lay in a state of bliss in the marshes and ponds. Like the people, they smiled happily, of course."



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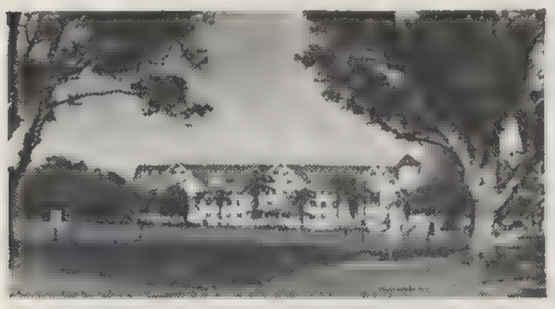
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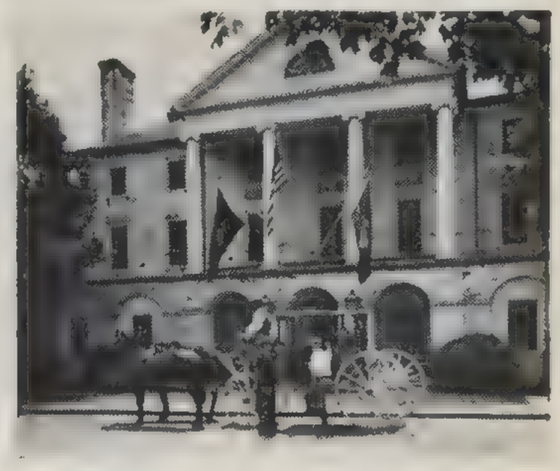
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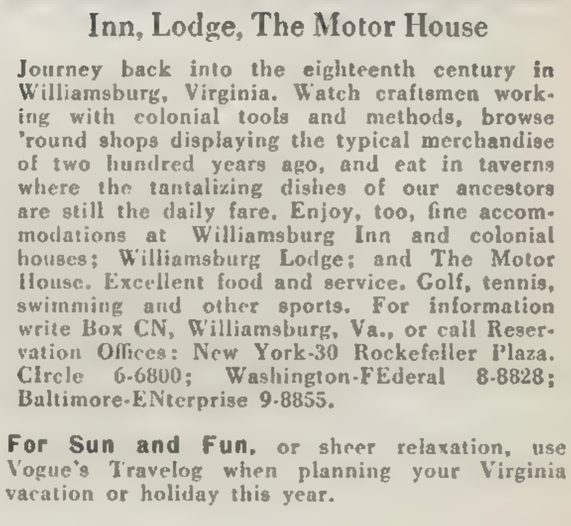
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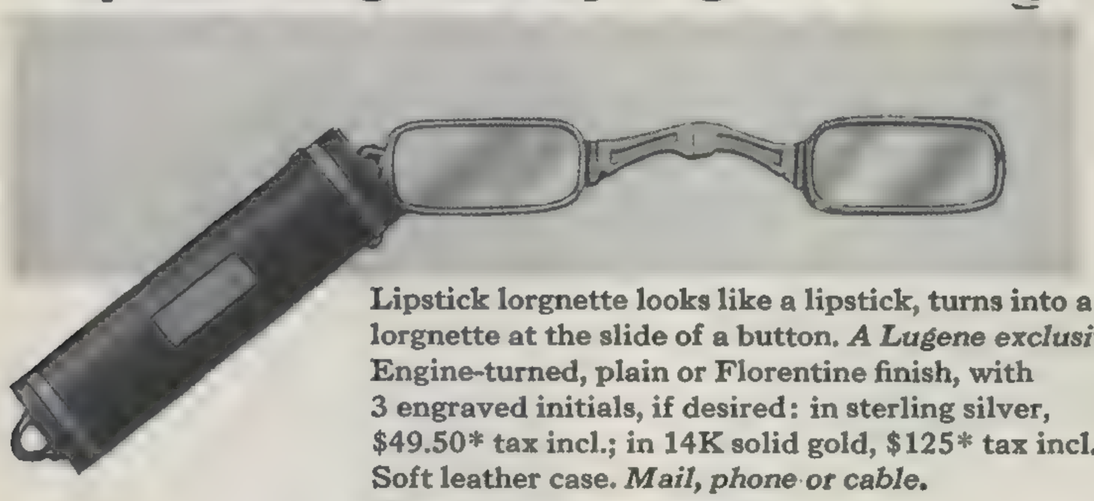
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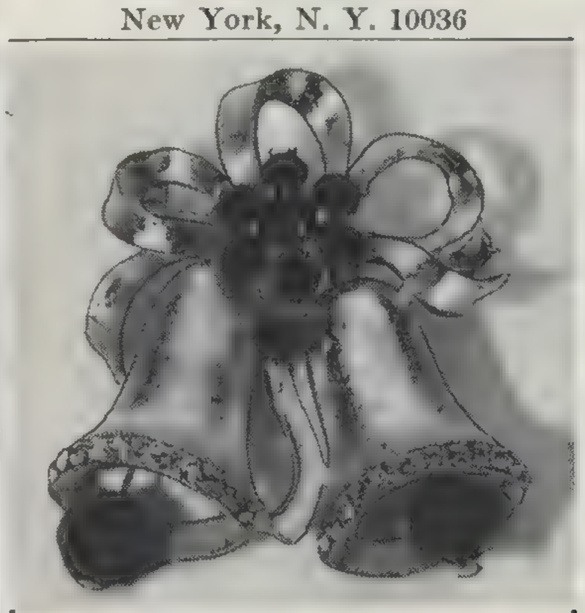
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SecretGardens

(Continued from page 257)

being permanently conditioned by a different climate to their perilous early flowering. It is a chief reason why we prize them —that they know no better, poor eager things, than to flaunt their beauties within reach of winter frosts.

We welcome all out-of-season foreigners, for a garden is a kind of house party, and we invite our guests to enlarge and enliven the family circle. There are the steady favourites of course, the evergreens who keep us reliable company the whole year round. There are the fine-leaved plants and elegant growers; the bright spring bulbs which arrive for a season's visit and away; the good-time girls of a June week's spendthrift blooming and sulky the rest of the year; the winter-blossomers—dear friends in trouble who comfort our gloom. Companions for all moods and all seasons; the natural aristocrats and the natural slatterns, the proud and humble, the strange or rare or vivid or sweetly-scented; and especially, since "everyone has his Darling," the favourites we love beyond their merits, as I do primroses.

And because this is a purely selfish party without obligations, there need be no duty guests. No "oughts." Not one. Not the dull. Not the bores. None of those unsympathetics we never take to, but can't explain why, as I never take to gladioli. (Though as to that, I can perfectly well explain why I dislike their crude and ungainly vulgarities.) But none of them. This is a party of pleasure entirely.

A party, however, which attracts a whole host of gate-crashers to share the easy garden life. For if weeds are plants in the wrong place, as someone said, so gate-crashers are people in the same situation. Some weeds are no more than a nuisance, like chickweed and groundsel. But others spoil the party—couch-grass and ground-elder, too aggressively insistent. And some, like nettles and thistles, are quite simply thugs. They must be thrown out ruthlessly at their first appearance.

The social rules for good parties may be left unwritten, but are nonetheless perfectly well understood by both guests and hosts. That a plant will grow in a garden is not enough: we are not invited out merely to sit and eat. "Of flowers there are a great many sorts both wilde and tame, but our Garden doth entertain none but those of beautie and respect." And the best plants sing for their supper. "Primroses are intertained for their early welcoming of the Spring, and the Black Hellebor flowereth about Christmas and for that cause is respected." Some plants indeed are such excellent guests that a wise host makes sure of their comfort. "The Wilde Bay or Laurus Tinus doth chiefly desire to be sheltered under a wall, where it will best thrive, and give you his beautiful flowers in Winter for your delight, in recompense of his fixed dwelling."

But if civilized plants know their duty as guests, the gardener must be courteous host. "Lest this stranger should find no hospitality with us, being so beautiful a plant . . . let him be here received": it is John Parkinson welcoming to his garden the American butterfly weed, and his loving list of flowers is a list of the names of friends at his party:—

His favourite Gilloflowers (which we now call Pinks).

The blew Pipe tree (our Lilac).

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Lavender Spike and Sweet briar brush.

Snapdragons, Colombines and White Jasmine.

The great blew Lupine and starre-wort or Asters.

Narcissus and the Lilly Convally.

The checkerd Daffodill or Fritillary.

Turkes cap or Tulip.

Sowebread or Cyclamen.

Saffron flower or Crocus.

Windeflowers or Anemones.

Dogs tooth Violet or Erithronium.

Beares breech or Acanthus.

Beares ears or purple Cowslips or Auriculas.

The Orientall Iacinth or

(Continued on page 290)

Jim Clark, a whizz in a car

By Peter Laurie



JIM CLARK IN A DARK-GREEN LOTUS — PETER LAURIE

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Jim Clark has been specifically defined as "one of the all-time great racing drivers of the world," a description unshaken by the give or take of the title, world's champion, which Jim Clark perilously held and lost at the Mexican Grand Prix in October. That run capped the racing season. Here, Peter Laurie tells how, each year, it re-winds.*

At rest Jim Clark is oddly nondescript. Small, brown and mobile like the great driver, Stirling Moss, he has none of Moss's air of being a walking computer. He bounces about, teasing the mechanics who have been working on his Lotus Formula I all night and two hours already of this sub-zero morning.

Clark's voice is precisely articulated, as all Lowland voices are; he jokes readily enough but his attention is flighty. Overalls, two pair; then a blue flannel around his mouth. He helmets his head, submerges his eyes in enormous yellow goggles, and wriggles awkwardly into his blood-red nest under the wheel. The sleek green cockpit cover is fitted round him; his armoured head peers up from below our knees. Already he is insulated from us.

As we loom over him, the car is spread out like an animal on a dissecting table; its purpose is apparent in its shape. That is, simply to project a man around five miles of flat, twisting course in something like two minutes. The method is, in principle, simple. You lay him flat on the road to offer the least wind resistance. You raise him four inches on an aluminum tray to avoid abrasion. You prop his shoulders up so he can see over his feet.

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At first the car is silent; it is cold and has to be pushed. Three mechanics run with it, sputtering and banging like a Mack Sennett police car, until it and the mechanics are spots in the distance. Then we hear the whine of eight cylinders in action, and suddenly the blob about their legs is gone. Before they have walked back, Clark's

(Continued on page 290)

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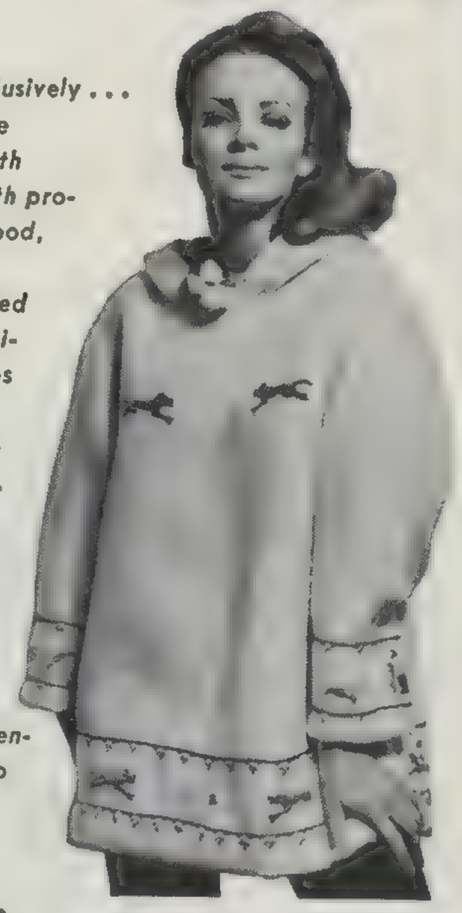
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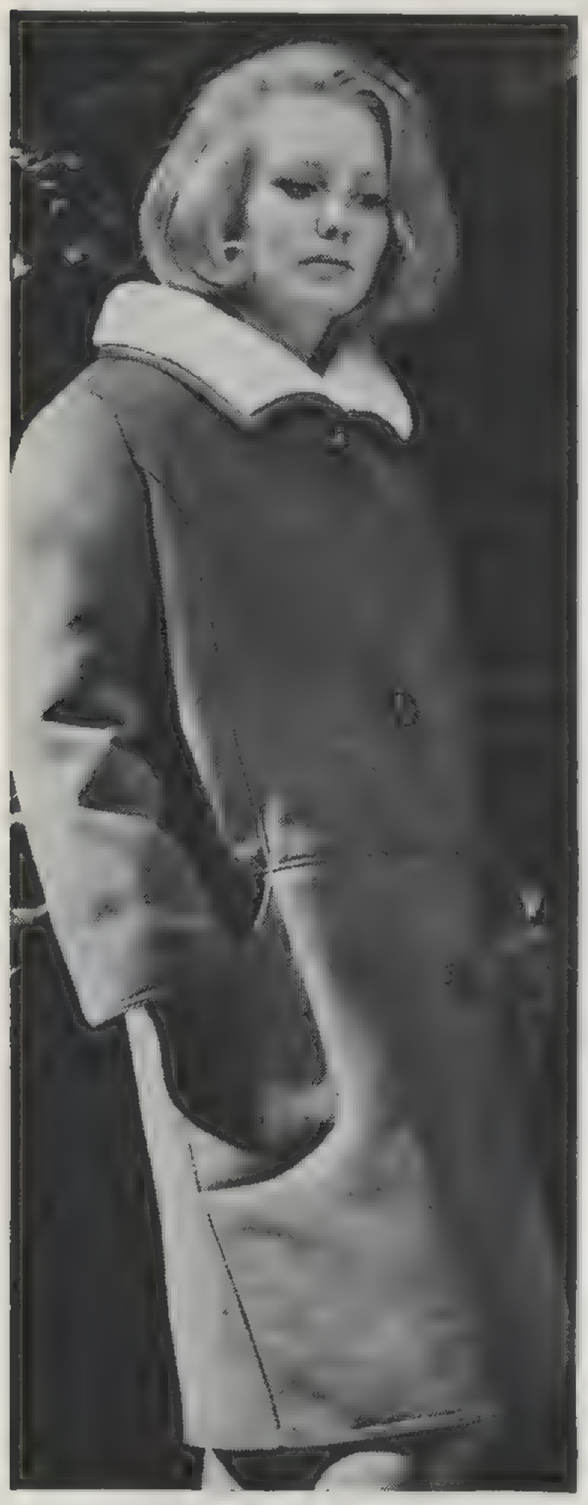
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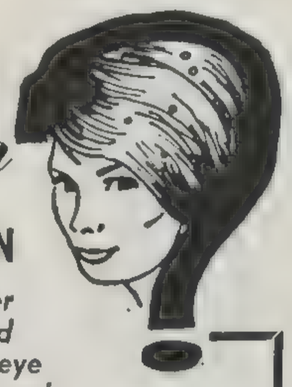
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Secret Gardens

(Continued from page 288)

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EDITOR'S NOTE: An Englishwoman for whom precision of information and lyrical enthusiasm intertwine, Nan Fairbrother is the wife of a doctor, the mother of two children, and a close acquaintance of four centuries of garden writing. Her best-known book may be *Men and Gardens*. Her most recent, to be published by Alfred A. Knopf in this country this spring, is *The House in The Country*.

Jim Clark

(Continued from page 289)

green blur has rounded the course, materialized, howling, and gone again. The first lap of the season: slow, awkward, but he got around. It must be a talisman.

The international motor-racing year begins in Britain in the grey light of winter mornings. Little groups on lonely fields huddle over stopwatches and lap-cards; the solitary dark green beetles whine round and round, their drivers' faces beaten brick red by icy typhoons.

This secret trial differed from the rest only because the Lotus car and its driver, Jim Clark, have both been world champions. We met at the Goodwood circuit, a mile or so down the beech-hangared hill from the older and lovelier race course for horses that curls around the clefts of the downs above Chichester. A quarter of a century ago this field was chopped out of farmland for the RAF. This morning, when I arrived, the only plane overhead was American: Colin Chapman's Piper Comanche.

Colin Chapman taxied in beside the minute control tower, and sprang out. Chapman is neatly moustached, a little plump in his cream-coloured Levi's, and conspicuously cleaner than most people who earn their livings with machinery. He has the well-scrubbed look of a prosperous American in a business with artistic connotations.

Ten years ago he began building his Lotus cars by hand in a back-street garage. Today he has four factories making racers, sports cars and a speed conversion to a popular saloon. Two years ago, when he was the only European to compete, his machines won him an astonishing second place at Indianapolis in the world constructors' championship and made his lead driver, a twenty-seven-year-old Scots farmer, Jim Clark, world champion.

Clark and his teammate, Peter Arundell, followed Chap-

(Continued on page 291)

Jim Clark

(Continued from page 290)

man, skipping and whistling in the cold. Their calling stamps them to the eye: larger than jockeys and not so dour, they have the same neat quickness. They might be lightweight boxers, but their faces are too intelligent. Today was their first drive of the season. They were nervous to rediscover their control over the wheel and the road flowing under them like black treacle.

During that first lap nothing is said, but everyone relaxes a little. The mechanics, their green overalls hidden by layers of coats, blow their fingers and lay out their spanners ready for work; Chapman and those with nothing immediate to do crawl into the luxurious cabin of the car transporter that acts as workshop and home for the team. The Beatles on the radio still want to hold our hands, the boss throws himself across two of the airliner seats; his chief mechanic settles down with stop watch, lap-card, and notebook to keep track of the drivers and the stream of orders, suggestions, ideas, plans, comments.

Chapman carries all in his head; he is never still, seldom connected. He ranges in five minutes over a dozen technical problems in half a dozen different projects. His men hang over the back of his chair, eager and attentive, throwing in suggestions and delighted with the flow of ideas. Behind his back they say, "The old man's crazy." They mean it as Orientals would: that he is beloved of the Gods, a driving man who achieves his ends in his own unorthodox ways.

Thinking more about Jim Clark than unborn machinery, I break in to ask him about drivers, what makes one better than the others. Chapman twists his hands nervously, he hates interviews: "There's a lot more to a driver than turning in a good time. Thousands who can do that and I wouldn't touch 'em. I need ability, *and* stamina—one fast lap no good, got to keep it up all afternoon. *And* intelligence: all we know about that car is what the driver tells us. He's got to be a sort of test pilot.

"Above all, never think that drivers are heroes. There may be some, but not mine. What I want is thorough cowards who won't bend the machinery." (Jim Clark's comment, later: "I'm not a coward, but I'm not so brave either. . . .")

Clark pulls the car in with a precisely memorized list of faults. Understeer on left hand corners, a trifle or so over on right. Right front brake juddering. Steering-wheel spokes not level, can't see tachometer. Engine is flat between 8,400 and 8,650 r.p.m. Gear ratio too low.

Within seconds the car is a wheelless skeleton again, and the forces of evolution that have brought it through some fifty models from the weekend hill-climber of ten years ago bear on it again to fit it even more perfectly for its environment.

Chapman runs his hand down the flank to show how he wants a tank bellied out to hold more fuel; he orders the back springs lengthened a fraction so the car raises its tail half an inch.

Clark will find the car a different animal—another step in the long process of tuning car to driver, making it not only an extension of his body, but also of his mind, so that the machinery has built into it the responses he will call for.

Jim Clark is such a sensitive performer that for him a car can be honed to a pitch of response that coarser men would find disastrous. The process is something like a theistic account of biological evolution: Chapman is the deity struggling to blend Clark, the intelligent nerve system into the scuttling carapace of the Lotus.

The car drains energies and ingenuities. The men about it are dominated by its meaning. One can see why people love these useless, dangerous things: like works of art, they represent a supremely concentrated essence of man's intelligence.

At the turn of the year, Jim Clark, the Berwickshire farmer, leaves his parents, his shorthorns and their winter feed, his accounts of profit and loss, to enter this world, to become the servant of the scarab.

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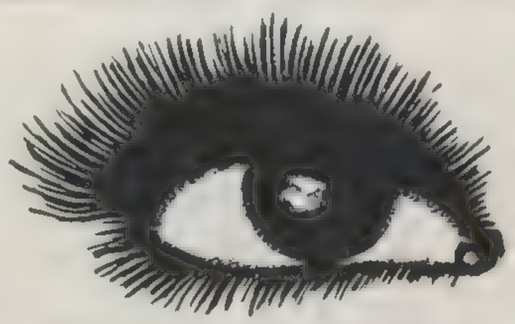


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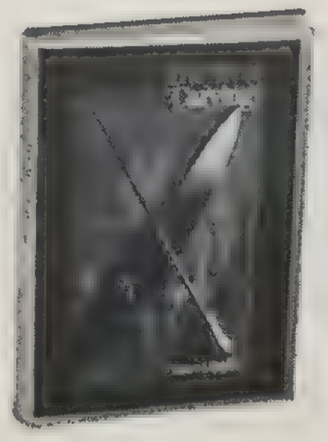
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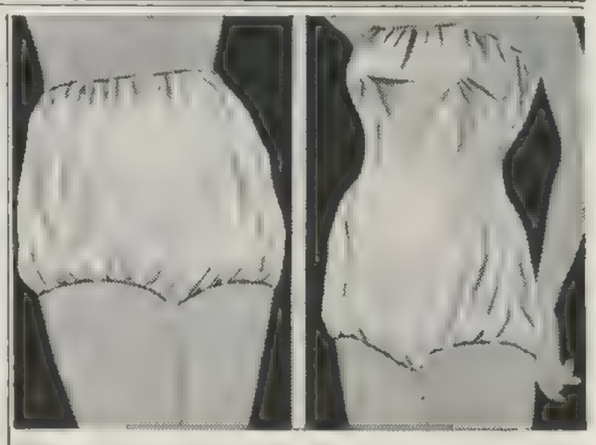
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Baronne de Waldner

(Continued from page 276)

gun against her only known enemies, the rabbits of La Grange. But there is nothing forced or artificial about her willingness to share his interests.

His racing-stud, separated by a poplar plantation from her garden, has been familiar to her since childhood. It used to be her father's. Superficially, she may seem to treat the family racing tradition with an almost disrespectful lightness of heart. In her drawing room, Haseltine's bronzes of their famous winners of the past regularly find themselves hung with pearl necklaces, or plunged, breast-high, into baskets of sweet Williams. But Baronne de Waldner is a frequent visitor at the stud, where she is as knowledgeable about the brood mares, colts, and yearlings as about the begonias in the window boxes.

Although she seldom goes nowadays to race-meetings, she is a superb hostess for her husband's racing friends. The annual party on the evening of the Prix de Diane at Chantilly is one of the pleasantest and most original of the French season. She shares, too, her husband's delight in safaris—the more uncomfortable and adventurous the better. The floral tigers which she designed for this year's party were in fact primarily intended less to evoke astonishment than to remind him privately of their joint gratitude that they were saved quite recently when they were attacked by dacoits on a princely tiger hunt in an Indian jungle.

Above all, Baronne de Waldner is happy in the atmosphere that she creates. The peace of La Grange is not the dead peace of a dictatorship, but the lively well-being of a commonwealth, where the individuality of every inhabitant (human, canine, floral, and vegetable) is encouraged and respected. Her gardener—she has only one—is up, as she is, at dawn, and contentedly hums the same four-note tune till dusk. When he came to work for her five years ago, he knew the name of no single flower except the dahlia; but by now he can remind her, if need be, of the names of every one of La Grange's hundred-odd species of hybrid and old-fashioned and miniature roses.

Her butler combines the formal decorum and informal familiarity that are the marks of his profession with high dramatic talents. The third-person white lies that distinguish his telephone conversations are worth a salary on their own: "Madame la Baronne is far away in the cutting-garden. . ." or "Madame la Baronne is deep in the forest. . ." or "But, of course, Madame la Marquise may bring Madame la Duchesse. . . ." Even the dogs know and accept their respective places. Toby, the miniature dachshund, is the only one allowed on the flower beds as he has never been known to damage the smallest plant. The two Labradors and the springer spaniel obey without demur when asked to "go home."

If one searches seriously for the secret of the magic of this woman and her garden, one can only find it in a series of apparent paradoxes: an amazing *laissez-aller* that is also an amazing capacity to control; a pleasure in human society that does not conflict with, but rather enhances, the pleasure of being alone; a love of things as ephemeral, and as eternal, as the beauty of flowers; a virtuoso ability to be always occupied yet always unrushed.

Perhaps one's favourite mental image of Baronne de Waldner is a summer evening image. Blissfully exhausted, she comes up the steps to the drawing room, out of the garden where the scents have grown stronger in the gathering darkness and the cuckoo has long since yielded his place to the owl. The mauve scarf that she wears on her head when she works has slipped down around her neck. Her hair is more than a little disarranged. With inimitable self-mockery, she blows a dark wisp of it away from her eyes, kicks off her gardening shoes, plumps down her secateurs, and sets out, basket in hand, to some distant room upstairs, which—though no-one else could possibly be aware of the fact—is badly in need of still more flowers.

Private Line from London

By Virginia Cowles

The fox-hunting season, which officially opened a few weeks ago, is in full swing from one end of the British Isles to the other. There is scarcely a county in England which does not boast more than one pack, and country villages all the way from Kent to Scotland present the centuries-old picture of the hunt's assembling. It usually meets at 11 A.M., often outside the local pub, transforming the village square into a melée of hounds, horse boxes, spectators, and riders spotless in traditional habits. In spite of gloomy wartime prophecies that hunting was too expensive a luxury to survive supertax, it flourishes more today than ever before with over one hundred packs operating. Barely a corner of England is not ridden over.

One of the great figures in the Yorkshire hunting world is the Countess of Feversham, a daughter of the late Lord Halifax, wartime ambassador to Washington. Lady Feversham, one of the few women in the country to be a Master of Foxhounds, is not only responsible for the hounds, but for keeping the goodwill of the farmers and reimbursing them for any damage done to their fields and fences. She rides sidesaddle and looks magnificent in her top hat and veil, and the pink coat always worn by the master.

The revival in hunting has been due partly to the prosperity of farmers, most of whom keep horses and love sport, but also to the extraordinary growth of pony clubs through which the young learn to ride and compete with each other in gymkhanas all over the country. After the pony club comes the hunt.

There is no doubt that hunting is expensive. It costs about $9,000 a year to keep and feed the hounds; thus single subscriptions to a hunt are about $150 for one day's hunting a week. Apart from this, the cost of buying a horse has tripled since the war, and the cost of feeding it doubled. If you don't inherit hunting clothes, saddles, and equipment, you won't see much change from $2,000. Yet some packs have so many followers that masters, in an attempt to limit the fields—which vary from fifty to three hundred and fifty riders—have had to exclude casual visitors and keep down the number of guests a subscriber may bring.

* * *

Is there such a thing as millionaire's luck? As far as Viscount Rothermere is concerned the answer is yes. In 1946 Lord Rothermere, who owns the most financially successful paper in England, the London *Evening News*, bought Daylesford, a beautiful derelict house in Gloucestershire, built by Warren Hastings, the first Governor-General of British India, in 1790.

As part of the purchase the owners gave Lord Rothermere eleven paintings which, they said, "went with the house." Unfortunately they had been lying in the estate carpenter's shop for donkey's years, and were so covered with dirt and grease that it was impossible to see what they were. As they were in cheap Victorian frames, Rothermere's friends advised him to burn them. Instead he stored them away. Due to postwar restrictions he was unable to start work on rebuilding the house for over ten years. Once again the pictures were nearly forgotten. But not quite. A few years ago he remembered them, fished them out, and sent them to an art expert in London.

Today Daylesford is one of the most enchanting and elegant houses in England; and on the walls hang eight of the neglected

(Continued on page 296)

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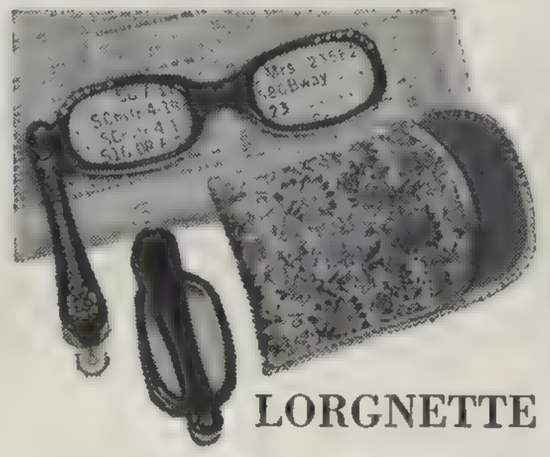


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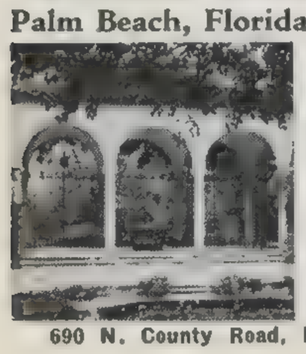
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Private line from London

(Continued from page 293)

paintings, now magnificently restored to their former splendour. Six are marvellous landscapes of India done by Hodges, the court painter who accompanied Hastings to Calcutta; and two are by George Stubbs, the famous eighteenth-century animal painter—one of a horse, and the other of a yak, a huge endearing black beast with a snowy white tail and white hind feet. Although Stubbs never went to India, he painted the yak against a Himalayan background to please his friend Hastings. A Stubbs these days is worth about $60,000, with very fine ones costing somewhat more. (Mr. Paul Mellon has been collecting them for years.) Stubbs began his career as a veterinary surgeon, understood the anatomy of animals, and is said to be one of the first artists to paint a galloping horse correctly.

* * *

Not far from Lord Rothermere lives the Dowager Countess of Birkenhead, widow of the famous barrister "F. E. Smith," and in her own right one of the most remarkable women in England. Although Lady Birkenhead is in her eighties, she has a vitality and wit that many a teenager would envy. Embarked for the first time on a career when she was nearing sixty, she has now risen to the top of her profession. In 1940, bored by wartime restrictions which included a complete absence of petrol, she turned to a hobby she had enjoyed as a girl—painting still-life flowers in watercolours. Her friends were so delighted with her paintings that the hobby grew into a business, and today experts regard her as one of the best craftsmen in the country. Her pictures fetch about $200 apiece, and all three of the exhibitions she has held at the Trafford Galleries in London have been sold out.

She lives in a small Queen Anne house in the Cotswolds and has a garden blazing with colour which she supervises herself. She works in a little shed, converted into a studio, only a stone's throw from the house. The only problem old age seems to have confronted her with is the fact that the days are too short.

In Vogue January 1...

Living legends—
four of the vital and famous:

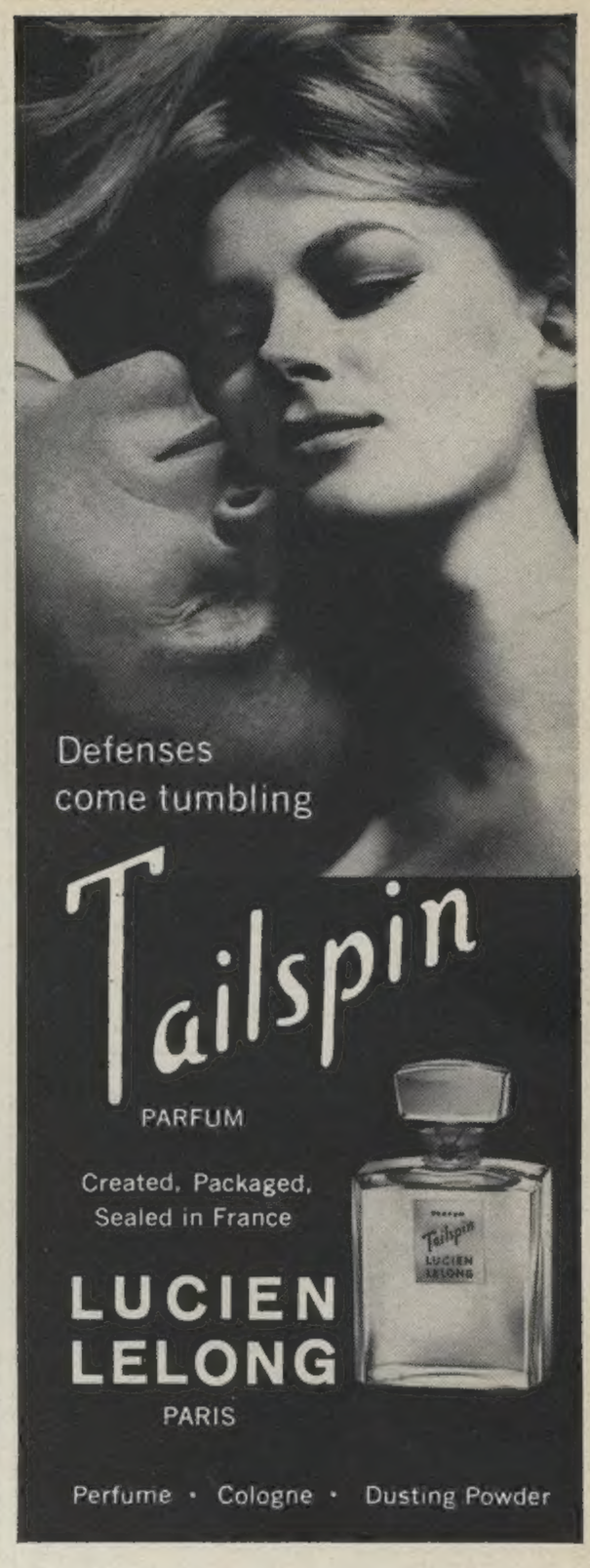
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